



THE

# QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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THE

## QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *Platonis Euthydemus et Gorgias: recensuit, vertit, notasque suas adjecit Martinus Josephus Routh, A.M., 1784.*  
2. *Tres breves Tractatus.* Ab eodem, 1854.

**T**HREE-AND-TWENTY years have run their course since the grave closed over a venerable member of the University of Oxford, who, more than any other person within academic memory, formed a connecting link between the Present and the Past. In a place of such perpetual flux as Oxford, the stationary figures attract unusual attention. When a man has been seen to go in and out of the same college-portal for thirty or forty years, he gets reckoned as much a part of the place as the dome of the Radcliffe or the spire of St. Mary's. But here was one who had presided over a famous College long enough to admit 183 fellows, 234 demies, and 162 choristers. The interval which his single memory bridged over seemed fabulous. He was personally familiar with names which to every one else seemed to belong to history. William Penn's grandson had been his intimate friend. A contemporary of Addison (Dr. Theophilus Leigh, Master of Balliol) had pointed out to him the situation of Addison's rooms. He had seen Dr. Johnson, in his brown wig, scrambling up the steps of University College. A lady told him that her mother remembered seeing King Charles II. walking with his dogs round "the Parks" at Oxford (when the Parliament was held there during the plague in London); and, at the approach of the Heads of Houses, who tried to fall in with him, "dodging" by the cross path to the other side. (His Majesty's dogs, by the way, were highly offensive to the Heads.) It seemed no exaggeration when, in the dedication prefixed to a volume of Lectures, published in 1838, Dr. Newman described 'Martin Joseph Routh, D.D., President of Magdalen College,' as one 'who had been reserved to report to a forgetful generation what was the Theology of their fathers.' He was every way a marvel. Spared to fulfil a century of years of honourable life, he enjoyed the use of his remarkable faculties to the very last. His

memory was unimpaired ; his 'eye was not dim.' More than that, he retained till his death his relish for those studies of which he had announced the first-fruits for publication in 1788. The sentiment of reverence with which he was regarded was not unmixed with wonder. He had become an historical personage long before the time of his departure. When at last it became known that he had gone the way of all flesh, it was felt that with the President of Magdalen College had vanished such an amount of *tradition* as had probably never been centred in any single member of the University before.

No detailed memoir of this remarkable man has yet been attempted, and such a work is no longer likely to appear—which is to be regretted. Thirty years hence it will be impossible to produce any memoir of him at all : and the question we have ourselves often complainingly asked concerning other ancient worthies will be repeated concerning Dr. Routh :—Why did no one give us at least an outline of his history, describe his person, preserve a few specimens of his talk,—in short, leave us a sketch? Antiquarian Biography is at once the most laborious and the most unreadable kind of writing. Bristling with dates, it never for an instant exhibits *the man*. We would exchange all our 'Lives' of Shakspeare for such an account of him as almost any of his friends could have furnished in a single evening. Ben Jonson's incidental notice of his conversation is our one actual glimpse of the poet *in society*. In like manner, Dr. John Byrom's description of a scene at which Bishop Butler was present, is the only *personal* acquaintance we enjoy with the great philosophic divine of the last century. And this shall suffice in the way of apology for what follows.

Not far from Beverley, in the East Riding, is a village which, early in the twelfth century, gave its name to the knightly family of Routhe or De Ruda, lords of the manor in 1192. A cross-legged warrior in Routh Church is supposed to represent Sir John de Routhe, who joined the Crusades in 1319. A brass within the chancel certainly commemorates his namesake who died in 1557 ('strenuus vir Johannes Routh de Routh chevalier, et nobilis conthoralis ejus Domina Agnes'). The President's immediate ancestors resided at Thorpefield, a hamlet of Thirsk, where his grandfather was born. Peter Routh (1726-1802), a man of piety and learning (educated at Caius College, Cambridge, and instituted in 1753 to the consolidated rectories of St. Peter and St. Margaret, South Elmham, Suffolk), became the father of thirteen children (six sons and seven daughters), of whom the subject of this memoir was the eldest. 'I was born' (he says of himself) 'at St. Margaret's, South Elmham,

Elmham, in Suffolk, September 18th, 1755.' Strange to relate, although throughout the eighteenth century he kept his birthday on the 18th, he ever after kept it *on the nineteenth day of September.*

Martin Joseph was named after his great-uncles and god-fathers, the Rev. Martin Baylie, D.D., of Wicklewood, in Norfolk (his mother's maternal uncle), and the Rev. Joseph Bokenham, M.A., the learned Rector of Stoke Ash, who stood to him in the same relation on his father's side. Like the rest of his brothers and sisters, he was baptized immediately after his birth.\* His mother, Mary, daughter of Mr. Robert Reynolds of Harleston, was the granddaughter of Mr. Christopher Baylie, of the same place, a descendant from Dr. Richard Baylie, President of St. John's College, Oxford, in 1660, who married a niece of Archbishop Laud. Her first cousin and namesake died in giving birth to Richard Heber, who represented the University of Oxford in Parliament from 1821 to 1826.

When elected to the headship of his College in 1791, it appears, from some memoranda in his hand (written on the back of a letter of congratulation), that the event set him on recalling the dates of the chief incidents in his thirty-six previous years of life. The second entry is: '1758. Removed to Beccles.' So that Peter Routh transferred his family thither when Martin was but three years old; and at Beccles eight out of the nine brothers and sisters born subsequently to 1758 were baptized. The reason of this change of residence does not appear; for Peter Routh only held the living of Beccles for 'old Bence' (as the Rev. Bence Sparrow was familiarly called) from 1764 to 1774; and it was not till the last-named year that he became master of the Beccles School. At Beccles, at all events, Martin spent all his studious boyhood, being educated by his learned father until he was nearly fifteen years of age (1770), when he went up to Oxford, and became (31st of May) a commoner of Queen's College: the Provost at that time being Dr. Thomas Fothergill, who in 1773-4 was Vice-Chancellor.

Oxford a hundred and eight years ago! What a different place it must have been! The boy of fifteen, weary of his long journey by execrable roads rendered perilous by highwaymen, at last to his delight catches sight of Magdalen tower, and is convinced that he has indeed reached Oxford. It is May, and all is beautiful. He comes rolling over *old* Magdalen Bridge (a crazy structure which fell down in 1772); looks up with awe

\* One of Peter Routh's children was baptized on the fifth day; two on the fourth; four (Martin being of the number) on the third day; one on the second day; three on the first day after birth.



as he enters the city by the ancient gate which spans the High Street ('East Gate,' demolished in 1771), and finally alights from the 'flying machine' (as the stage-coach of those days was called) 'at John Kemp's, over against Queen's College,' i.e. at the Angel Tavern, where coffee was first tasted in Oxford in 1650. President Routh could never effectually disentangle himself from the memory of the days when he first made acquaintance with Oxford. 'Sir,' said one of the tutors in 1850, or thereabouts, 'Mr. Such-an-one has only just made his appearance in college' (he came out of Suffolk, and a fortnight of the October term had elapsed); 'I suppose you will send him down?' 'Ah, sir,' said the old man thoughtfully, 'the roads in Suffolk—the roads, sir—are very bad at this time of the year.' 'But, Mr. President, he didn't *come* by the road!' 'The roads, sir' (catching at the last word), 'the roads, in winter, I do assure you, sir, are very bad for travelling.' 'But he *didn't* come by the road, sir, he came *by rail*!' 'Eh, sir? The—*what* did you say? I don't know anything about *that*!' waving his hand as if the tutor had been talking to him of something in the moon.

To return to the Oxford of May 1770, and to the Routh of fifteen. When he sallied forth next day to reconnoitre the place of his future abode, he beheld tenements of a far more picturesque type than—except in a few rare instances—now meet the eye. In front of those projecting, grotesque, and irregular houses there was as yet no foot-pavement, the only specimen of that convenience being before St. Mary's Church. The streets were paved with small pebbles, a depressed gutter in the middle of each serving to collect the rain. At the western extremity of High Street rose Otho Nicholson's famous conduit (removed to Nuneham in 1787), surmounted by figures of David and Alexander the Great, Godfrey of Boulogne and King Arthur, Charlemagne and James I., Hector of Troy and Julius Cæsar. Behind it a vastly different Carfax Church from the present came to view, where curfew rang every night at 8 o'clock, and two giants struck the hours on a bell. Passengers up Cornmarket (just behind St. Michael's Church), as they glided through the ancient city gate called 'Bocardo'—once the prison of Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer, and till 1771 a place of confinement for debtors—were solicited to deposit a dole in the hat let down by a string from the window overhead. As yet neither the Radcliffe Infirmary nor the Observatory was built. The way to Worcester College lay through a network of narrow passages, and was pronounced undiscoverable. St. Giles's, on the other hand, was deemed a '*rus in urbe*, having all the advantages of town



town and country—planted with a row of elms on either side, and having a parterre of green before the several houses.' 'Canditch' was seriously encroached upon by a terrace in front of Balliol College, shaded by lofty elms, and resembling that before St. John's. The unwonted breadth acquired for the street when this excrescence was at last removed caused its old appellation to disappear in favour of 'Broad Street.' A double row of posts—where boys played leap-frog—marked the northern limit of St. Mary's Churchyard. The Radcliffe Library was a rotunda without railings. Hart Hall (which had come to be called 'Hertford College,' and which resumed its title yesterday after its disuse for fifty years) had no street front; and where 'Canterbury Quad' now stands there were yet to be seen traces of the ancient college of which Wickliffe is said to have been warden, and Sir Thomas More a member. St. Peter's Vicarage still occupied the north-east angle of St. Peter's Churchyard,—where its site is commemorated by an inscription from the President's pen. It was but fifteen years since, that on St. John Baptist's day the last sermon had been preached in the open air from the stone pulpit in front of Magdalen College Chapel (and a pleasant sight it was): the Vice-Chancellor, proctors, and masters occupying seats in the quadrangle; the walls being adorned with green boughs and flowers, the ground covered with rushes and grass; and all in order to create the illusion that the preaching 'resembled that of John the Baptist in the wilderness.'\*

The University life of 1770 presented even a greater contrast. The undergraduates rose early, but spent their days in idleness. Practically, the colleges were without discipline. Tutors gave no lectures. It is difficult to divine how a studiously-disposed youth was to learn anything. 'I should like to read some Greek,' said John Miller of Worcester to his tutor, some thirty years later. 'Well, and what do you want to read?' 'Some Sophocles.' 'Then come to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.' He went, and read a hundred lines: but could never again effect an entrance. This state of things was effectually remedied by the Examination Statute and by the publication of the class-list; but neither came into effect till the year 1801. The dinner-hour was 2; and for an hour previous, the impatient shout of 'Tonsor! tonsor!' was to be heard from every casement. The study, or inner room, was reserved for the 'powdering.' Blue coats studded with bright buttons, shorts

\* Jones' 'Life of Horne,' prefixed to his 'Works,' vol. i. p. 117. Pointer's 'Oxonienis Academia,' p. 66. Peshall, *ad fin.* p. 31.

and buckles, was the established costume. A passage from Scripture was read during dinner. At 8, all supped on broiled bones and beer. There was not to be seen till long after a carpet in a single Oxford common-room: what need to add that undergraduates were without carpets? The 'dons' frequented some adjoining tavern or coffee-house. Mr. Wyatt's premises in High Street (known at that time as 'Tom's Coffee House') were the favourite resort of seniors and juniors alike. The undergraduates drank and smoked in the front room below, as well as in the large room overhead which looks down on the street. The older men, the choice spirits of the University, formed themselves into a club which met in a small inner apartment on the ground-floor (remembered as 'the House of Lords'), where *they* also regaled themselves with pipes, beer and wine. The ballot boxes of the club are preserved, and the ancient Chippendale chairs (thanks to the taste of their present owner) still stand against the walls. Drunkenness was, unquestionably, at that time the prevailing vice of Oxford. Irreligion reigned; not unrebuked, indeed, yet not frowned down, either. It would be only too easy to produce anecdotes in illustration of both statements. Should it not be remembered, when such discreditable details are brought before our notice, that our Universities perforce at all times reflect the manners and spirit of the age; and that it is unreasonable to isolate the *Oxford* of 1770 from the *England* of the same period? The latter part of the eighteenth century was a coarse time everywhere; and the low standard which prevailed in Church matters outside the University is but too notorious. Only because her lofty traditions and rare opportunities set her on a pinnacle apart, does the Oxford of those days occasion astonishment and displeasure.

Such was the state of things when young Routh became a commoner of Queens'. Jacobite sentiments he found universally prevalent, and he espoused them the more readily because they fell in with the traditions of his family. He was remarkable even as a boy. 'I like that little fellow in blue stockings,' said the second Earl Temple (afterwards Marquis of Buckingham), with whom Routh used to argue, when he met him in a friend's rooms. ('I suppose,' remarked the President, at the end of eighty years, '*they weren't very tasty.*') But the topic of the hour was the Act of Parliament which had been just obtained for the improvement of the city,—an Act which in a few years effectually transformed ancient into modern Oxford. Meanwhile Dr. George Horne and Dr. Thomas Randolph were pointed out as the most conspicuous divines in the University; Dr.

Dr. Kennicott as the most famous Hebraist; Tom Warton as the most brilliant wit. In the very next year young Routh migrated from Queens' to Magdalen. The record survives in his own writing: '1771, July 24th. I was elected a Demy of Magdalen, on the nomination of the President, Dr. Horne.' And now he came under improved influences—the best, it may be suspected, which the University had at that time to offer. Dr. Benjamin Wheeler, Regius Professor of Divinity in 1776, was a fellow of the College ('my learned friend, Dr. Wheeler,' as Dr. Johnson calls him); and Dr. John Burrough was his tutor. Especially is it to be considered that young Routh now lived under the eye of Dr. Horne, who was still engaged on his Commentary on the Psalms. It is impossible to avoid suspecting that the character and the pursuits of this admirable person materially tended to confirm in Martin Joseph Routh that taste for sacred learning which was destined afterwards to bear such remarkable fruits. He listened to Horne's sermons in the College Chapel and at St. Mary's; and at the President's lodgings met every one who at that time was most distinguished in or out of the University for learning, ability, or goodness.

The youth (for we are speaking of a boy of sixteen) had already established the practice of returning to Beccles once a year, and spending some part of the summer vacation under his parents' roof. This annual visit went on till 1792. On such occasions it is remembered that he sometimes 'acted as the assistant or substitute of his father in the school-room, where his presence was always welcomed by the pupils, on account of his urbane manner and the happy ease with which he communicated information.\*' In 1774 (February 5th) he took his B.A. degree: and it was intended that he should at once 'go down.' The interval before he could be ordained was to have been passed at Beccles. His father had a large family to provide for: two children had been born to him since Martin had gone up to Oxford in 1770; and the expenses of an University education already pressed somewhat heavily on the domestic exchequer.

'I hope by this time you have passed the pig-market,' writes the anxious parent (Feb. 4th, 1774), indulging in an allusion which will be intelligible at least to Oxford men. Then follow directions as to what the son was to do with his effects before his departure:—

'This I mention' (proceeds the writer), 'on the supposition of your not having a very near prospect of returning to college, which must be the case unless somewhat approaching to a maintenance

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\* 'The Fauconberge Memorial' (privately printed), 1849, p. 37.

could be contrived for you there; since, as you must be aware, your education hitherto has been full as much as my circumstances will allow of. The particulars now occurring for the refreshment of your memory are all your clothes, linen, sheets and table-linen, spoons, and such books as you think may be useful, if Wormall should become your pupil, in the use of the globes and a smattering of astronomy. . . . Whether you will have heard the bad news from London, I cannot tell; but, by a letter from Kelsale on Wednesday, we are informed of the death of Mrs. Heber, who was brought to bed of a son, heir to an entailed estate of 1500*l.* per annum, on old Christmas Day.'

His election to a fellowship at Magdalen (July 25th, 1775) determined Routh's subsequent career. He undertook two pupils—one of whom (Edward South Thurlow) was a nephew of the Lord Chancellor and of the Bishop; Granville Penn was the other. And now Routh gave himself up to study. He proceeded M.A. in 1776; was appointed College Librarian in 1781; and, in 1784 and 1785, Junior Dean of Arts, enjoying the satisfaction in the latter year of seeing his brother (Samuel) admitted Demy. He had already been elected Proctor,\* in which capacity he was present at an entertainment given to George III., who, with Queen Charlotte, visited the University about this time. The first symptoms of the King's subsequent malady had not yet appeared; but Routh, in describing the scene, while he did full justice to the intelligence and activity which marked the King's face and conversation (he sat opposite to him), dwelt on the restlessness of his eye and manner,—which was afterwards but too easily explained.

It was the belief of Mrs. Routh, on being interrogated in her widowhood on the subject, that when 'her dear man' first went to Oxford, he interchanged letters with his father weekly. The impression may have resulted from the very active correspondence which certainly went on, as long as life lasted, between Peter Routh at Beccles and his son at Magdalen. A mere scantling of the father's letters survive; but they betoken a good and thoughtful person: grave, yet always cheerful; affectionate, and with an occasional dash of quiet humour. Between the two there evidently prevailed entire unity of sentiment. Peter Routh keeps 'Martin' informed of what is passing in his neighbourhood; tells him the rumours which from time to time reach remote Suffolk; and relieves his parental anxiety by communicating the concerns of their own immediate circle. The son, in return, chronicles his pursuits and occupa-

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\* '1784, April. I was elected Senior Proctor of the University in my twentieth year.'—MS. note.

tions, which are, in fact, *his studies*; and until long after he is thirty years of age—throughout his father's life, in short—submits his compositions as deferentially to his judgment as when he was a boy of fifteen. 'I do not recollect' (he wrote in 1791, with reference to his dedication of the 'Reliquiæ' to the Bishops of the Scottish Church) 'that I was indebted for any alteration of the original dedication I sent my father, except in two instances. I adopted the words *non nisi precarium*, and the fine sentence, *et ipsi emineatis in principibus Judæ.*' It is with reference to the speech which, in pursuance of ancient custom, Martin had to deliver at the expiration of his Proctorship, that his father sends him the following shrewd remarks (April 3rd, 1786) on writing a speech for delivery:—

'In regard to the part of your speech transcribed in your last, I have to remark that upon revising it you must pay a particular attention to your own manner of speaking, and how the periods run off your own tongue; and that probably where you find an obstruction it will arise from the feet not being sufficiently varied, or the same endings or cases following close upon each other. A little change, I think, would improve a clause which struck me for the last reason, viz. "*Si animos ex desidi improbaque muneris mei executione graviori ictu,*" &c. Alter this, if you please, to *per* and the accusative, and think of a better word than *executio*. Again, change some words which occur too often in so short a composition, as *Orator*, *Oratio*, and *munus*. After *cum*, which you begin with, the subjunctive should follow, according to classical usage, even where the sense is positive and without contingency. Not but I believe there are instances to the contrary.'

At the end of a fortnight, the father enters into minuter criticism, and discovers excellent scholarship. But the correspondence is not by any means always of this severe type. Father and son wrote about books, because learning was with both a passion; and about divinity, because it was evidently uppermost in the heart of either. As a rule, however, these letters have a purely *home* flavour; and sometimes, when Martin lets out incidentally what a very studious life he is leading, he draws down on himself affectionate rebuke. 'It may be grown trite by repetition, and I shall not render it more irksome by prolixity:—Air and exercise, and, above all, the cold bath is what you must pluck up resolution to make use of.' The hint was not thrown away. A shower-bath continued to be a part of the President's bed-room furniture till the day of his death.

'I am glad you find more entertainment in Tertullian than I am afraid I could do myself. All I know of him is from quotations, very frequently

frequently met with, which have seldom failed of puzzling me with some enigmatical quaintness.\*

Next year, Peter Routh writes:—

‘Your acquaintance with the Fathers is leaving me far behind; and I am apprehensive of not being qualified to talk with you about them when we meet. By the way, Sam has given me some little hope of seeing you in a wig, which I look forward to as the breaking of a spell which has counteracted most of your purposes of exertion, excursion, and amusement.’†

Occasionally the old man indulges in a little pleasantry, and many a passage proves that he was by no means deficient in genuine humour. One of his daughters (‘Polly’) was qualifying herself to undertake a school. After explaining the young lady’s aspirations, he suddenly breaks off:—

‘But I think it is not impossible, from the rapid steps taken by our present macaroni towards working a confusion in the sexes, that if you should ever choose to be a schoolmaster yourself, you may want her assistance to finish the education of your boys by giving them a taste, and a dexterity upon occasion, for tambour-work and embroidery.’‡

It is, however, when he is communicating to his son some piece of local intelligence, entertaining him with the doings of some familiar friend of his early days, that Peter Routh’s wit flows most freely:—

‘Last Tuesday, Mr. Elmy derived immensity of happiness from the apotheosis of his daughter. Lest the rite should be disgraced by inferiority in the sacrificing priest, Mr. Prebendary Wodehouse came over upon the occasion. I rather think Sam Carter is making a first attack on Miss —, who has lately had an addition of 2000*l.* to her fortune. Weddings have been very rife here for half a year past.’§

In the ensuing August (Martin being then in Warwickshire), ‘Ought I’ (asks his father) ‘to run the hazard of spoiling your visit to Dr. Parr by transmitting Mr. Browne’s report that Miss Dibdin is not there, but on the eve of marriage to a gentleman in the Commons?’|| Ten years had elapsed when Peter Routh writes: ‘If you do not exert yourself shortly, your friend Boycatt is like to get the start of you at last in the matrimonial chase.’¶

One more extract from this correspondence shall suffice. It

\* Beccles, May 18th, 1786.

† July 5th, 1787.

‡ June 9th, 1773.

§ May 18th, 1786.

|| August 10th, 1786.

¶ Bungay, February 15th, 1796. Concerning the Rev. W. Boycatt, see the ‘Reliquiæ,’ vol. ii. p. 329.

refers to a public transaction which was recent in July 1790, and recalls two names which were still famous fifty years ago, or, as the writer would have said, '*agone*':—

'The immaculate patriots, so worthy of trust and honour, are showing themselves every day more and more in their true colours. Having gotten a substitute for their old calves'-head clubs, they figure away with it to purpose. At Yarmouth (where, by the way, but for the tergiversation of Lacon, the Church candidate, they would have been foiled at the election) an anniversary feast was held, Dr. Aikin in the chair, in the national cockade. He had been till very lately looked upon as a candid moderate Dissenter; but has now vented his rancour in a pamphlet which it has been thought proper to buy in. His sister, Mrs. Barbauld, has signalized herself in like manner.'

The first-fruits of Routh's studies saw the light in 1784 (the year of his Senior Proctorship), when he was twenty-nine years of age. It was a critical edition of the '*Euthydemus*' and '*Gorgias*' of Plato, with notes and various readings filling the last 157 pages: a model of conscientious labour and careful editorship, which will enjoy the abiding esteem of scholars. It was dedicated to Dr. Thurlow, Bishop of Lincoln and Dean of St. Paul's, brother of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, whose epitaph in the Temple church Routh wrote.\*

But though the classics were ever Routh's delight, and scholarship amounted with him to a passion, he had long since given his heart to something nobler far than was ever 'dreamed of in the philosophy' of ancient Greece or Rome. Having already laid his foundations deep and strong, he proceeded to build upon them. Next to the Scriptures (to his great honour, be it said), he saw clearly from the first, notwithstanding the manifold discouragements of the age in which his lot was cast, the importance to one who would be 'a well-furnished divine of a familiar acquaintance with the patristic writings. Next to the Scriptures:—for, like every true 'master in Israel,' he was profoundly versed in *them*. This done, besides the Acts of the early Councils and the Ecclesiastical historians, he is found to have resolutely read through the chief of the Greek and Latin Fathers; taking them, as far as practicable, in their chronological order:—Irenæus, Origen, Hippolytus, Clemens Alexandrinus, Eusebius, Epiphanius, Didymus, among the Greeks: Tertullian, Cyprian, Optatus, Jerome, Augustine, among the Latins.

\* It is printed by Lord Campbell in his '*Lives of the Chancellors*' (v. 632), but '*merendo*' appears instead of '*merendi*,' which provoked the old President immensely. '*His Scotch Latin, sir!*' he exclaimed indignantly to one who alluded to the fate his inscription had experienced.



He was ordained deacon at Park Street Chapel, Grosvenor Square, by Philip, Bishop of Norwich, December 21st, 1777.

The nature and extent of his patristic reading at this time may be inferred with sufficient accuracy from a mere inspection of his MS. notes in a little interleaved copy of the N. T. (Amsterdam, 1639); into the frequent blank pages of which it is evident that he had been in the habit from a very early period—indeed, he retained the habit to the end of his life—of inserting references to places in the writings of the Fathers where he met with anything unusually apposite, in illustration of any particular text. On the fly-leaf of the first volume of this book (for it had been found necessary to bind the volume into two) is found the following memorandum, which (as the writing shows) must have been made quite late in life:—

‘Quæ in sequentibus quasi meo Marte interpretatus sum, ea inter legendum libros sacros a me scripta sunt, raro adhibitis ad consilium interpretibus recentioribus, qui meliora fortasse docuissent.’—*M. J. R.*

‘At vero initio cœptis his adnotationibus, et per longum tempus, meum judicium iis interponere haud consuevi; dum quidquid mihi auctores veteres legenti ad illustrandam S. Scripturam faciens occurreret, illud hic indicare volebam.’

The foregoing statement as to what had been his own actual practice is fully borne out by the contents of these interesting little tomes, where all the earlier notes consist of references to the Fathers, followed occasionally by brief excerpts from their writings. In a later hand are found expressions of the writer's individual opinion; while the latest annotations of all, or among the latest, are little more than references to Scripture. These last are often written in a hand rendered tremulous by age. A few specimens will not perhaps be unwelcome. When a young man, he had written against St. Mark xiii. 32, ‘Vid. Irenæ. L. 2, c. 28, p. 158, ed. Massueti. Exponere conatus est Didymus, L. 3, De Trin. c. 22, et Tertull. adv. Praxeam, c. 26.’ Long after, he added, ‘Non est inter ea, quæ ostendit Filio Pater, ut hominibus significet, diei illius cognitio. Confer S. Joan. v. 19, 20, et cap. xiv. 28, et xv. 15, et xvi. 13, et Act. i. 7.’

The following is his note on 1 St. John v. 6: ‘δι’ ὕδατος καὶ αἵματος. Deus et Homo. Vid. Reliq. Sacr. vol. i. p. 170, et p. 171, de hoc et commatibus sequentibus. Interpretatio eorum impediri mihi videtur accessionibus Latinis.’ And on ver. 16: ‘ἐστὶν ἁμαρτία πρὸς θάνατον. Fortasse designatur peccatum de quo Dominus noster in evangelio pronuntiat.’ On St. Luke i. 32, he writes: ‘Ostenditur his verbis Maria ex Judæ tribu orta.’ On v. 23: ‘Τί ἐστὶν εὐκοπώτερον, &c. Sensus verborum est, τί ἐστὶν,



ἔστιν, &c. An facilius est dicere, &c.' On ix. 27: 'ἕως ἂν ἴδωσι τὴν βασιλείαν τοῦ θεοῦ. Vidend. annon istud de sequentibus exponendum sit. Confer comm. 26 et 32.' On xiii. 11: 'πνεῦμα ἀσθενείας. Confer Marc. 9, 17, ἔχοντα πνεῦμα ἁλαλον. Hujus capitis comm. 16. Satanæ attribuit infirmitatem mulieris ipse Dominus, ac similiter alibi.' On St. Mark xv. 21: 'τὸν πατέρα Ἀλεξάνδρου καὶ Πούφου. Christianorum, ut verisimile est, quod dignum notatu est. Conf. de Rufo, Rom. xvi. 13.'

But the most interesting of his annotations are perhaps the shortest; as when, over against St. Luke xviii. 8, is written: 'πλὴν ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου ἐλθὼν ἄρα εὐρήσει τὴν πίστιν ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς (the old man had taken the trouble to transcribe the Greek in a trembling hand, in order to introduce the pious ejaculation which follows). *Concedat hoc Deus.*' With the same pregnant brevity, his note on St. Matth. xxv. 9, is but—'τοὺς πωλοῦντας. *Væ vadentibus!*' In truth, his suggestive way of merely calling attention to a difficulty is often as good as a commentary; as when (of 1 Cor. xv. 23–25) he says, 'Quomodo exponi debent verba Apostoli, disquirendum.' Even more remarkably, when he points out concerning St. Luke xi. 5, 'Quæ sequuntur Domini effata usque ad comm. 13 maxima observatione digna sunt.' Sometimes his notes are strictly critical, as when against St. James iv. 5 he writes, 'Difficillime credendum est, Apostolum non attulisse verba alicujus scriptoris incompti.' His translation of St. Luke vi. 40, is as follows: 'Discipulus non superat magistrum; sed, si omni parte perfectus sit, magistri æqualis erit.' On St. Mark vi. 3, he says, 'ἀδελφὸς δὲ Ἰακώβου καὶ Ἰωσῆ. Constat ex cap. xv. com. 39 filios hos extitisse alius Mariæ, non τῆς θεοτόκου.' And on 1 Cor. xv. 29, 'τί καὶ βαπτίζονται, &c. Mos fuisse videtur ut multi baptizarentur in gratiam Christianorum jam defunctorum qui sine baptismo decessissent, ut vicaria tinctione donati ad novam vitam resurgerent.'

Rare, indeed, are references to recent authorities and modern books; but they are met with sometimes. Thus against St. Matthew, xxi. 7, he writes:—'His quoque temporibus super asinos vecti iter faciunt pauperes Palæstini, referente Josepho Wolfio in Itinerario [1839], p. 186. Humiliter, super asinos sedent.' And against St. John v. 17, 'ὁ πατήρ μου ἐργάζεται. Relegat nos ad Justin. M. Dial. cum Tryphone, § 23. D'Israeli, Commentaries on Ch. i. [1830], vol. iii. p. 340.' . . . These specimens of the President's private Annotations on the N. T. may suffice.

In 1782, being then only in his 28th year, it became Routh's singular privilege to direct the envoys of the American Church to a right quarter for the creation of a native Episcopate. Incredible

as it may seem to us of the present day, who witness constantly the creation of new colonial sees, it is a fact that for nearly two centuries our American colonies were left without a native channel of ordination. From the settlement of the first American colony in 1607 to the consecration of Bishop Seabury in 1784, or rather until on his return in 1785, all clergy of the Anglican communion who ministered in America were either missionaries, or had been forced to cross the Atlantic twice, if not four times, for orders. The difficulties which attended the just demand of the American Church for a native Episcopate grew out of the political troubles of those times. Because episcopacy was identified with the system of monarchical government, its introduction was resisted by a large party among the Americans themselves, who dreaded (clergy and laity alike) lest it should prove an instrument for riveting the yoke of a foreign dominion. On the other hand, the English bishops, hampered by Acts of Parliament, were constrained to exact oaths from candidates for consecration inconsistent with the duties of American citizenship. While these embarrassments were severing the Church of England from the colony, the Danish Church, which had only Presbyterian orders to offer, with well-meant piety offered to stand in the gap. At this critical juncture, Mr. Routh was invited by Bishop Thurlow to a party at his house in London, where he met Dr. Cooper, President of the Theological College at New York, and a friend of Seabury, who was then seeking consecration. He succeeded in impressing Dr. Cooper with the fact (well understood now, but then not so clear) that the Danish succession was invalid. Speaking of this incident of his youth some sixty years after,—‘I ventured to say, sir, that *they would not find what they wanted.*’ Bishop Lowth, who happened to be present, confirmed his statement; and Seabury, in consequence, acting on the sagacious counsel of Mr. Routh, applied to the *Scottish Church*, whose orders are unimpeachable, and was consecrated soon after. A great separation was thus providentially averted by the counsel of a wise and thoughtful man. The spark became a flame, which has kindled beacon-fires throughout the length and breadth of the vast American continent; and, at the end of well-nigh a century of years, the churches of England and America flourish with independent life and in full communion.

In every notice which has hitherto appeared of Dr. Routh, an unreasonable space is occupied by his friendship with Dr. Samuel Parr, who was an enthusiastic (and of course a grandiloquent) admirer of the future President of Magdalen. Faithful to the friend of early life until the time of Parr's death in 1823,  
Routh

Routh must yet have shrunk from his adulation; must have despised his vanity, disliked his egotism, been annoyed by his pedantry. He complained (not without reason) that he was scarcely able to decipher Parr's letters. John Rigaud expressed a wish to have one (as he collected autographs), and was at once promised a specimen. 'I have a good many of his letters, sir; I haven't read them all yet myself!' To the present writer Routh once remarked that his inscriptions were to be traced to the pages of Morcellus. But he provided a shelter for Parr's books (they were piled in boxes under the principal gateway of the college), when the Birmingham rioters threatened to burn his library at Hatton, and often entertained him in his lodgings at Magdalen. His dinner-table to the last retained marks of the burning ashes of Parr's pipe.

Porson, another of his guests, shared his kindness in a substantial form; for the President in 1792, with Dr. Parr, raised a subscription for providing him an annuity. In 1794, Routh did the same kind office for Dr. Parr himself, with the assistance of Mr. Kett and Dr. Maltby, raising for him a subscription of 300*l.* a year.

We are apt to forget that this was a period (1775-1788) when a great stirring in sacred science was certainly going on, both at home and abroad. Griesbach's first edition of the New Testament (1775) marks the commencement of a new era. The great work of Gallandius was completed in 1781. In 1786, 'codex A' was published by Woide, and Alter's Greek Testament appeared. Birch's 'Collations' saw the light in 1788, and C. F. Matthæi, in the same year, put forth the last two volumes of his own edition of the Greek Testament. The Philoxenian version also was then first published, and Adler, in the next year, published his collations of the Syriac text. Interesting it is to have to record that at this very time we first hear of Routh also as a student of divinity. The following paper (dated 1788) seems to have been drawn up in the prospect of death:—

'I request that after my decease all the letters and papers of whatever kind in my possession be burnt by my brother Samuel and my friend Mr. John Hind, excepting my "Collectanea," in three volumes, from the Fathers, on various subjects; my collections from the H. Scripture and the Fathers on the Divinity of the Holy Ghost; the papers relating to a projected edition of the remains and fragments of those Ante-Nicene Fathers who have never been separately published; and finally, an interleaved copy of my Plato, wherein the Addenda are digested in their proper order amongst the notes. These papers and books, with my other property of whatever nature, I leave to the sole disposal of my Father, at the same time requesting him, if any overplus remain after paying my debts, to present the following

ing books to the following mentioned persons:—To the present Lord Bishop of Durham, "Lord Clarendon's Life and continuation of his History." To Edw. Thurlow, Esq., "Bishop Pearson on the Creed." To Granville Penn, Esq., "Ernesti's edition of Livy." To the Rev. George Hirst, "Forster's Hebrew Bible." To the Rev. John Hind, "Grotius's comment on the Old and New Testament," and "Fell's edition of St. Cyprian."

But it is time to call attention to the prospectus which Routh put forth in the same year (1788) of the work by which he will be chiefly remembered; the completion of which proved the solace of his age, as the preparation of it had been the delight of his maturity, namely, the '*Reliquiæ Sacræ*;' the first two volumes of which appeared in 1814. In the Preface he explains that this undertaking, though discontinued about the year 1790, had never been for an instant abandoned; though it was not till 1805 that he was able deliberately to resume his self-imposed task. The object of the work was to bring together and to present, carefully edited, the precious remains of those Fathers of the second and third centuries of our era, of whose writings nothing but the merest fragments survive, and whose very names in many instances have only not died out of the Church's memory. Let us hear his own account of this matter:—

'While reading the ante-Nicene Fathers, I could not but linger wistfully over many an ancient writer whose scanty remains do not bear independent editorship, nor indeed have ever as yet been brought together. Inasmuch, however, as I entertained the intention of acquainting myself with the constitution, the doctrines, the customs of the primitive Church by diligent study of its own monuments, I resolved to acquaint myself with all the writings of the earliest age, and often found my determination to overlook absolutely nothing, of the greatest use in clearing up the difficulties which occasionally presented themselves. At all events, systematically to neglect so many writers, recommended as they are by their piety and their learning, simply because of the very mutilated condition in which their works have come down to us, was out of the question. On the other hand, it became needful to submit to the drudgery of hunting up and down through the printed volumes of those learned men who have treated of patristic antiquity, in order to detect any scrap of genuine writing which they might happen to contain. Such a pursuit I could in fact never have undertaken had I not been residing in an University. The resources of no private library whatever would have enabled me to effect what I desired.

'While thus engaged, I was inevitably impressed with the conviction that he would render good service to the cause of sacred learning who should seriously undertake to collect together those shorter works and fragments, especially if he could be successful in bringing to light and publishing any of the former which still lie concealed  
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in Continental libraries, besides any genuine remains contained in unedited Catene and similar collections. The labour of such an undertaking, I further anticipated, would not prove excessive if I took as my limit the epoch of the first Nicenæ Council. I fixed on that limit because the period is so illustrious in the annals of the Church, and because, in matters of controversy, those Fathers are chiefly appealed to who preceded that epoch. Moreover, I could not forget that although in respect of *numbers* the writers with which an editor would have to do would be by no means small, yet in respect of *bulk* they would be inconsiderable indeed, one or two writers alone excepted, whose more ample remains make one wish the more that we possessed their works entire. I knew that very seldom are passages from their writings to be met with in Catene, or in other collections from the Fathers; and I did not believe that there were many works set down which have not yet seen the light.

‘I hoped therefore, if I undertook to edit such a collection, that its usefulness would not be materially diminished by its bulk. I am well aware that Grabe’s “*Spicilegium*” (which was never completed) comprises scarcely a twentieth part of what I here publish. But then, his plan was to fill his pages with apocryphal writings, and those remains of orthodox Fathers which often appear in a separate form. Grabe’s work is famous, and not without its own proper use. For my own part, I strictly confine myself to genuine remains, and prescribe to myself the limits of Catholic antiquity, leaving all fragments of Fathers, whose works it is customary to edit separately, to those who shall hereafter undertake to produce new editions of those Fathers’ works.’

Such was the plan of the ‘*Reliquiæ Sacræ*’ from the first. The title originally intended for the work had been—‘*Reliquiæ Sacræ: sive Opuscula et Fragmenta Ecclesiasticorum, qui tempora Synodi Nicænæ antecedeant, et quorum scripta vel apud opera aliena servantur, vel cum varii generis auctoribus ediscent.*’ But when, at the end of six-and-twenty years, the first two volumes of this undertaking appeared (viz. in 1814), not only the Prospectus\* (freely rendered above), but the very title had undergone material alteration and improvement. The author was probably already conscious of a design to edit separately certain ancient *Opuscula*. Apart from these, at all events, he proposed should stand his ‘*Reliquiæ Sacræ: sive Auctorum fere jam perditorum secundi tertique sæculi post Christum natum, quæ supersunt.*’

Two additional volumes of this undertaking appeared in 1816 and 1818 respectively; and, looking upon the work then as complete, the learned editor added indices and corrections—some of which had been furnished by Dr. Parr, ‘*amicus summus*,

\* It is reproduced in the ‘*Prefatio*,’ pp. x.-xiii.

vir doctrinâ exquisitâ ornatus.' It was the President's wont in this manner to acknowledge literary kindnesses: namely, by enshrining the friend's name in a note, commonly with the addition of a discriminating epithet or some well-turned phrase; and the compliment (as many living will testify) used to be exceedingly coveted, and was regarded as no small honour. Thus, speaking of an epistle of Cyril,—*'Ejus autem lectiones variantes humanitati debeo viri reverendi Stephani Reay e Bibliotheca Bodleiana, cujus facilitatem, verecundiam, eruditionemque omnes agnoscunt;'*\*—as well-merited a compliment (be it remarked) as ever was paid to a good and guileless man.

It is impossible to handle these volumes without the deepest interest. The passionate yearning which they exhibit after primitive antiquity—the strong determination to get at the teaching of the Church in her best and purest days, ere yet she had 'left her first love' and declined from the teaching of her Founder, or had shown an inclination to corrupt the deposit:—this, added to the conscientious labour and evident self-denial with which the learned Editor has prosecuted his self-imposed task, must command the sympathy and admiration of every one who has toiled ever so little in the same fields. To the diligent readers of the 'Ecclesiastical History' of Eusebius, Routh's 'Reliquiæ' will have a peculiar interest: for it becomes more than ever apparent how precious are the golden remains which that remarkable man freely embalmed in his pages. Let the truth be added—for it is the truth—that *without* Eusebius there would have scarcely been any 'Reliquiæ Sacræ' for learned men to edit. Reckoning the patristic matter in these four volumes (exclusive of Appendices) as covering 450 pages, it is found that these would be further reduced to 260, if the excerpts, for which we are *solely* indebted to Eusebius, were away: and with the 190 pages which would thus disappear would also disappear the names of Quadratus, Agrippa Castor, Dionysius Corinthius, Pinytus, Rhodon, Serapion, Apollonius, Polycrates, Maximus, Caius, Alexander of Hierapolis, Phileas; besides almost all that we possess of Papias, Melito, Claudius Apollinaris, and Hegesippus; together with Anonymus Presbyter, Auctor contra Cataphrygas, the account of the Martyrs of Lyons, and the famous epistle of the churches of Vienne and Lyons; besides the notice of the Concilium Cæsariense and the Concilium Lugdunense.

What, then, constitutes the peculiar merit of the work now under consideration? Chiefly the erudition and sagacity with

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\* 'Opuscula,' ii. 95.

f which



which whatever has been here brought together is edited. Unlike the industrious Grabe, to whom nothing came amiss that belonged to a primitive age (no matter who was its author), Dr. Routh confined his attention strictly to the undoubted remains of high *Catholic* antiquity. He might easily have enlarged his store from unpublished *Catenæ*, and other similar sources; but no one ever knew better than he with how much caution such excerpts are to be entertained. Whatever the President deemed open to suspicion, *that* he unceremoniously rejected. A remarkable illustration of his method in this respect is supplied by the latest of his publications, a tract to be described hereafter, in the course of which he edits from the 'Chronicon Paschale' four fragments of Petrus Alexandrinus (thus, at the end of thirty-nine years, adding ten pages to the twenty-nine he had put forth of the same Father in 1814); because he made the discovery in the last years of his life that what he had formerly suspected of being a fabrication proved, after all, to be an undoubtedly genuine fragment of the same Alexandrine Father.\*

Next, the vast research with which, from about forty different sources, the President had gleaned the several articles which make up the collection (they are fifty in all), merits notice. Very scanty in many instances, it must be confessed, is the result. In the case of 'Aristides' (A.D. 125) *not a single word* of what the man wrote is preserved: † while of many other authors (as of Aristo Pellæus, Ambrosius Alexandrinus, Pierius, &c.) so wondrous little survives (a few lines at best), that it might really appear as if the honours of typography and the labour of annotation were thrown away. Learned persons, however, will know better: and to have said this must suffice. It is believed that one only article in the entire collection first saw the light in the President's pages: viz. a fragment of Africanus, about fifty lines long, which he edited from two MSS. at Vienna and one at Paris.‡ A second edition of the 'Reliquiæ' was called for in 1846.

On Tuesday, April 12, 1791, Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich, sent in his resignation of the Presidentship of the college; and the 27th of the same month having been fixed for the choice of his suc-

\* Hæc S. Petri Alexandrini Fragmenta, quæ in limine Chronici Paschalis, seu Alexandrini, sita respuerunt critici, propterea quod Athanasius aliquanto post Petrum scribens in iis afferri videbatur, nunc ego cæteris S. Petri reliquiis, sed tardus addidi ob verum titulum eorum in MS. Vaticano a Cardinali Maio repertum, et a Dindorfio nuperrime Chronici editioni præfixum. Quam quidem editionem, cum *vôla* esse hæc Fragmenta crediderim, de iis consulere neglexi.

—p. 19.

† 'Reliqq.' i. 76.

‡ Ibid. ii. 228-31.

cessor, Dr. Burrough, Dr. Metcalfe, Mr. B. Tate, Mr. Parkinson, and Martin Joseph Routh, announced themselves as candidates. The election was made a matter of elaborate canvass. Next to Routh, Parkinson was the greatest favourite. Those who wrote to congratulate the new President on his honours, naturally wished him length of days to enjoy them. Seldom certainly have wishes more nearly resembled effectual prayers. He devoted himself forthwith to his new duties, and obtained a mastery of the subject which surprised the society which had elected him to be their head. We hear little or nothing of him during the next few years. Of the many precious letters he must have written, none are forthcoming. They exist—if at all—among the papers of departed scholars and divines. But here is his own draft of one of them (to whom addressed does not appear) which certainly deserves to be preserved:—

‘DEAR MR. —,

‘As I had no permission to communicate your papers to any one, I thought myself bound to keep them as private as possible.

‘I hope you will forgive my reluctance to entering into a discussion of the terms of the proposition you have laid down; but I think myself obliged, for more reasons than one, to declare I know of no method by which the *genuine* doctrine taught by the Church, of the Son's being, as well as the FATHER, very and eternal God,—and of the HOLY GHOST's being, as well as the FATHER, very and eternal God,—can be defended against the charge of Tritheism and Idolatry; but by stating *ab initio* that the Church believes in one Eternal Being *really* distinguished in its essence; which Being is transcendently one, if Unity admits of increase and diminution. If I am wrong in my judgment of your mode of answering Dr. Priestley or other heretics, I hope to be excused; and remain,

‘Dear Sir, with very great regard, &c.’

In 1810, he was presented to the Rectory and Vicarage of Tylehurst, near Reading (worth 1000*l.* a year), by Dr. Thomas Sheppard. The President had declined the same presentation eleven years before, disapproving of the condition subject to which it had been then offered him: viz. that he should appropriate 300*l.* of his annual income as President to the ‘Livings’ fund’ of Magdalen College. Dr. Sheppard had in the meantime married the President's youngest sister, Sophia; and Tylehurst had become again vacant by the death of Dr. Richard Chandler, the celebrated traveller. At the mature age of fifty-five, Dr. Routh therefore received priest's orders at the hands of Dr. John Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury, in the Bishop's private chapel, August 26th, 1810. There were not wanting some to insinuate that conscientious scruples had been the cause  
why



why the President of Magdalen had continued in deacon's orders for three-and-thirty years. He himself not unreasonably supposed that his 'Reliquiæ' was the best answer to such a calumny; and explained that his only reason for deferring priest's orders had been because he had never before held any ecclesiastical preferment. Henceforth, then, in his case the cares of the pastoral office were superadded to the claims of a college and the occupations of a laborious student. He made no secret that he preached Townson's Sermons—abridged and corrected—every Sunday to his rustic flock: though it remains a marvel how he could possibly decipher the manuscript which he carried with him into the pulpit. One of the latest acts of his life was the enlargement of the church, and—'incolarum parœciæ suæ ætate provectionum haud immemor'—the erection of a porch on the south side.

There is found in the President's hand the following memorandum:—'1820, September 18th, my birthday. I married Eliza Agnes, eldest unmarried daughter of John Blagrave, Esq., of Calcot Park, in the parish of Tylehurst.' They were married at Walcot Church, Bath; the President having then completed his sixty-fifth year. This lady, the tenth of a single family of twenty children, survived him fifteen years—dying (March 23rd, 1869) aged seventy-eight—and lies interred in Holywell cemetery. She loved to talk about her husband. He had told her (she said) that when he was twelve years of age he wrote a sermon which so surprised the family that his sister was curious to know whether it was his own. To convince her, he wrote another. Better worth attention, however, is Mrs. Routh's share in the following incident.

Many will remember a shameful murder committed in 1845 by a Quaker named Tawell. Some may be aware that the telegraphic wires were employed, almost for the first time, to promote the ends of justice on the same occasion, and that the murderer's apprehension was the consequence. This man's family lived about four miles from Beccles, were well known to Dr. Routh, and were much respected in the neighbourhood. One morning, after breakfast, the President, who had been perusing the sentence passed on Tawell by Sir James Parke, exclaimed—'Eliza, give me a pen.' She obeyed: whereupon he instantly wrote the following letter, which was duly put into the hands of the miserable man in his cell, and read by him before his execution. It appeared in some of the public prints immediately after:—

'SIR,—This comes from one who, like yourself, has not long to live, being in his ninetieth year. He has had more opportunity than most  
men

men for distinctly knowing that the Scriptures of the New Testament were written by the Apostles of the Saviour of mankind. In these Scriptures it is expressly said that the blood of Jesus Christ the Son of God cleanses us from all sin; and that if we confess our sins, God, being merciful and just, will forgive us our sins on our repentance.

'I write this, not knowing how long you have to live; but in the name of the faithful, just, and merciful God, make use of your whole time in supplications for His mercy.

'Perhaps the very circumstances in which you are now placed may be the means of saving your immortal soul; for if you had gone on in sin to the end of your life you would infallibly have lost it. Think, say, and do everything in your power to save your soul before you go into another life.

'YOUR FRIEND.'

The other work, on which the President of Magdalen founds his claim to the Church's gratitude, appeared in 1832, with this title: '*Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Opuscula præcipua quædam.*' Within the narrow compass of two octavo volumes we are here furnished with what, after exhaustive search, the learned editor deemed most precious among the remains of primitive ecclesiastical antiquity. The Preface, 'To the Reader,' in which the contents of the book are briefly reviewed and explained, deserves an attentive perusal. Hippolytus contributes a treatise on the Divine Nature. Against heretical depravation, Irenæus and Tertullian write. Some precious authorities concerning the doctrine of the Sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood follow. Against Gentile superstitions Cyprian furnishes a treatise. The Creeds and Canons of the first four General Councils witness to what was the faith, what the discipline, of the Church Universal. So much for doctrine. Polycarp, Tertullian, and Cyprian contribute what tends to practical piety. Lastly, the pretensions of the see of Rome to authority and infallibility are tested by an appeal to antiquity. We are shown that Stephanus, Bishop of Rome, was held by the ancients to have excommunicated himself when he excommunicated the Orientals; and that Honorius, another Romish bishop, was first condemned by a general Council, and then anathematized his own successors. To these, some important treatises were added in 1840, when a second edition of the work was called for. The present Bishop of Chester (Dr. Jacobson) re-edited the '*Opuscula*' in 1858, with much self-denying labour and learning; withholding nothing—but his name.

But it were a very inadequate sketch of Dr. Routh's life and character which should represent him *only* as a divine. In 1823 he edited Bishop Burnet's '*History of his own Life and Times*,' of which a second and enlarged edition appeared in 1833.

1833. His mind seemed saturated with the lore of the period of which Burnet treats; and (as Dr. Daubeney, one of his fellows, remarked) when he made it the theme of his conversation,

'he seemed to deliver himself rather like a contemporary who had been an eye-witness of the scenes he described, than as one who had drawn his information from second-hand sources; so perfect was his acquaintance with the minutest details, so intimate his familiarity with everything relating to the history of the individuals who figured in those events. On such occasions, one could hardly help interrupting him in the course of his narrative by enquiring whether he had not himself witnessed the rejoicings at the signature of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, or shaken hands with President Hough at the time of his triumphant return to his college, on the restoration of the fellows. Availing himself of the privileges of seniority, he had the tact to lead the conversation into those channels with which he was most at home, and astonished the eager listener with the extent and accuracy of his knowledge. It was thus, only a few years before his death, that he surprised Mr. Bancroft, the American historian, with his knowledge of the reign of James II., and of the early settlement in America. Nothing in the meantime can be conceived more dignified, more courteous, more ingratiating than his address and manner, especially during his latter years, when the peculiarities of his dress and appearance were set down to his great age, and the fashion of a period long gone by, which enhanced the effect of his affable and kind, though formal deportment.'

In 1852 he published, in a single volume, with many additional notes, Burnet's '*History of the Reign of King James II.*' The last words of his short Preface deserve to be transcribed:—  
'Under all our changes, the public press, by its disclosure and powerful advocacy of the truth, has been found protecting right against wrong, and maintaining real liberty.' In the first draft this sentence ran thus:—'*A free press will be found as essential as ever to the preservation of real freedom.*' His own politics savoured altogether of a bygone age. He belonged to no modern party. As one of his fellows expressed it, 'in early life his was a kind of theoretical Jacobitism, such as had been cherished very generally by the clergy and country squires of the last century.' But disloyalty was abhorrent to his whole nature. He was all for the prerogatives of the Sovereign, and jealous of the encroachments of the aristocracy. Thus his Toryism carried with it a dash of Liberalism, which endeared him to Sir Francis Burdett. His churchmanship was that of the best divines of the age of Elizabeth. He abhorred Popery. He formed no alliance with any party in the Church. He was *above* party; taking his stand on Scripture and primitive antiquity. Keenly alive to politics, (for he read the '*Times*' to the last, and watched

watched with extraordinary interest the progress of the Russian war,) he chiefly regarded the movements of the State as they affected the independence and purity of the Church. Even from the Government and public business of the University he kept himself aloof, contented to administer his own college well. He was even disinclined to the changes in the academic system which were chiefly advocated by Eveleigh and Parsons. The work of the University Commission he regarded with unmitigated suspicion and disfavour, and would have altogether despaired of Oxford had he been alive at this day.

The present is confessedly the sketch of an uneventful life, of which we are already approaching the closing scene. The President grew very aged, amid the regards of a generation whose sires remembered him an old man. Well informed in every topic of the hour, weighty in his judgments, animated and instructive in his conversation, he was resorted to with affectionate reverence; and every one on coming away had something to relate in proof of his unfailing readiness, clearness, shrewdness—the extent and minuteness of his knowledge—his marvellous aptitude at reproducing names and dates when he told a story. The retentiveness of his memory, even in respect of trifles, was truly extraordinary. His nephew, John Routh, having had a seventh child born to him in 1851, the President (who had entered on his 97th year) remarked to John Rigaud (fellow of Magdalen), ‘*That was your number.*’ How he came to know the fact—yet more why he should have remembered it—no one present could imagine. Shortly before his death, on being shown in a newspaper an account of himself, in which his age was mentioned, and the persons specified with whom he might have conversed, he exclaimed—‘*I am described as being a little younger than Pitt. The blockhead, as he knew my age, might have known that I was four or five years older.*’ Side by side, however, with all this quick intelligence, he would ever and anon betray the fact that he belonged to a quite bygone generation; and it was impossible even for those who revered him most not to be merry over the little details which occasionally came out. Thus (June 4th, 1844) he sent the following official note to the Rev. H. P. Guillemand (Senior Proctor):—‘*Mr. Woodhouse, a gentleman commoner of this college, has my permission to hire a one-horse chaise, if it meets with the approbation of the Senior Proctor.*’ And in the following October the present Dean of St. Paul’s (Junior Proctor) received a similar message:—‘*Mr. Wm. Woodhouse, a gentleman commoner of this college, has my permission, if he obtains the Proctor’s consent, to make use of a vehicle drawn by one horse.*’ Little did the venerable  
writer

writer dream of the metamorphosis which awaited the 'vehicle' on the other side of Magdalen bridge! . . . Add certain peculiarities of costume and manner, and it will be readily understood that there were many good stories current concerning the dear old President—some of which were true.

'I should despair \* of exhibiting a scene which I once heard (or rather once *saw*) John Rigaud describe of an examination at which he assisted in the President's library,—the last which the President ever conducted in person. The book was Homer, of which the youth to be examined was profoundly ignorant. What with the President's deafness and the man's mistakes, R. thought he must have expired. The President had two copies of Homer, one at each side of his chair; and with immense urbanity handed a copy to the youth as he entered. When the man read the Greek, the President thought he was construing into English, and *vice versa*. "What was that you said, sir?" he would inquire earnestly. The man confessed what he had said. One of the examiners was down upon him in an instant. The President stood up for the victim, on the charitable hypothesis, that "perhaps he had been taught so." The man speedily put it out of all doubt that his method was entirely his own. Thereupon the President construed the passage for him. R. was fain to conceal himself behind the newspaper, and sat in perfect terror lest he should be appealed to, and be compelled to exhibit a face convulsed with merriment.

'Dr. Routh was very fond of his dogs. It was his way, when a superfluous bit of bread-and-butter was in his hand at tea-time, to sink back in his chair and at the same instant to drop the morsel to the expectant and eager quadrupeds, which have been known so far to take advantage of his good nature as fairly to invade his person, in order to get rather more than he had contemplated bestowing. Very mournful was the expression his features assumed if ever Mrs. Routh, in the exercise of a sane discretion, took upon herself to expel the dogs from the apartment. . . . The Vice-President once informed him, in the name of the fellows, that they had resolved to enforce the college order, by which it was forbidden to keep dogs in college. "Then, sir," he rejoined, "*I suppose I must call mine—cats!*" It was a characteristic reply, as well from its drollery as from the indication it afforded of his resolution to stand up for his favourites. His dogs must perforce be permitted to reign undisturbed. At the same time, his respect for authority and concern for the discipline of the college over which he presided would have made him reluctant to violate any rule of the society.

'John Rigaud helped him to prepare the single volume of Burnet's work for the press. This brought him constantly into contact with the venerable President, and rendered him so familiar with his manner, that he narrates his sayings to the life. It also introduced him to much of the President's mind on the subject of Burnet, for whom he

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\* MS. 'Memoir of the President of Magdalen.'

entertained wondrous little respect. When the Bishop speaks of himself, "Here comes P. P., clerk of this parish!" he would say, after ejaculating to himself, "Rogue!" When Burnet was at last finished, he sent a copy, beautifully bound, to the Chancellor, and pleased himself with the prospect of receiving an autograph acknowledgment from the great Duke, for whom he entertained an ardent admiration. Day after day elapsed, and still no letter; but the President suffered no one to know that he was greatly vexed and disappointed. At last he opened his grief to Dr. Bliss, with the simplicity of a child who has been denied a lawful gratification. The Duke's letter, after many days, was discovered lying on a little table by his side. It had been accidentally overlooked.

'One of the President's most characteristic stories related to a privilege case, of which I am only able to relate a portion. It exhibited the House of Commons (for which he entertained very little respect) in antagonism to the Courts of Law. The Speaker entered the Court, with purpose to overawe the Judge in the administration of justice. "I sit here to administer the laws of England," was the solemn dictum of the great legal functionary. "And I will commit *you*, Mr. Speaker; yes, *you*, Mr. Speaker; if you had the whole House of Commons in your belly." . . . But no trick of style can convey the least idea of the animation with which these words of defiance were repeated. The President, having brought the Speaker into the presence of the Judge, grew excited, and his speech at once assumed the dramatic form. At "I sit here," &c., his whole frame underwent emotion: he raised his voice, and fixed his eyes severely on the person before him. At "the laws of England," he struck the table smartly with his extended fingers. The threat to commit the Speaker was uttered with immense gusto, and evidently repeated with increased gratification. But the concluding hypothetical defiance was overwhelming. The patriotic narrator chuckled and fell back in his chair, convulsed with merriment at the grotesqueness of the image which the Judge had so deliberately evoked.

'He delighted in the company of two or three intimate friends at dinner, on Sundays especially; as Dr. Bloxam, and the present President (Dr. Bulley), Dr. Mozley (recently deceased), and John Rigaud, of his own college; or Dr. Bliss (Principal of St. Mary Hall), Philip Duncan of New College, and "Mo Griffiths," of Merton, &c. On such occasions he would be very communicative and entertaining, abounding in anecdote. He always drank the health of his guests all round; once so far deviating from his usual practice as to propose a toast. It was the Sunday after the Duke of Wellington's death: and he gave "the memory of our great and good Chancellor, who never erred except when he was over-ruled." His way was, after giving his cap to the servant, to say grace himself. Before meat: "For what we are about to receive, the Lord be praised!" Very peculiar was the emphasis with which on such occasions he would pronounce the Holy Name, giving breadth to the "o" till it sounded as if the word "awe" as well as the sentiment was to be found in it; rolling forth the "r"

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in the manner which was characteristic of him; and pronouncing the last words with a most sonorous enunciation. His manner at such times was to extend his hands towards the viands on the table. After dinner, "For what we have received," as before. . . J. R. could never forget the solemn emphasis with which he pronounced the word "wrath" in the Communion service.

'Let me recal the occasion, the pretext rather, on which (Dec. 10th, 1846) I obtained my first interview with Dr. Routh. I had been charged with a book for him, and, having obtained his permission to bring it in person, presented myself at his gate. Moss received my name in a manner which showed me that I was expected. With a beating heart, I followed the man up the old-fashioned staircase—grim old Doctors in their wigs and robes, and bearded divines with little books in their hands, and college benefactors innumerable, eyeing me all the way from the walls with terrible severity. My courage at last almost failed me; but retreat was impossible, for by this time we had reached the open door of the library,—a room completely lined with books, the shelves (which were of deal painted white) reaching from the floor to the ceiling; and the President was to be seen at the furthest extremity, his back to the window, with a blazing fire at his left. At the first intimation of my approach, I noticed that he slipped the book that he was reading into the drawer of the little table before him, and hastened to rise and come into the middle of the room to receive me. The refined courtesy, which evidently was doing its best to persuade me not only that I was a welcome visitor but that I found the master of the house *entirely disengaged*, struck me much. Most of all, however, was I struck by his appearance. He wore such a wig as one only sees in old pictures: cassock, gown, scarf and bands, shorts and buckles. And then *how* he did stoop! But besides immense intelligence, there was a great deal of suavity as well as dignity in that venerable face. And "You have come to see a decrepid old man, sir!" he said, as he took me by the hand. Something fell from me about my respect, and my having "long coveted this honour." "You are very civil, sir; sit you down." And he placed me in the arm-chair, in which he said he never sat himself.

'After a few civilities, he began to congratulate me on my bachelor's gown, pointing to my sleeves. "And you are a fellow of Oriol, sir? A very honourable college to belong to, sir. It has produced many distinguished men. You know, sir, when you marry, or take a living, you can always add to your name, 'late fellow.' I observe, sir, that Dr. Pusey always does so." It was impossible not to smile. My name (he thought) must be of French origin. It soon became painfully evident that he was only talking thus in order to relieve me from the necessity of speaking, in case I should be utterly at a loss for a topic. So, availing myself of a pause after he had enquired after my intended pursuits, I leaned forward (for he was more than slightly deaf) and remarked that perhaps he would allow me to ask him a question. "Eh, sir?" "I thought that perhaps you would allow me to ask you a question about Divinity, sir." He told me to

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go on. I explained that I desired a few words of counsel, if he would condescend to give me them—some directions as to the best way of pursuing the study which he had himself cultivated with such signal success. Aware that my request was almost as vague as the subject was vast, and full of genuine consideration for the aged oracle, I enlarged for a minute on the matter, chiefly in order to give him time to adjust his thoughts before making reply. He enquired what I had read. "Pearson and Eusebius, carefully." The gravity which by this time his features had assumed was very striking. He lay back in his chair. His head sank forward on his chest, and he looked like one absorbed in thought. "Yes—I think, sir," (said he after a long pause, which, besides raising my curiosity, rather alarmed me by the contrast it presented to his recent animated manner,) "I think, sir, were I you, sir—that I would—first of all—read the—the Gospel according to St. Matthew." Here he paused. "And after I had read the Gospel according to St. Matthew—I would—were I you, sir—go on to read—the Gospel according to St.—Mark." I looked at him anxiously to see whether he was serious. One glance was enough. He was giving me (but at a very slow rate) the outline of my future course. "I think, sir, when I had read the Gospel according to St. Mark, I would go on, sir—yes! go on to—to the—the Gospel—according to—St. Luke, sir." (Another pause, as if the reverend speaker were reconsidering the matter.) "Well, sir, and when I had read those three gospels, sir, were I in your place, I would go on—yes, I would certainly go on to read the Gospel according to St. John."

'For an instant I had felt an inclination to laugh. But by this time a very different set of feelings came over me. Here was a theologian of ninety-one, who, after surveying the entire field of sacred science, had come back to the point he had started from; and had nothing better to advise me to read than the Gospel! I believe I was attempting to thank him, but he did not give me time. He recommended me, with much emphasis, to read a portion of the Gospel *every day*. "And after the Gospel according to St. John," he proceeded:—(Now for it, thought I. We are coming to the point at last.) "I would in the next place, sir—I think" (he paused for an instant and then resumed):—"Yes, sir, I think I would certainly go on to read the—Acts of the Holy Apostles: a book, sir, which I have not the least doubt—no, it certainly does not admit of a doubt—was the work of St. Luke." I assented. "But what is quite evident, sir, it must needs be a book of altogether Apostolic antiquity, indeed of the age it professes to be. For you may have observed that the sacred writer ends by saying that St. Paul dwelt at Rome 'two whole years in his own hired house.' Now, sir" (here he tapped my fingers in the way which was customary with him when he desired to enforce attention), "no one but a contemporary would have ended his narrative in *that way*. We should have had all about St. Paul's martyrdom" (he looked archly at me, and slightly waved his hand), "all about his martyrdom, sir, if the narrative had been subsequent in date to St. Paul's



St. Paul's death." I said the remark was new to me, but I saw its truth. He only wanted me to nod. He was already going on; and, not to presume on the reader's patience (for it cannot be a hundredth part as amusing to read the story as it was to witness the scene), after mentioning the seven Catholic epistles, he advised me to read those of St. Paul in the order of Pearson's "*Annales Paulini*." He spoke of the Revelation, and remarked that Rome is certainly there, whether Imperial or Papal. Then he referred to Eusebius; to Scaliger's shrewdness about his '*Chronicon*'; and remarked that there is no Arianism apparent in his Ecclesiastical History. Next, he advised me to read the seven epistles of Ignatius, which he was convinced were genuine, notwithstanding what Cureton had written; also that of Clement (for the Clement mentioned by St. Paul wrote only one Epistle. It had been doubted, but the extracts in Clemens Alexandrinus are no valid evidence against the authenticity of our copies). "Read these, sir, in the edition of my friend Mr. Jacobson." I said I had the book. "Ah, you have, sir? Well, sir, and after the Epistles of Ignatius"—I was longing for an opportunity of showing him that I was not *plane hospes*; so I ventured to say that "I thought I knew which book to read next!" He understood me: smiled pleasantly, and nodded. "You are very civil, sir!" . . . It was time to go. Indeed the fire was so exceedingly hot that I could bear it no longer. My cap, which I had used for a screen, had been smoking for some time, and now curled and cracked. What annoyed me more, if possible, than the fire, was the President's canary, in a cage near his elbow. The wretched creature was quiet till we got upon Divinity; but the moment his master mentioned the Gospels, away it went into a paroxysm of song—scream, scream, scream—as if on purpose to make it impossible for me to hear what he said. If ever the President dropped his voice, the bird screamed the louder.

'I said I had kept him too long; but wished him to know what a comfort and help his example and witness had been to me. He spoke of Mr. Newman with many words of regret; declared his own entire confidence; assured me that the Truth is with us. Before leaving, I asked him for his blessing, which he instantly proceeded to bestow. "No," he exclaimed, "let me stand;" and standing, or rather leaning over me, he spoke the solemn words. As I was leaving the room, he very kindly bade me come and see him again.

'A full year elapsed before I ventured to repeat the intrusion. Mrs. Routh met me in the street, and asked me why I did not go to see her "dear man?" "I was afraid of being troublesome." "But he tells me that he wishes to see you." So I went. Would that I had preserved a record of what passed! But it was on one such occasion that I ventured to address him somewhat as follows: "Mr. President, give me leave to ask you a question I have sometimes asked of aged persons, but never of any so aged or so learned as yourself." He looked so kindly at me that I thought I might go on. "Every studious man, in the course of a long and thoughtful life, has had occasion to experience the special value of some one axiom or precept.

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Would you mind giving me the benefit of such a word of advice?" He bade me explain, evidently to gain time. I quoted an instance. He nodded and looked thoughtful. Presently he brightened up and said, "I think, sir, since you care for the advice of an old man, sir, you will find it a very good practice" (here he looked me in the face) "*always to verify your references, sir!*" I can better recal the archness of the speaker's manner than his exact words; but they were nearly those.

'And this reminds me of another precept of his, which I have many a time acted on with advantage. Of course I never approached him without *some* excuse or provocation. Once, for example (it must have been in 1848), he had sent me word that "he had a book for me, and would be glad to put it into my hands, if I would do him the favour to call at his lodgings." I think it was on *that* occasion that I ventured to ask him (I have often been ashamed of the question since) if there was any Commentary on Scripture which he particularly approved of, and could recommend. He leaned forward, murmured something to himself (of which all I could catch was a prolonged and thoughtful "No—I don't know, sir," or something to that effect), and so evidently did not wish to make any reply, that I quickly changed the subject; thanking him again for the book he had given me (it was the fifth volume of the "*Reliquiæ*"), and opening it with unfeigned interest. He took the volume into his hands, and proposed to show me something which he expected I should "find worth my notice." He turned with difficulty to the last page, and drew me towards him. I knelt. "Attend to this, sir;" and he began reading the long note which fills the lower half of p. 369. The print was too small for his aged eyes: so I read aloud. I remember his gently tapping my shoulder with the extremities of his fingers when I came to the words, "*Et velim animadvertas, decantatos Petri viginti quatuor annos ad episcopatum pertinere universæ ecclesiæ, non unius Romanæ; et junctos cum Lini annis . . . . complere tempus inter mortem Christi et martyria apostolorum Petri et Pauli computari solitum.*"

'In the last year but one of his life (1853) he sent me a little tract (his last production!), in which he reprinted that precious note, with important additions and corrections. It disposes of the pretence, that St. Peter was Bishop of Rome for twenty-five years, by an appeal to dates furnished by the same ancient catalogue on which we depend for the chronology of the early Bishops. . . . When I was going away, he offered to send the book after me by his servant. I explained how much rather I would carry away the treasure myself. "You remind me," he said, "of"—naming some famous person who used to say "he was not ashamed of being seen carrying *his tools*."

'A full year elapsed. Mrs. Routh told me that the President had remarked that I never called. To remove all ground of complaint, I speedily found myself again in the President's library. I was paving the way for some patristic question. He turned to me, and said rather abruptly, "When you have finished, sir, I have something to say to you." I was dumb. "Do you remember, sir, about a year

ago

ago asking me to recommend to you some Commentary on Scripture?" "Perfectly well; but I am altogether astonished that you should remember my having taken such a liberty." He smiled good-naturedly; remarked, with a slight elevation of his hand, that his memory was not amiss, and then went on somewhat thus: "Well, sir, I have often thought since, that if ever I saw you again I would answer your question." I was delighted, and said so. He went on, "If you will take my advice, sir (an old man, sir! but I think you will find the hint worth your notice), whenever you are at a loss about the sense of a passage in the New Testament, you will ascertain how it is rendered in the *Vulgate*; the Latin *Vulgate*, sir. I am not saying," (here he kindled, and eyed me to ascertain whether there was any chance of my misunderstanding him:) "*not that the Latin* of the *Vulgate* is inspired, sir!" (he tossed his head a little impatiently, and waved his hand). "Nothing of the sort, sir: but you will consider that it is a very faithful and admirable version, executed from the original by a very learned man,—by Jerome, in the fourth century; certainly made therefore from manuscript authority of exceedingly high antiquity; and in consequence entitled to the greatest attention and deference." I have forgotten what he said besides; except that he enlarged on the paramount importance of such a work. It was very pleasant to hear him. He seemed happy, and so was I. Very distinctly, however, do I remember the impression he left on me, that, having fully delivered this testimony, he did not care to prolong that topic of conversation. I remember, in fact, being afraid to ask him to give me just one illustration of his meaning. It is only fair to add that I have since discovered for myself several proofs of the soundness of his advice; and the anecdote is put on record in the hope that other students may profit by it likewise.

The President lived habitually in his library,—the room on the first floor, of which the windows look out on St. John's quadrangle. There, surrounded by his books (a copy of Laud's 'Devotions' always lay on his table), he was to be found engaged in study: poring over small print (by the light of a candle), without the aid of glasses, to so late an hour, that Mrs. Routh, in the exercise of her conjugal discretion, has been known to insist on taking away his candle. But she found him an unapt pupil. It was commonly past midnight when he went to rest; and he would sometimes sit up till one in the morning, without, however, rising later in consequence next day. When he had occasion to approach his windows, *his wig* was discoverable from the quadrangle beneath; but during the latest years of his life, being seldom or never able to attend the chapel service, he was scarcely ever seen except by a privileged few. 'For a long time' (wrote the Provost of Oriel, Dr. Hawkins, shortly after the President's death) 'I had been in the habit of visiting him nearly every week when I was in Oxford,

Oxford, and rarely saw him without learning from him something worth the hearing.'

He had been all his life a book collector: watching as vigilantly the productions of the Continental press as the home market. 'I should esteem it a favour' (he wrote to a bookseller in 1801) 'if you could procure either at home or abroad any or all of the undermentioned books, as you mention your extensive foreign correspondence.' And then he specifies twenty-five recent foreign publications, the very titles of which recal a remark of Dr. Bliss, that the President's library, though probably one of the most valuable in England, to a superficial observer might have seemed of small account. His habit of reading booksellers' catalogues (to some of which he had access before they were published) enabled him in the course of a long life to form a wonderful collection. Once (he had been speaking of books of criticism on the New Testament), 'I do not say it vauntingly' (he remarked), 'but there are there' (pointing to a particular part of his library) 'two hundred books which are not to be found in the Bodleian.' Though unsolicitous about the external attractiveness of his copies, he was at the pains, whenever he sent any to be lettered, to *design* in capitals the precise formula which he intended to have impressed on each. The result of so discriminating a taste, supported by a sufficient exchequer, may well have been extraordinary. In 1842, up to which time his library had cost him 8000*l.*, he was in negotiation with Queens' College for its sale to that society. But in 1852 (March 29th), 'being desirous that it might serve the purpose of promoting the glory of God through the advancement of good learning, and feeling a deep interest in the recently established University of Durham,' he carried out the intention he had in the meanwhile formed of transferring it (so far as printed books were concerned) by deed of gift to the warden, masters, and scholars of the Northern University, and at Durham it is carefully preserved at the present hour;—a singular indication of the freshness of spirit which at the age of ninety-seven could thus reach out with friendly sympathy, and something more, to the youngest rival of our ancient Universities. It should be added that Dr. Routh was exceedingly liberal in communicating his books and MSS. to scholars.

The manuscript portion of his library fell into his general estate, and was dispersed in 1855. It abounded in curiosities,—patristic, theological, antiquarian, historical. Thus, it contained the original autograph of Bishop Beveridge on the XXXIX. Articles, from which the Oxford edition was published in 1840. At one time the President had been possessed of a collection of  
documentary

documentary annals of the Society of Friends, the first volume of the Records of the Oxfordshire Quarterly Meeting of the Quakers, from the establishment of their Society to the year 1746. This volume had long been missing, and till 1828 had been sought in vain. Having ascertained that it was in the possession of the President, two of their body waited on him. The account 'they have given of their interview with Dr. Routh' (so runs the Quaker minute) 'has been very satisfactory. It appears that the gratification he has derived from the perusal of the volume (which from its instructive tendency he considers creditable to the Society) had induced a wish to retain it. Notwithstanding, he obligingly offered to relinquish it, from the respect which he felt for the Society, and a willingness to render complete those records which ought to be in the possession of the meeting. As he wished to transfer it through the medium of some friends appointed by the body, William Albright, Daniel Rutter, and John Huntley are directed to wait on him for that purpose.' In 'grateful acknowledgment of his kind and liberal conduct,' the Quakers presented him with 'a few volumes of our Friends' writings, both ancient and modern,' the names of which follow.

The President wanted (or thought he wanted) no assistance in finding his books; and to the last would mount his library-steps in quest of the occupants of the loftier shelves. Very curious he looked, by the way, perched up at that unusual altitude, apparently as engrossed in what he had found as if he had been reclining in his chair. Instead of ringing for Moss, his servant, he would also on occasion help himself to a folio as readily as to a smaller tome. Once (it was in February 1847) a very big book, which he had pulled out unaided, proved 'too many' for him, and grazed his shin. The surgeon (Mr. Lewes Parker, who repeated the story) advised him to go to bed at once. 'No, thank you, sir' (laughing); 'no, thank you! If you once get me to bed, I know you will never get me up again.' 'Then, sir, you must really rest your leg on a chair.' This was promised; and a sofa, unknown before in his rooms, was introduced. Two days after, the doctor reappeared, outstripped Moss, and coming quickly in, found his patient moving about the library-steps. 'O sir,' (scarcely able to command his gravity,) 'this will never do. You know you promised—' 'Yes, yes, I know, sir' (laughing); 'a little more, sir, and I should have been in the right position.' . . . The injury might have proved dangerous, and it did occasion the President serious inconvenience for a long time. A friend called to condole. The old man, after describing the accident minutely, added very gravely

in a confidential voice, 'A *worthless* volume, sir! a *worthless* volume!' This it evidently was which weighed on his spirits. Had it been Augustine or Chrysostom,—patience! But to be lamed by a book written by a dunce. . . . His leg, however, was one of his weak spots; the organs which are most affected by catarrhus colds (to which he was subject, and from which he suffered severely) being the other. In his old age he told Dr. Jackson that once (he must then have been about sixty) having walked up to Islip on one side of the Cherwell, and returned on the other, when at Marston he heard Magdalen bells begin to strike up for afternoon chapel. Disliking to be absent, he started off 'at a trot,' and arrived only just in time. In chapel he felt something trickling down his leg; and on coming out, found his stocking and shoe saturated with blood. He had burst a varicose vein, which always troubled him afterwards. In fact, the consequences of that 'trot' from Marston occasioned him inconvenience to the last.

It was in 1848, when he was ninety-three years of age, that he published a fifth and last volume of his '*Reliquiæ*,'—just sixty years after the issuing of the original prospectus of the work. He had already printed, in two Appendices at the close of his fourth volume, several pieces which do not strictly fall under the same category as the '*Reliquiæ*' proper; and he had only excluded the Disputation held (A.D. 277) between Archelaus, Bishop of Mesopotamia, and the heretic Manes, because of its bulk. (It extends over 200 octavo pages.) The publication of this remarkable monument is found to have been part of the President's original design in 1788. He styles this fifth volume, '*Appendix iii.*,' into which, besides the '*Disputation*' already mentioned (first published in 1698), he introduces two tracts, one by Augustine, the other by an unknown writer, together with the creed of Aquileia. But the most interesting feature unquestionably in this concluding volume is the '*Catena*,' with which it concludes. He calls it '*Testimonia de auctoritate S. Scripturæ ante-Nicæna*,' and prefixes a '*Monitum*,' which may be thus freely rendered:—

'According to some of our recent writers (followers themselves of a teaching alien to that of our own communion), the primitive Church did not hold that the Christian Faith is based on Holy Scripture, or that the Scriptures are to be regarded as the Rule of Faith. How entirely the Truth lies the other way may be easily shown by an appeal to ecclesiastical documents of the earliest ages. For the effectual refutation therefore of an opinion which in itself is fraught with perilous consequence, behold, thou hast here a collection of testimonies to the authority of Holy Scripture, gleaned out of the writings



writings of primitive Christendom, and disposed in long and orderly series.\*

Accordingly, collected from thirty-one several sources, beginning with St. Peter (2 Pet. iii. 15, 16), St. Paul (1 Cor. xiv. 37, 38), St. John (xiv. 26), Clemens Romanus (c. xlvii.), and ending with Eusebius, about seventy-four important quotations follow. The same volume, by the way, supplies (at p. 251) another interesting illustration of the President's favourite and truly Anglican method, namely, an appeal to primitive antiquity on the subject of the Invocation of Saints.

Even this, however, was not the President's latest literary effort. When Lord Derby became Chancellor of the University in 1853, it seemed to him a fitting occasion for producing a *strena* (so he phrased it), or auspicious offering; and there were three distinct subjects on which he had thought much, and collected something important, which, carefully edited, he foresaw would constitute an interesting pamphlet. This little work, extending to twenty-five pages, appeared in the beginning of December, 1853. He was then in his ninety-ninth year. He called it 'Tres breves Tractatus:' the first, 'De primis episcopis;' the second, 'S. Petri Alexandrini episcopi fragmenta quedam;' the third, 'S. Irenæi illustrata *ῥήσις*, in qua ecclesia Romana commemoratur.' They are introduced by the following brief notice:—

'Inasmuch as there is perpetual discussion among us at the present day concerning Apostolical Succession, Episcopal Ordination, and the authority of the Church of Rome, I judged that I should be rendering useful service if I produced in a separate shape whatever remarks on these subjects I had already put forth in the Annotations to my "Reliquiæ Sacræ." The object I had in view in thus amplifying and adding to my old materials was to illustrate how these several matters were accounted of in the beginning, in order that thus the truth might be the more firmly established. Farewell.'

After which follows the President's note on the Council against Noëtus,\* as enlarged by himself on two subsequent occasions, and now amplified and added to until it attains to more than twice its original bulk. Next come four fragments from the lost work of Peter Alex. 'De Paschate:' and these are followed by a restoration of the original text of a passage of Irenæus, of which the true sense is learnedly fixed, and shown not to support those pretensions which writers of the Romish communion have been apt to build upon it.

It was remarked by many how freely during the last year or

\* 'Reliqq.,' iv. 247, see p. 526, and v. 369.



two of his life the President alluded to his own end ; speaking of his approaching departure as one might speak of a journey which had long been in contemplation, and which must needs be undertaken very soon. Among his papers were found two rough drafts of his own intended epitaph, which may perhaps be thus exhibited :—

‘O all ye who come here, in your Christian and charitable hope, wish peace and felicity, and a consummation of it afterwards, to the soul of Martin Joseph Routh, the last Rector of the undivided parish of Tylehurst, and brother of the pious foundress of this church. He departed this life \_\_\_\_\_, aged \_\_\_\_\_; dying, as he had lived, attached to the Catholic Faith taught in the Church of England, and averse from all Papal and Sectarian innovations.’

But it should be stated that the writer had evidently found it impossible to satisfy himself with the opening sentence. At first he wrote, ‘Of your charity and trust to God’s mercy, wish peace and increase of bliss at Christ’s coming:’ and though he ran his pen through *those words*, he was loth to part with *that sentiment*. ‘Of your Charity which hopeth the best, wish peace and final felicity,’ presented itself as an alternative. Then, ‘Of your charity’ began to sound questionable. ‘In your Christian charity’ seemed better; but this had given way to ‘charitable hope,’ when the pious writer seems to have been reminded of the impossibility of elaborating a sentence by processes like these. There perhaps never lived a scholar who found it more difficult to satisfy himself than Dr. Routh. A third and a fourth draft of the above inscription has been discovered. The fastidiousness of his taste in such matters was altogether extraordinary. It should be added that his inscriptions (and he wrote many) are for the most part singularly original and felicitous. They well deserve to be collected.

But a document of a more important description than the President’s epitaph remained unfinished for ever. He had postponed to the last month of the last year of his life the business of making a will; and inasmuch as the draft (prepared from instructions furnished a few days previous) was only sent to Dr. Ogilvie for signature on the 20th, the will was perforce never signed at all. He repeatedly asked for ‘pen and ink’ when it was too late. Such an anecdote is better than an homily. It is believed that at an earlier period he had made a will, which he subsequently cancelled.

Very characteristic of the man is another incident, which for more reasons than one deserves to find here a record, and which also belongs to the last year, indeed to the last months, of his life.

About

About the year 1851 he had had several conversations with Dr. Ogilvie (Professor of Pastoral Theology and Canon of Christ Church) respecting the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist : repeatedly formulating the result of his meditations—'meditations to which he had been led by views lately put forth in some quarters, but, according to his sound judgment and well-ordered affections, utterly irreconcilable with Holy Scripture or the sentence of antiquity.' The desire to give expression to his own settled convictions on this great subject increased as he drew nearer to his end. In May and June 1854, 'on account of the existing differences about the Eucharist' (so he phrased it), the President again and again put into Dr. Ogilvie's hands a short written statement, accompanied with the remark that it 'is in all humility offered, as a strictly Scriptural exposition.' The following bears date 'June 5, 1854':—'The bread broken and the wine poured out, symbols in the Eucharist of the Body and Blood of Christ, impart to the recipient, through his faith in the sacrifice on the Cross, life spiritual,—the abidance of himself in Christ and of Christ in him. Our Saviour, interpreting His own words [*or explaining His precept of eating His flesh and drinking His blood*], saith, "My words are Spirit and Life." ... Dr. Routh told his friend that *this* statement of his belief was the one on which his mind at last rested.

His earthly span was brought to a close at half-past seven on the evening of Friday, Dec. 22, 1854. For several days he had been fully conscious that his end was approaching: and on the previous Sunday, though ill and weak, had left orders that the Provost of Oriel (Dr. Hawkins) should be admitted if he called; explaining that he had done so, 'Because I thought perhaps I might never see you again.' On the Tuesday he revived, spoke with animation and cheerfulness, sometimes with more than his usual felicity of expression. 'Richard Heber' (he said), 'collected more books than any other person; he had four libraries, one at his own place, Hodnet, another at Paris, another at Brussels, another at Amsterdam. His library at Hodnet sold for 53,000*l.*; and his Paris library was very good. I have the catalogue, sir, in my room. "Mr. Heber," said Porson to him, with his usual caustic humour, "you have collected a great many books: pray when do you mean to begin to read them?" But the present Dean of Christ Church, sir, a great authority, told me that he never asked Mr. Heber about a book without finding him well acquainted with it.' Thus, even in respect of a trifling matter, the speaker's nature became apparent. Dr. Hawkins (from whom we are quoting) remarks on what goes before:—

'Though

'Though he enjoyed a joke, he was supremely anxious that whatever he said should be true. The very accuracy and retentiveness of his memory had probably been assisted by this constant anxiety for truth. And in his later years, when it was not quite so ready and alert as formerly, it was curious to observe the working of his mind, intent to gather up again any fading recollections, and not permitting you to assist him, but recalling his thoughts, and regaining any lost clue himself.

'For some time past,' proceeds Dr. Hawkins, 'he had rather lain on his chair than sat upon it, and on this occasion, in order to support himself, he grasped one arm of the chair with his right hand; with his left, stretched over the other arm, touching or clasping mine. He said emphatically that he was "ready." On my observing that a very long life had been assigned him with very little illness and many sources of happiness,—"Yes," he said, he was deeply grateful. "Sir, I believe everything is ordered for the best. Do not you believe that, sir?"'

Later in the day, Dr. Cotton, Provost of Worcester, visited him: 'You are come, sir,' said the President, 'to one that is going.' He conversed cheerfully with Dr. Acland next morning (Wednesday); regretted that the new Museum was to be placed in the parks; and remarked, 'We are said to have the air in the parks from the Highlands of Scotland. I do not know whether this is correct, sir; I think the hills in Westmoreland must intervene; but I have not inquired into the fact.' To his physician: 'I will do what you desire, sir; take anything you please; but I know that it is useless. I shall go to-morrow.' He went to his bed reluctantly on that same night (Wednesday, 20th) for the last time.

He used to sleep in the 'Founder's chamber,'—'King Charles's room,' as he himself called it,—an ancient apartment over the College gateway, in which no less than seven royal personages have been entertained. On Friday he was clearly sinking; but at 2.30 P.M. he spoke a little, and was quite sensible. He expressed a wish to see Dr. Ogilvie,—who, as he knew, had his unsigned will in his keeping,—'to-morrow; a to-morrow he was destined never to see. It was plain to Dr. Jackson, who attended him, that the time for transacting business of any kind was past. 'The President' (he wrote to Dr. Bliss) 'is as ill as he can be to be alive.' In the evening, when Esther Druce, his faithful old servant, was standing at the foot of his bed,—'Now, Esther, I seem better.' He crossed his hands and closed his eyes. She heard him repeat the Lord's Prayer softly to himself. Presently she proposed to give him some port wine, as the doctor had recommended. He drank it; feebly took her hand, thanked her for all her attention to him, and

and remarked that he had been 'a great deal of trouble;' adding that he had made some provision for her. His leg occasioned him pain. 'Let me make you a little more comfortable,' said the poor woman, intending to change the dressing. 'Don't trouble yourself,' he replied. Those were the last words he spoke. Folding his arms across his breast, he became silent. It was his *Nunc dimittis*. He heaved two short sighs and all was over. . . . 'I have just seen him,' wrote Dr. Jackson. 'He lay perfectly placid, with his arms crossed just one over the other, as if asleep. May my end be like his, at a much less advanced age!'

'It has been decided' (wrote his nephew to Dr. Bliss on the 24th), 'in consequence of the strong desire expressed on the subject by members of the College, to bury my dear uncle within the walls. We have had much difficulty in coming to this decision; for, as you may be aware, he gave precise directions for his burial at Theale. We have done so only on the ground that in matters relating to himself (the taking his portrait, for instance) he has uniformly given way to the wishes of the Society he presided over; and it is reasonable to suppose that if any representation of the feeling of the College in this respect could have been made to him during his life, he would have conceded the point.'

In the beautiful chapel of the Society over which he presided for sixty-three years, Dr. Routh was accordingly buried on the Friday after his decease; being followed to the grave by a vast concourse of persons, including the principal members of the University, the fellows and demies of his own college, and a troop of friends. The funeral *cortège* filled two sides of the cloisters. 'It was the most touching and impressive scene, I think, that I ever witnessed,' wrote one of the fellows a few days after. But the weather was intensely cold,—the wind blowing strong and bitter from the north-east, as Bodley's librarian remarked in a letter to a friend. Not a note of the organ was heard; the whole body of the choir chanting the Psalms without music. The open grave was immediately in front of the altar; and on the coffin was recorded the rare circumstance that its occupant was *in his hundredth year*.

'He sleeps before the altar, where the shade  
He loved will guard his slumbers night and day;  
And tuneful voices o'er him, like a dirge,  
Will float for everlasting. Fitting close  
For such a life! His twelve long sunny hours  
Bright to the edge of darkness: then the calm  
Repose of twilight, and a crown of stars.'

- ART. II.—1. *Reports issued by the Schools' Enquiry Commission on the Education of Girls.*
2. *Journal of the Women's Educational Union.* Edited by Miss Shirreff and George C. T. Bartley.
3. *The Education of American Girls.* Edited by Anna C. Brackett. 1874.
4. *Five Hundred Employments adapted to Women, with the average Rate of Pay in each.* By Miss Virginia Penny. Philadelphia.
5. *Literary and Social Judgments.* By W. R. Greg. 1868.
6. *The Woman's Gazette, or News about Work.* Conducted by L. M. H.

IN her 'Letters to her Daughter,' Lady Mary Wortley Montague introduces this remark : 'I have never in all my various travels seen but two sorts of people, and those very like one another—I mean men and women—who always have been and will be the same.' Whatever the ambiguity of this sentence, there is no mistake as to what so clear-headed a woman, who despatched commonplaces and sophistries with a touch, really meant ; not that men and women are very like one another all over the world, but that 'the two sorts' in one country resemble 'the two sorts' in another—a fact which few women have had more opportunity of verifying. She might even have added that whatever the progress and changes in social habits—whatever the occasional interchange of parts in the drama of life, from circumstances past control—the 'two sorts' would remain distinct to the end of the chapter, and would not be men and women at all if they did not. Under these circumstances there is something tragi-comic in the pains many a worthy writer has taken to prove that men are masculine and women feminine, and that it is for their mutual interest to continue so ; while the fact, that these works have been aimed chiefly at the claims of the weaker vessels, would lead to the inference that they are the party most eager to break the appointed bounds. Accordingly the central and special point round which the arguments of these writers revolve is, that woman should fulfil her 'mission : ' in other words, that Nature having intended every Joan to have her John, she should seek and find her true happiness in a delightful round of domestic duties, exactly fitted to her capacity and strength, and never above either, all directed to John's especial comfort, and to that of the usual conjugal contingencies. The curious part of the argument is that, while it is always taken for granted that there is not only a husband in the case, but a pattern one,

one, whom it will be her privilege to love, honour, and obey, it is as invariably forgotten that there is nothing in this world she is more eager to do. Far from needing pressure or persuasion, the poor lady is as ready to welcome that mirror of manly perfections who is to complete her being, as a duck is to take to the water. It is astonishing how these writers would simplify matters. Their conception of the relative positions of the 'two sorts' would seem to be that of a great corporate body, divided into two equal portions—the men on the one side, the women on the other—whence a succession of couples emerge and pair off in regular turns. This is a pretty picture for an Arcadian 'cotillon.' The mind's eye can see them meeting, giving hands, and gaily careering down the middle; but it is not a picture for the canvas of real life. Such methodical arrangements, stript of all their gilding, would require men and women to return to that primitive form of society where to be marriageable is to marry. But there is no such thing as a state of nature for civilized man: the utmost development he is capable of is his only proper nature. 'A highly artificial condition of society' is a phrase apt to inspire an unpleasant impression, as of something which has deviated from sound, simple, and normal habits; but it is only the questionable adjective which is misleading: the thing itself is what every country capable of progress must covet; for it means nothing less than that in proportion as the conditions of life become more difficult and complex, they should be met by more ingenuity, more culture, more forethought, prudence, duty, and self-sacrifice. It is this complex state which interferes with what we fancy the natural relations of life, but which really raises them into a far more pure and ennobling sphere—which compels parents to part with their sons for their good to distant lands, never perhaps to see them again—which drives men to live where women of their own station cannot join them—which forces husbands to make their homes in climates where their wives sicken and their children cannot exist, and to continue at their posts so that these loved ones may exist elsewhere. There is no demoralisation or disorganization in this. It is rather a transposition of elements; a rooting up in one place to take root in another; a disintegration which stirs and fertilizes, to enrich and to bind again—all fulfilling the original mandate to replenish the earth and subdue it. But in this jostle and dispersion of social parts there is no doubt that the individual suffers though the race advances, and that 'the weakest is left to lament.'

According to the 'Population Returns' of 1851, as quoted by Mr. Greg, there were in England and Wales at that time no less than



than 1,248,000 women single, between the ages of 20 and 40. Reckoning for the numbers who in England marry after 20, this total would be considerably diminished; but, even so, it is believed that the permanent number of unmarried women may be accepted as about three-quarters of a million. Nor is the fact, that the estimate was made twenty-seven years ago, likely to have reduced the amount, but rather the reverse. This discloses what must be called a strange social phenomenon, suggestive of desolate positions and bitter needs, which has to be viewed under two aspects. Woman is the helpmeet for man, but man is the support hitherto deemed necessary for woman. Both aspects, in the tremendous extent of their present non-fulfilment, are matters of the gravest and of equal importance; but we have now only to do with the last. Assuming that the majority of these three-quarters of a million women are independent in circumstances, or so placed—especially in the lower ranks—as to support themselves, there still remains a body of single helplessness, living on shifts, alms, votes, and institutions, fit for no work, and eager to take any, of which society at every turn is made aware. There are other ties, it is true, and of a sacred nature, between men and women; but the fact is too evident, that what there is no husband to supply is but imperfectly supplemented by father or brother. It is a forlorn sight to see maidens ‘withering on the stalk;’ but it is a piteous one to see them starving on it. Poor ladies—for of such this class is principally made up—may truly say ‘all things are against us,’ for the parents who are bound to protect and provide are too often both the primary and ultimate cause of the misery of their daughters. Misfortunes are, it is true, sometimes of a kind which cannot be foreseen, or prevented; but the breakdown of all power and resources for meeting them can be prevented. False indulgence and false authority are the rocks on which thousands of these poor souls are wrecked. In some homes—and there are too many of them—young women, in the sense of thinking or acting for themselves, may be said never to come of age. They are lapped in a luxury which the stoppage of one heart or one bank suddenly brings to an end; and they are kept in leading-strings or go-carts which prevent their realizing the intention of their own limbs. The incapacity of some parents to perceive when their daughters have come to years of discretion—the jealousy to retain their authority over women more fitted by age to lead them—is a feature peculiar to English life. French mothers have, as M. Mohl used to express it, a *férocité* which dictates the choice in marriage both to son and daughter, and keeps their authority over both, even when married; but they do not turn their daughters out, single and dowerless, into  
the



the world, as English parents do. We may rail against French matrimonial arrangements; but, when contrasted with the sufferings of thousands of our countrywomen, the *mariage de convenance* rises in the scale. The case is simple to state. If we accustom a lap-dog to live on chicken, cakes, and cream—to warm washings, aromatic soaps, blue ribbons, and soft rugs—we do perhaps a silly thing; but if after all this petting we turn him out in the cold without a bone, we do a cruel thing. Nor is the matter amended if we have drilled him into perfect obedience, taught him to bark at certain signs, to sit up and beg, and to keep a biscuit on his nose till he is told to eat it; for all these arts and accomplishments will neither get him a crumb nor spare him a kick in the crowded streets. But this is virtually the practice of many parents towards their grown-up daughters, who are kept in a kind of stalled ease and plenty, are required to look to them for the commonest decision, and who, having been disciplined exactly in those qualities which will least help them in the battle of life, wake up one sad morning with the bitter blast of poverty blowing upon luxurious habits, and with the consciousness of not excelling in one single thing that they can exchange for bread.

Two points are now before us. First, the fact of an enormous surplus of single women in this country; and secondly, not only of single, but of destitute and helpless women. And the question is, how these facts can be dealt with. Mr. Greg, like a philosopher as he is, goes to the root of the matter. 'Consult Nature,' is his specific. Nature intended men and women for each other. Circumstances, more especially in this country, have contributed to divide them. Remedy this by taking means to bring those together whom God intended to unite, and who, separate, can only suffer. The surplus men are on the other side of the world—the surplus women here. In a census of nearly twenty years ago, the men in our North American colonies were proved to exceed the women by 68,167; in Australia and New Zealand, by 214,141; and in the United States by so large a figure, that it was computed it would take 250,000 white women to redress the balance. Send, therefore, the surplus women from this side the globe to the surplus men on the other. On the principles of commercial interchange, nothing would be wiser and more legitimate. The wants of one country are intended to be supplied from the redundancy of another. The laws of demand and supply regulate all healthy national action, and it is only ignorance or despotism that can controvert them. This is perfectly true, or would be perfectly true in this case, if all the propositions were equal—in other words, if men and women

were

were commercial commodities. But our bales of goods in this instance have prejudices, habits, inclinations, and, above all, free wills; and, in short, cannot be bought and sold. Emigration does already much, but within a certain limit and a particular class. Young and useful women of the lower orders of society, who of all the single women left on our hands could easiest gain their bread here, are carried over in numbers; but this does not help the destitute lady, or the one who has been taught to think herself a lady. She would not go into the wilds of a new and infant colony if she could; and she is quite right. The little she can at best do is not in request; and as to marriage, it is one of those things, as we have hinted, which in a civilized community cannot be carried by assault, but must be approached by due minings and zigzags. The remedy, therefore, of '*za mush iti*,' or 'going to husband,' as the Russians express marriage, is not feasible here.

Let us now look for the reasons, not why so many English ladies are single, which these statistics have made obvious, but why they are destitute and helpless also. We have glanced at it partially in the home life to which too many of them are subjected, but it must be sought for equally in the forms of education which have prevailed.\*

In the first place, the practice of teaching in this free country, whether in schools or in private families, as carried on by governesses and mistresses, has been entirely of an *amateur* kind. Not one Englishwoman in fifty has ever devoted herself to learn the art professionally, and certainly not five in fifty have had by nature so strong a vocation for it as to excel without training. While all foreign women—Russian, Swedish, Danish, German, French, and Italian—destined for the career of a governess or schoolmistress, have been required by law to go through a course of study, submit to examinations, and obtain certificates and matriculations as their indispensable credentials, Englishwomen have embarked in the calling most important to the rising generation with scarcely any other qualifications beyond want and good-will. Many a lady thus placed has, it is true, developed abilities of the highest order, and exercised moral influence of the

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\* By 'forms of education' are sometimes meant modes of instruction; sometimes a union of both. Education is a subtle and insensible training, educing the better qualities of the character; instruction, a direct and regular process, cultivating the powers of the mind. The English nation, for instance, is the worst instructed, but the best educated in Europe—the Germans, *vice versa*. The indiscriminate use of these terms is too hopelessly rooted in our phraseology to be mended here. We cannot quote a sentence on the subject without finding them misused. But the intelligent reader is too much accustomed to this confusion to be misled by it.

most beneficent kind ; but, as a rule, the governess class have been painfully and curiously unfitted for their duties, have only undertaken them of necessity, and from this very cause they contribute largely to the numbers of the dependent women whose misery is perpetually brought before us. Under these circumstances, it was time that the subject of female instruction in this country should receive systematic investigation ; and in the Report issued by the Schools' Enquiry Commission we are furnished with the desired information. For the pursuance of this enquiry, extended equally to girls' as to boys' schools, England was divided into districts—each being placed under an Assistant-Commissioner. The sphere of the enquiry may be defined as that lying between the great Public Schools for Boys, and the National and Board Schools for both sexes for the people—a sphere which, as especially occupied by the middle and lower middle classes, will be recognized, both in nature and extent, as emphatically the most important to the welfare of the State. In this sphere, again, three classes of schools were recognized—*Endowed, Proprietary, and Private*. Of the benefits of endowed schools the girls of England now partake too sparingly for prominent mention in this enquiry; and proprietary schools, with few exceptions, have been confined to boys. The education, therefore, generally bestowed on girls who leave the parental home, had to be sought for and examined in the domain of the private boarding-schools, of which more than ten thousand were found to exist—the majority being girls' schools. We hardly need to be reminded of the novelty as well as delicacy attending the investigation of such female schools as consented to the enquiry. Fortunately, the same gentlemen were employed for both sexes, and their standard of result has been drawn up, as was natural, from a comparison between the two. And it may be said at once that, painful as are the majority of facts presented to us, the upshot of the enquiry is not so unfavourable to girls' schools as might have been expected. To be at school at all for a few years, is in itself a relative advantage when compared with the slip-slop programmes and irregular habits of too many homes—for here we speak of that class which keep no regular governess. If also the standard of instruction has been found incredibly low, it has been placed and kept at that level by the ignorance and indifference of parents ; and in many cases in direct opposition to the judgment of the ladies at the head of such institutions.

Another point greatly detrimental to the efficient working of female schools is the fact that, being far more numerous, they are much smaller than similar private seminaries for boys ; and hence the absence of anything like stimulus and competition.

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According to the Report made by one Assistant-Commissioner, Mr. Fitch, 'Nothing can be more extravagant than the waste of money and of educational resources in these small schools. There is little life, no collective instruction, and nothing to call forth the best powers either of teacher or learner, where each class consists of two or three pupils only.' Many reasons may be suggested for the prevalence of these 'Limited Establishments for Young Ladies,' but the chief one is the preference entertained for schools which approximate nearest to the conditions of a home. It may be pleaded, that parents are justified in their endeavour to shield their young daughters from what is called the contamination of a large school, and the motive, at any rate, may command respect. But we doubt its soundness. It is natural, and perhaps convenient, to make school responsible for what the mother believes could never have been imbibed at home. But in the inscrutable workings of every young mind, it would be difficult to say how or when the first seed of evil was carried by the winds to its place of fructification. At all events, the ordinary mother of an ordinary home is not altogether the best person to be trusted in her judgment as to the influence of others on her own children. She surrounds them with dulness, and calls it innocence. She prides herself on pasturing her young lambs solely on the scanty herbage of her own small mind, and does not know that it is starvation. She denies them all knowledge of the world they must finally occupy, and has none of her own to put in its place. But such systems—and who does not know them?—are as powerless to keep out 'evil communications' as to supply good ones. Moral infection lurks everywhere; in the school of six, as in that of sixty; in the home as in the convent. The question is, What form of education gives the greater power to resist, the greater amount of counterbalancing good? And this question at best can only be partially solved by the best of schools, for the home alone begins, continues, and completes the real education of most women. The more reason, therefore, to raise the character of school instruction as high as possible; whether as collaborator with the home, and its possible corrective, or as the best guarantee for wiser mothers and better guided homes in future.

And if the first fundamental defect in school-life, namely, its restricted sphere, must be laid at the parental door, it, unfortunately, does not lie there alone. The second defect is worse than the first, for it includes pretty well all the rest; namely, the scattered and incohesive nature of the subjects, and the flimsy manner in which they are taught. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, geography, English history, and English grammar,

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are the general curriculum set forth in a school-advertisement—all other studies coming under the head of 'extras.' Comparing girls with boys, it is admitted by the Commissioners that, up to the age of twelve or thirteen, the knowledge and intelligence in the best of the ladies' schools are superior to that in the boys' academies of the same standing. The verdict that girls read better, and spell no worse, is confirmed by all examiners. Also that the writing of both is more or less equally distinguished by a clear, round, copy-book character; in which the little feminine fingers are, if anything, more dexterous than those of their brothers. But from twelve to thirteen a strange change comes over the spirit of the writing-desk. It is apparently assumed to be indecorous for girls, rising into womanhood, to write too legibly. Instead, therefore, of continuing to distinguish their 'a's,' 'e's,' and 'i's' with increasing precision, every letter of the alphabet is suddenly reduced, as far as tops and tails permit, 'to the closest imitation of a saw.' Hence that strange conformation of handwriting, peculiar to most school-taught girls of the lower section of the middle classes, with which the world is so unfortunately familiar. So curious is this calligraphic convention, that a time may be foreseen when some antiquary will institute enquiry as to the cause for the indiscriminate levelling of the common cursive characters which prevailed among the Englishwomen of the nineteenth century; tracing it, perhaps, to the strong democratic tendencies of the age, or to some writing-machine then in vogue.

To return, however, to our subject: whatever the writing of the young ladies, they are declared to express themselves in it more clearly and readily than the boys do. Nor did the Commissioners detect any difference up to this age between the two in arithmetic. 'The girls often evince great quickness in arithmetic, and at least as clear an understanding of the *rationale* of the elementary rules, as is to be found in the best schools for boys. Their knowledge of history and geography is often greater, while the clearness with which they perceive the meanings of the words, and their general interest in reading, are decidedly superior.' In Scripture history, too, and knowledge of the Bible, the girls invariably outstrip the boys. But here, with all their bright faculties in healthy progress, the same thing happens that has been described with the handwriting, and the signal is given to check further real growth. Parents, as a rule, see no use in any of these rudiments of a sound education being carried on to real purpose, and from that time—twelve or thirteen years of age—the tree, however vigorous and promising, is cut back, or only allowed a few lateral shoots by way of

of supposed ornament. So universal a practice can only be assigned to an equally universal motive—generally defined as parental anxiety to keep a girl feminine, and fitted for the home sphere, but, in reality, referable exclusively to what the suitor, looming in the distance, will be supposed to prefer. The deity may be long invisible, and perhaps even may never reveal himself, but it is always thought necessary to propitiate him, and the extinction of all dangerous signs of intellectual power is held to be his most acceptable offering.

A large array of subjects may be now kept in the school repertory, but all the young girl is encouraged to learn are a few accomplishments, which, it may be added, are never accomplished. Such 'music' and 'drawing' as are commonly taught in these establishments are not of the kind readily acknowledged by either of these Fine Arts. Yet music especially, whether a girl care for it or not, is hammered at in these schools as if the happiness of life depended upon it; the time given in the more 'genteel establishments' to that practice being calculated by one of the Commissioners to exceed that which is devoted to 'history, drawing, arithmetic, German, geography, writing, English grammar, and the use of the globes, all put together.'

French is thought another indispensable acquirement, being generally regarded as giving an intellectual guarantee for the class of education. Of the time spent on this language no computation is possible, since the greater portion is utterly misspent. For we all know the curiously destructive plan which forbids the pupils to talk to each other during certain hours of the day in any other language. Considering the limited vocabulary, to say nothing of the ideas, which constitutes the whole stock in hand of these young ladies, it is not wonderful that a jargon should ensue, as much in play as in earnest, in which purely English common-places are interspersed with a few French terminations, *e.g.* 'Je wouldais, si je couldais, mais je ne cannai pas.' Even where this absurd practice is not in force, and the language is taught by competent teachers and learned by conscientious pupils, there is something in the languid mental atmosphere of most small schools which is fatal to all thoroughness. There are plenty of girls who work at French for forty weeks in the year, and for ten years of their youth, and yet who could not keep up a conversation in it for five minutes. Nor do they get the same intellectual benefit from the language that boys do from Latin. We do not agree with one Commissioner in wondering why 'foreign languages, which are especially useful in business, in politics, in travel, and in intercourse with the world, should be considered particularly appropriate



appropriate for that half of the population which spends most of its time at home.' What could the poor man be thinking of? Setting aside business, politics, and intercourse with the world, in all of which they are not particularly behindhand, there can be no doubt that of the two halves of the population, taken numerically, the ladies travel the most, and, whatever their small French and less German, are generally wanted as interpreters for their male companions.

We have said that a large array of subjects is kept nominally before a girl, especially in the more fashionable schools, which helps to account for that 'scrappiness'—as opposed to thoroughness—that 'multa,' as substituted for 'multum,' which is the bane of female education. The very assortment of the subjects would require a miracle to make them assimilate in the same juvenile mind. Courses on astronomy and heraldry, on architecture and on botany, translate the scene alternately from heaven to earth, and from art to nature, and are supposed to fill up spare corners in brain and time. 'The days of lecture are looked forward to as an event; dress is especially attended to, and the young ladies, ranged in close order, sit and smile rather as spectators at a festal exhibition than as students.' The transitory effect of such teaching—kept up by no study in the interval, supplemented by no reading, and tested by no examination—need not be dwelt upon. Other subjects in the school repertory, equally as strangely assorted—such as Pneumatics and Italian—are supposed to remain a dead letter: 'For as a matter of fact one finds no girls studying either pumps, or Dante; while as to that mysterious branch of knowledge called "the use of the globes," the answer to the first question, "what is the Equator?" generally discouraged any further examination.'

It has been stated that up to an early point of comparison the girls were found as forward as the boys in common arithmetic. Beyond this the results varied markedly according to the sex of the teacher. 'It would be affectation of politeness to say a word on behalf of the arithmetic taught by ladies.' As the scale of calculation rose, that of success fell. While one girl out of five failed in simple multiplication and division, seven out of eighteen failed in the compound forms of the same, one out of two in notation, five out of seven in proportion, five out of six in practice, fifty out of fifty-three in vulgar fractions and square root, and all in decimals and interest. So utterly dead were most of the girls' minds, in a school under a mistress, to the commonest operation of arithmetical laws, that they failed to see the absurdity of their own answers. They were not in the least embarrassed to present a sum worked out



in subtraction, with a remainder larger than the amount subtracted from; and one young lady, having to solve the cost of  $27\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. of tea, at 5s.  $6\frac{1}{2}$ d. the pound, triumphantly returned her written answer as 110l. 18s. 4d. Still, nothing can be fairer than the judgment in this respect arrived at by one of the Commissioners (Mr. Bryce):—

‘The schoolmistresses did not generally appear surprised to find their pupils acquit themselves ill in arithmetic. They believe, and the parents—if parents think about the matter at all—share their belief, that girls have for numbers a natural incapacity and a natural hatred, against which it is almost useless, and perhaps not very important, to struggle. This belief seems to be quite without foundation. I found several schools, among which I may particularly mention the Institute Girls’ School in Liverpool, and two private schools in Manchester, whose names, were it permissible, I should be glad to give, in which the arithmetic was excellent, quite up to the level of that in boys’ schools, and where the scholars took an evident pleasure in it; and I received a great deal of testimony from persons whose means of observation qualified them to speak, all tending the same way. So far from being necessarily bad arithmeticians, there is some reason to think that girls, being, by nature, quicker at most things than boys, are quicker at figures also, and can go through the common operations of adding, subtracting, and so forth, either mentally or on paper, as easily as boys can. Several persons who admit this may be heard to maintain that girls have less power of abstraction, and are less able to grasp, remember, and apply, arithmetical principles. But we are not obliged to assume any such cause for their present general inferiority in arithmetic, since it is sufficiently accounted for by the quantity and quality of the arithmetical teaching which they receive.\* As has been stated already, arithmetic occupies, in the more expensive schools, not more than one-thirteenth of a girl’s time, in the cheaper ones perhaps one-tenth. Then the teaching is generally very poor, lifeless, and unintelligent. . . .

‘If there be any truth in the reproach so often made against the education of women—that it leaves them disposed to guess where they ought to reason, with no idea of the value of accuracy and no power of concentrating their attention—this may be in a large measure attributed to the all but universal neglect of so valuable a

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\* In the distribution of prizes at the North London Collegiate and Camden Street Schools for girls which took place last July, Mr. Mason, an official examiner, referring to an article in the ‘Saturday Review,’ thus expresses himself: ‘The writer of that article, not being really acquainted with the strides in the education of girls within the last few years, has unfortunately selected for ridicule physiology and arithmetic; the very two subjects in which they have proved themselves most efficient. As an examiner of pupils of both sexes, he must confess that the girls are rapidly outstripping their brothers in the power with which they grapple with questions in mathematics.’—*Journal of Women’s Educational Union*, July 1877, p. 107.

means of mental discipline as the scientific study of arithmetic supplies.'

As a general summing-up of the characteristics of the teaching given to girls, we give the following passage:—

'We find, as a rule, a very small amount of professional skill, an inferior set of school books, a vast deal of dry uninteresting task-work, rules put into the memory with no explanation of their principles; no system of examination worthy of the name; a very false estimate of the relative value of the several kinds of acquirement; a reference to effect, rather than to solid worth; a tendency to fill or adorn, rather than to strengthen the mind.'

After this declaration we may turn with greater confidence to the more favourable side of the Commissioners' Report, and on two main points it is most unreserved. The first concerns the girl's abstract capacity for intellectual attainments, which 'on weighty evidence' is pronounced by one gentleman 'to be the same, or nearly the same, in the two sexes.' Another adds that, 'in mixed schools taught by masters, I found no difference of attainments between boy and girl.' Again, in one of the very few private schools where Latin was taught, and where girls of 16 and 17 were able to translate Cæsar and Virgil, 'If I were to compare girls' translations with boys', I should say that girls showed more taste, boys most accuracy.' In another school the girls were particularly fond of algebra; and in a proprietary school, 'in which boy and girl were working side by side in the same class, the girls were quite as proficient as the boys in Euclid, though I cannot say the same of their algebra.'

One Commissioner adds, incidentally, evidence of an important kind as to the effect of the highest intellectual exercise upon the feminine deportment:—

'It happens that the finest manners I ever saw among young people—the most perfect self-possession, modesty, and freedom from affectation—were in a class of girls who were brought up to me to demonstrate a problem in Euclid. It would be a strange commentary on our present system of education, if it could be proved that the studies, which are supposed to elevate and refine men, had an opposite effect on the other sex. But though unproved, and probably grossly untrue, there are many who believe it.'

The more we look into this subject the more are we convinced that the prejudice against a high class of education for women does not proceed from the male half of the creation, unless influenced by their wives! There are special aims now proposed by women, on the propriety of which men may be divided; but for the chief evils, whether of home or school,

under which they suffer till too late to mend them, and into the nature of which men have little insight, they have in every respect, directly and remotely, primarily and ultimately, to thank their own sex. If in too many instances the lady teacher is incompetent for her task, in far more she is thwarted in it, as we have hinted, by the intolerable apathy and silliness of the parents—this last ‘noun plural’ in most cases doing duty for one parent only. For ‘paterfamilias’ of the middle and lower-middle class seldom knows anything more of his daughter’s education beyond the periodical signing of a cheque on its behalf. The complaints of the teachers as to the prejudicial influence of home dictation pervade the whole Report. One lady says: ‘It is not pleasant to bear the whims of the very people for whose children you are trying to do your best.’ Another: ‘I have remonstrated on the folly of teaching music to the hopelessly unmusical; their time might be so much better spent, but parents are inexorable.’ A third: ‘The prejudices of parents are my greatest hindrances; their only object seems to be display.’ One mother, observing that her daughter is getting truly interested in her schoolwork, ‘comes to me, and says, “Now, Miss —, you must not make Augusta a blue;” another fond parent does not disguise her motives, “Time is short, and we must make a show;” while a third pleads, “What’s the use of Julia’s learning to sum? Her husband, you know, will keep her accounts for her.”’

This lady has given the clue to the hidden link in this curious machinery. Like the books of advice addressed to the female sex, the system revolves round one secret but central idea, and is directed by one unconfessed but well-understood aim. We do not so much quarrel with the assumption that the husband is to make all square in Julia’s accounts as well as in everything else; but so illogical and uncomplimentary a thesis as that which underlies all this flimsy system—namely, that it improves a girl’s chances of marriage—will not readily be endorsed by the other contracting party. Women themselves, with the commonest share of that shrewdness which is the prerogative of the sex, are perfectly aware that, in Lord Jeffrey’s words, ‘their stockings may be as blue as they please, if their petticoats are but long enough.’ What, indeed, does a husband profit by the tune that cannot be played ‘without my notes?’ by the drawing which cannot truly portray the commonest feature in nature or art? by the French which cannot translate or write a letter of business or ceremony for him? by the education, in short, which cannot verify an account, or supply a date, or discuss a topic in which an intelligent man and his friends take interest? By what

what authority such a fiction has taken possession of the maternal mind, it would be hard to say; but we cannot too often repeat that it is thence alone that it derives its origin. Nor will women of a higher calibre dispute this verdict. A well-known distinguished lady, whose superior mind and acquirements made her the helpmeet for the great man whose name she bears, his stay and counsellor in all he undertook, the pride of his heart, and the magnet of his home—this lady, on being appealed to by her young friends to direct them how to cultivate their minds so as to obtain the resources they admire in her, invariably replies, ‘My dear, I would not do so for the world. *What would your mother say?*’

Far from levelling this wholesale insult at their fellow-countrymen, Englishwomen (though we say it that should not) ought to be proud of that which distinguishes their lovers and husbands from those of other lands. The Englishman is worldly enough in all conscience; still, of all the European family, he alone is truly romantic in the choice of his life’s companion. He claims his national independence (eccentricity some would call it) in this as in other things, and many an insignificant and dowerless girl, invested by his fancy alone with every charm, is lifted into a position of comfort and consequence which she has not always the sense to appreciate—for he takes her in spite of her shallowness and ignorance, and not because of it. If she happens to be extremely beautiful or distinguished-looking, there is hardly a grade in the land to which she may not aspire. This characteristic of the Englishman did not escape the observation of George Sand, who wrote her tale ‘*Jeanne*’ to illustrate it. Jeanne was an utterly illiterate herdsman, but so beautiful that lovers of various nations beset her. There was the German baron, and the French *avocat*, and there was the English baronet. All loved, and wanted to be loved in return, but the Englishman alone offered marriage. Under these circumstances, no matter what the comparative paucity of chances implied by the figures of single women given above, or the many prizes which turn out to be worse than blanks, it would be vain to expect that the turn for speculation inherent in the female breast should be proof to the chances of such a lottery. That can be readily condoned. But the ungrateful pretext, that a girl’s mind is kept vacant purposely to suit the matrimonial market, is too preposterous to be allowed to pass. There is not a dandy so empty, whose vanity, at all events, would not resent the insinuation.

At any rate the Commissioners were not deceived by it, and it is amusing to read how the arguments for fitting a girl for her supposed conjugal sphere are turned against themselves.

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'Nothing is more common than to hear the difference in the future destiny of girls and boys assigned as a reason for the difference in the character and extent of their intellectual training. A girl, it is urged, is fated to be a wife and a mother, and must therefore be educated for domestic life. But I cannot find out that any part of the training given in ladies' schools educates them for domestic life, or prepares them for duties which are supposed to be especially womanly. I am repeatedly told that cooking, the government of servants, the superintendence of their work, the right management of the house, and the power to economise all the resources of a household, are of more importance to a girl than learning. All this may be true, *but then these things are not taught in schools.* . . . Everywhere the fact that the pupil is to become a woman and not a man operates upon her course of study, negatively, not positively. It deprives her of the kind of teaching boys receive, but it gives her little or nothing in exchange. It certainly gives her no exceptional teaching adapted to her career as a woman.

We have mentioned the first point laid down by the Commissioners, namely, the equal capacity of the two sexes under equal conditions—an equality not necessarily so much in the items as in the sum total. We now come to the second point, which, if due justice were done to the governess or schoolmistress, appears to be no less indisputable. Like her pupil, the mistress suffers from bad home education, wretched teaching, from lack of all training, and from entire isolation in the difficulties of her task. Nevertheless the fair and upright judgment of the Commissioners pronounce her to be by nature, and especially for girls, a better teacher than a man.

'If governesses were better instructed, the need for employing masters would almost totally disappear. At present the general disposition to employ them in girls' schools simply amounts to an admission that the mistresses are imperfectly trained. Of two persons, a man and a woman, who have an equally accurate acquaintance with a given subject, it may be fairly assumed that the woman is likely to be the better teacher. All the *natural* gifts, which go so far to make a good teacher, she possesses in a higher degree. In sympathy with learners, in the imaginative faculty which helps her to see what is going on in their minds, in the tact which seizes upon the happiest way to remove a difficulty, or to present a truth, in insight into character, and in patience and kindness, she is likely to excel him. A larger proportion of women than of men may be said to be born teachers; gifted by nature with the art of communicating what they know. It is because, as a rule, they *do not know* thoroughly the subjects included even in the narrow and pretentious curriculum of the ordinary ladies' school, that they so often avail themselves of the services of masters. Other reasons are often assigned, but, as far as I have been able to judge, this is the true reason even when least avowed.

avowed. . . . My examination of the girls' schools has left on me a strong impression that, for all the ordinary intellectual work of a school, women are more appropriate teachers for girls than men ; and that, *up to the measure of their own knowledge*, they can always teach with at least equal skill and effect.'

There can be no doubt that a system like that which the Enquiry has exposed, long entailed from ill-educated mothers to daughters, and from ill-instructed teachers to pupils, goes far to account for the helpless and exceptional conditions under which a large body of our countrywomen now suffer. But there are causes which lie deeper still. A country like England, the stronghold of ancient customs and the leader of modern progress—possessed equally by the spirit of Liberty and of Prejudice—insular, as much morally as geographically—is found, when viewed below the surface, to abound in anomalies puzzling to her own people and incomprehensible to others. And few perhaps are greater than those which affect her female population, which lead to the over-protection of one part of it and to the over-neglect of another, which give the prosperous and pampered woman every indulgence, and the poor and forlorn one no rights. The discovery of these jarring contrasts has broken upon us with comparative suddenness, disturbing complacent dreams of a national condition believed, and not unnaturally, to be eminently conducive to private virtue and happiness. For while the social and domestic aspect of female life in this country has presented a picture of charm, worth, and intelligence uncombined in the same degree elsewhere ; while the force of custom has so far overridden the power of law as to permit to Englishwomen an equality and ease in mingling with the other sex, unknown in other lands ; it has been difficult to credit the suffering and injustice gradually preparing for them from causes which sooner or later take precedence of all others. As long as all goes prosperously in a community, inconsistencies may be hidden and injustices glossed over ; but when that form of civil war commences which is represented by *the struggle for bread*, veils are torn aside, and glossings disappear. That women should, like men, fall under the primal sentence of the sweat of the brow, is nothing new with us. Above three millions of Englishwomen already earn their own living. But now the mandate, 'If ye work not, neither shall ye eat,' has gone forth to a higher class of our countrywomen, and it finds them miserable and helpless, because totally unprepared. Mr. Froude, in his address to the students at St. Andrews, spoke these words : 'A child, since he is required to live, has a right to demand such teaching as shall enable him to live with honesty, and to take such a place in society



society as belongs to the faculties he has brought with him.' The same must now be said, and more strongly still, for the female child in a state of society liable to set her adrift without provision, and without the right in many respects to provide for herself. Two points have been established by this School Commission—the capacity of the girl to learn, and that of the duly-trained woman to teach. So inadequately have both these faculties been acknowledged in our middle classes, that our National and Elementary schools are known to give incomparably better instruction, as far as it goes, than the so-called young lady receives at a 'genteel' private establishment. Accordingly a cry for the higher education of women has gone forth, resulting, both actually and experimentally, in one of the most important movements in the middle and lower-middle classes that this country has witnessed. The machinery for this purpose which a few years has sufficed to bring into action, by the usual English process of private effort and organization, is becoming so extended, that a short retrospect of its nature may interest even the general reader.

It would be difficult to trace precisely the first stirrings in public opinion on behalf both of a better and cheaper form of instruction for girls. The need for it was sure to make itself felt in a community like London, mainly composed of hard-working professional men, where fathers of large families could ill afford to send their daughters to boarding-schools, and where the average houses can spare but little accommodation for resident governesses. The institution of King's College and University College Schools for London boys, similarly placed, doubtless first suggested corresponding plans for their sisters. We find accordingly that Queen's College (in Harley Street) was founded in 1848 chiefly by gentlemen connected with King's College, among whom the names of Professor Maurice and of the present Archbishop of Dublin were foremost as successive principals. Bedford College\* followed in 1849; both being furnished with a staff of distinguished names as professors and lecturers. As examples also of the powers for organization and tuition inherent in women, the Camden Town Schools, conducted by Miss Buss, and the Cheltenham College by Miss Beale, were among the first and most prominent—both of late enriched by considerable endowments. But the earliest public step in favour of women was taken about nineteen years ago, when the University of Cambridge first opened what are called its 'Local Examinations' for candidates under eighteen years of

\* Now removed to 8 and 9 York Place, Portman Square.



age, to girls; an example followed some years later by Oxford. These consist of an annual examination by the regular University Examiners, equally of boys and girls, on the same subjects and by the same papers, at different parts of the country, called 'Centres;' the examinations being followed by the distribution of certificates according to the number of marks obtained. These 'Centres' are open to such schools, collegiate or private, and such private individuals, as desire to take advantage of formal educational tests, the candidates being divided into two classes, Juniors and Seniors. It is obvious that these opportunities of competition act with equal stimulus on scholars and teachers; the standard attained by the one being the directest evidence of the efficiency of the other. The consequence has been a rapidly increasing number of 'Centres,' which in 1874 amounted to fifty-two. The average results, as drawn up in the Seventeenth Report of the Syndicate—comprising the examinations from 1870 to 1874—are so curious, as regards the relative positions held by the girls, as to warrant our giving an abridgment of them here:—

'*Grammar, Juniors.* The answers sent up to the questions in etymology were on the whole very satisfactory. The papers of the girls were decidedly better than those of the boys, although, in this respect, the difference was not so striking as it has been in former years.

'*Grammar, Seniors.* The work of the girls was better done than that of the boys. . . .

'*Arithmetic, Juniors.* There is both with boys and girls a very remarkable falling-off in the percentage of candidates who obtain more than half of the full marks. . . . The quality of the teaching given to the girls, and the methods used by them, appear in many instances decidedly unsatisfactory, and not nearly so good as is the case with the boys.

'*Arithmetic, Seniors.* Of the boys, 10 per cent. failed; of the girls, 20 per cent. failed. It is clear from these results, that the teaching of arithmetic is very defective in some of the schools for boys, and in very many of the schools for girls. As evidence of what may be done by skilful teaching, it is sufficient to mention that in one school, sending in 74 girls for this examination, 3 only failed. . . .

'*Religious Knowledge, Old Testament.* The girls, as before, were much superior to the boys, but there was great and decided improvement in the work of the latter. . . .

'*Catechism.* The girls have not only a smaller percentage of candidates rejected than the boys, but also their papers on the average secured one-fourth more marks.

'*Shakspeare, Juniors.* As in the previous year, the boys often failed in power of expression, and handled the language clumsily, while the girls were for the most part more fluent and ready. . . .

'*LATIN. Cicero, pro Lege Manilia.* The Regent's Park Centre girls showed

showed careful preparation, all the candidates from that centre passing in accident.

'*Horace, Epistles.* The best papers not so good, nor the worst so bad as the corresponding papers last year. About 16 per cent. of the boys and 20 per cent. of the girls failed to obtain one-tenth of the marks assigned to the paper.

'*French, Juniors.* The average work of the girls of higher quality than last year, though several seem not to have accurately read the questions before answering them.

'*French, Seniors.* The Examiners think it their duty to state that a large number of candidates present themselves who are almost wholly unprepared. On the other hand, a very considerable number of candidates, especially of girls, have acquitted themselves in such a manner as to win the warm approbation of the Examiners.

'*German.* The senior girls obtained a larger average of marks than the boys, and many more distinctions. . . .

'*MATHEMATICS. Algebra, Juniors.* The girls made just the same mistakes as the boys, but their papers were a little more neat and tidy; 24 boys and 1 girl did well.'

In this verdict one is at first disposed to see nothing more—all conditions being otherwise equal—than the natural distinction between the sexes: the greater readiness and painstaking of the girls on a large area of common and lower mental ground, the greater power of the boys on narrower but higher ground. But all conditions, we must remember, are not equal, and the inequality tells both ways. If the girls are sharper than the boys, they are on their promotion—'new brooms;' while, on the other hand, the boys are obviously only warming to the novel competition. If, again, the boys have taken the lead in the abstruser subjects, this would seem partly attributable to superiority in teaching. But an important element operating in these youthful rivalries between boy and girl is one sure to recur in all subsequent competitions between the man and the woman, namely, that we have here, and always shall have, the pick of the female sex as opposed to the lower level of the whole body, rank and file included, of the male. In 1874 the aggregate number of girl candidates was 1428; of boys, 2652; and it is safe to predict that, in later-life competitions between the two, the disproportion will be infinitely greater.

The next public step in favour of higher female education was taken by the youngest University in the land, namely, by that of London, though even here originally in a cautious and modified form. It was first in 1867 that a Supplemental Charter was obtained, giving powers to that institution to grant special examinations and certificates to women students; both privileges, however, being kept separate, in character

racter and time of year, from those provided for the male students. These examinations, which entitled the successful candidate to the honour of matriculation, and two supplementary examinations, carrying with them certificates of higher proficiency, were, no doubt, of a certain commercial benefit to ladies desirous of becoming teachers. Still their insufficiency was felt as only comparing women with women, and therefore failing to give that prestige of equality as to competence on given points with the other sex, which was the desired object. All the same, the results bore highly favourable witness to female powers of study, the first prize in Jurisprudence, for example, being awarded to a young lady in 1874, who two years before had obtained the same in Political Economy. After that, the Senate relaxed their rules, and decided that the women's General Examination should be identical in all respects with that for the ordinary matriculation of men, and this has been the rule since 1876.\*

The next move, both in point of time and progressive value, is owing to Cambridge, where admission to certain of the more elegant lectures had for years been permitted, as a favour, to ladies desirous of self-improvement. In due time these privileges expanded into a small but regularly organised 'Association for the Extension of Female Education,' affording both lectures and examinations to girls above seventeen, and managed by a mixed syndicate of ladies and gentlemen, of which an M.A. of St. Catherine's College was secretary, and another of Trinity College, treasurer. The fees were fixed at a guinea the course, and half that price for those intending to be governesses—a building for residence, called Merton College, of which a lady was principal, being assigned for students from a distance. The rapid growth of this Association attested the value in which it was held. No less than twenty-two professors threw open their lectures, special exhibitions and scholarships clustered round, larger lecture-rooms had to be taken, Merton College became too confined to lodge the extra-mural candidates, Newnham Hall took its place, and, greatest wonder of all, the tables were turned, and, 'by grace of the Senate,' the women's lectures and their examination curriculum were extended to lads of the same age, and, like them, not members of the University. In addition to the facilities thus afforded by the Association, further private instruction is also attainable by the more

\* While these sheets are passing through the press, we are informed that the Senate has obtained from the Crown a Supplemental Charter, which enables the University to grant all its degrees, alike in Arts, Law and Medicine, to women as well as men.

advanced women students. Of these, three ladies thus trained presented themselves in 1875 to be examined by the regular University Examiners, two in the papers of the Moral Science Tripos, and one in those of the Classical and Mathematical Tripos. All three acquitted themselves admirably, though denied that formal stamp of recognition which would have followed similar success in the person of a male student. But the Association thought so highly of the young lady who had distinguished herself in the Moral Science test, that they appointed her to deliver lectures on Moral Philosophy in place of a professor who wished to retire, and this she continues to do to this time.

We now come to the crowning of the edifice, a bolder and more direct step than any yet taken. For in the institutions for Female Education already described, the principal aim has been to certify the fitness of women for the position of teachers and governesses. But, in the words of one of the Commissioners, 'the real way to remedy the great need was to begin by teaching not all the actual, but all the possible teachers; that is, women at large.' Accordingly the publication of a more ambitious programme than any that had gone forth before astonished an incredulous world by asserting the existence of a demand for knowledge among women for its own sake. This was nothing less than the plan of a college 'for the express purpose of providing the means for carrying on the education of young women above eighteen years of age, analogous to those afforded by the older Universities to young men.' The scheme was laid with a sagacity worthy of the cause. For the advocates for higher education for women were fully aware that the comparison of like with like, as formerly in the London University, afforded no positive and unimpeachable standard. Accordingly they started the plan with the disclaimer of all crude and untried methods. It was not for women to presume to strike out any new paths of their own. Those that had been sanctioned by the long usage of the male sex were good enough for them. They might be mistaken for interlopers, but they repudiated all charge of being innovators. Their ambition was bounded to the simple participation in the usages and regulations, tests and standards, of our ancient seats of learning. In short, all they aspired at was to become undergraduates in the garb of women; not on the fantastic and poetical pattern of those in Tennyson's 'Princess,' but in the prosaic sense of full conformity to University work and rules. Who could resist such modest pretensions? 'The College for Women'—for they took the bull by the horns even in the name—first temporarily started at Hitchin, and

and since located at Girton—was established in 1868, its existence in the first instance, its rules and administration for years, being chiefly the work of a clever woman, Miss Emily Davies, who for a short period was mistress of the institution. The position was so chosen as to obviate all objections or difficulties on the score of distance, for Girton is only two miles from Cambridge. The sequel has proved that the fair plotters had not reckoned without their host, and were doubtless pretty sure of him from the first. Both singly and corporately the authorities have admitted the claim of earnest women to be taught and tested, but to *nothing more*, on which point we shall speak further.

Girton College has now stood its trial for ten years with increasing popularity, the applicants for admission being more numerous than the present size of the building can accommodate, assuring to its inmates the same three years' course of systematic study which men obtain at the Universities, the same curriculum as that of Cambridge, the same teaching by Cambridge Professors, the same examinations at the same academical periods, on the same subjects and with the same papers, that have been the portion for generations and generations of successive undergraduates.

We have thus given an outline of the separate and fragmentary societies connected with the Universities, as they succeeded each other in point of time. Their success, however encouraging, could ill remedy evils and supply deficiencies, which every half-year made more apparent. These societies themselves revealed the need of a larger scheme still to give them help, protection, and unity, and at the same time to fill up the many links still missing in the educational scale. Meanwhile the revelations of the Schools' Enquiry Commission had sunk deep into the minds of an enlightened and philanthropic section of society, accustomed to deal with subjects of home reform. After a period of mature deliberation, a comprehensive plan was struck out, in the evolving and practical preparation of which a lady, long distinguished by her interest in the subject, Mrs. William Grey, took the lead. To this lady, and to her sister, Miss Shirreff, it may at once be stated, the cause has been indebted for persistent study, advocacy, and help, and for much of the success it has attained. It was in November, 1871, that 'The National Union for Improving the Education of Women' was inaugurated, presided over by the Princess Louise, and with a vice-president and a committee composed of distinguished individuals of both sexes, and including high names in Church and State. The objects of this 'Women's Educational Union,' which is its shorter title, are as follow:—

1. To

'1. To bring into communication all individuals and associations engaged in promoting the education of women, and to collect and register, for the use of members, all information bearing on that education.

'2. To promote the establishment of good schools, at a moderate cost, for girls of all classes above those provided for by the Elementary Education Act.

'3. To aid all measures for extending to women the means of high education after the school period, such as colleges and lectures for women above eighteen, and evening classes for women already earning their own maintenance.

'4. To provide means for training female teachers, and for testing their efficiency by examinations of recognized authority, followed by registration according to the fixed standard.

'5. To improve the tone of public opinion on the subject of education itself, and on the national importance of the education of women.'

Such are the objects: the machinery for them consists in a Central Committee, and in Branch Committees founded wherever persons of local influence are willing to undertake their management. Important bodies, such as the Society of Arts, the Social Science Association, the College of Preceptors, the Scholastic Registration Society, and the London Mistresses' Association, readily complied with the invitation to send their representatives to the Central Committee, and many previously existing educational associations spontaneously joined the Union. In short, as an arch Conservative expressed himself, it represents 'a widely ramifying conspiracy.' The first step taken was the publication of the monthly journal, the title of which heads this paper, admirably conducted by Miss Shirreff and by George C. T. Bartley. The second step was the foundation of 'The Girls' Public Day-Schools' Company, Limited.' Comparatively little, despite their rapid and immense success, as the existence and working of these schools, generally called 'High Schools,' are known, we hesitate the less to describe them briefly. The very title startles many, who are unaware that Boys' School Companies are no longer things of novelty. This Company, formed on behalf of girls' education, is distinguished by a more comprehensive character than any of its predecessors, being bound by legal articles to promote certain objects in a certain manner, and to extend its sphere of operations wherever or whenever required. It was not, as we have hinted, the lot of the girls of England to find ancient endowments ready to be diverted by an Act of Parliament to their use; in default of which it was felt that no appeal to the charity of the public, even if sufficiently responded to, could guarantee those conditions



ditions of stability and elasticity, which are supplied by a basis of modern commercial principles.

The first High School, in connection with the Union, was opened on the 1st of January, 1873, at Chelsea; its system being especially framed to correct the defects pointed out by the Schools' Enquiry Commission; to substitute reality for show, thoroughness for superficiality; and to test intelligence and progress by frequent examinations—the curriculum being not so different as the mode of its working. The school-year comprises three terms; the day, four hours; with optional attendance in the afternoon to prepare lessons. The fees for pupils under ten are three guineas a term; for the same pupil remaining after ten, and for those pupils entering between ten and thirteen, four guineas a term during the whole period of their stay: for pupils entering above thirteen, equally for the whole period of their stay, five guineas a term. No extras, except for books and new music—arrangements for dining at a moderate charge. The result shows how wide and urgent was the want that has been supplied, and how rightly chosen the financial means adopted. In the course of five years the one High School at Chelsea has been multiplied into fifteen dispersed throughout the country, all filled or filling, and active; the number of girls receiving a first-rate education amounts to just two thousand; shares are already guaranteed for six more schools; and, above all, the dividend just given upon those existing is 5 per cent. Thus we may consider the great question of ways and means to be solved, 'for the only guarantee for the immense capital needed to remedy the educational destitution of thousands of English girls is to prove that money may be safely invested in schools for them.' Maternal scruples have also vanished before good example and cheapness, and girls of all classes in our jealous and exclusive society sit side by side. One good entails another. With this extension of education for girls comes also an increase of employment for women, and that of a most profitable kind. The mistress of every High School receives a fixed salary of 250*l.*, augmented by a minimum capitation fee of 1*l.* upon every pupil exceeding 100—all the buildings being calculated for the reception of 250.\*

\* In the number of girls' schools in different parts of the country, now recommended by the Endowed Schools' Commission—though waiting for the action of Government to start on their career—the fixed salaries of head-mistresses, while ranging chiefly from 50*l.* to 100*l.* a year, would be liberally augmented by capitation fees. In the North London Collegiate School, with a salary of 100*l.*, the mistress's minimum income would stand at 900*l.*, the maximum at 1300*l.*; in St. Paul's School, London, with a salary of 200*l.*, the minimum at 1100*l.*, the maximum at 2000*l.* Such prizes acknowledge the need of women principals on a par in every intellectual respect with the best instructed men.



At the same time it can be no matter of astonishment that properly qualified women, whether as heads or subordinates, are difficult to find. The Union has therefore founded an institution—opened only this year—for the training and registration of teachers, thus affording in the higher ranks of instruction that professional system, which has been hitherto confined to our national and elementary schools. Further offsets have also been adopted and established as follows:—

A system of instruction and examination by correspondence, for the benefit of women living in remote parts, and unable to obtain, or to afford, oral teaching; the teachers being graduates, or women who have passed in one of the Tripos examinations; the fee, four guineas a year, or two guineas for those preparing for the profession of teaching. This system, which is due to the Rugby Association for the Higher Education of Women, is working successfully.

The establishment of a Students' Library, at 112, Brompton Road; already highly useful in lending the books recommended by the University for the Higher Local Examinations.

The institution of a Teachers' Loan Society, for advances; just beginning an independent course.

But the feature most significant of the foresight and liberality of the Union is the number of scholarships they have founded to assist girls in the expenses of education. In the first year of its existence, the Union gave seven scholarships of 25*l.* each; not limited to their own progeny, the 'High Schools,' but extended to one student at University College, London, to a second at the University of Dublin, to a third competing for the Cambridge examination, and so on. The extent to which the example of the Union has been followed, in this respect, is a welcome contrast to the opposition which the cause has suffered from some quarters. On all sides there is an emulation in liberality. The City Companies have taken the lead—Brewers, Clothworkers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, vying with each other. The Brewers have given 20,000*l.* for the buildings of the North London Collegiate and Camden Street Schools, each capable of holding four hundred pupils: also the interest of another 20,000*l.* as an endowment for scholarships. The Clothworkers have agreed to contribute 2500*l.* towards the building of a hall of assembly for the upper school. They also give, 'during the pleasure of the Court,' a hundred guineas annually for scholarships to this educational institution, one of fifty guineas to Girton College, and two of twenty-five guineas each to young ladies at Newnham Hall attending the Cambridge lectures. Private individuals swell the grateful list, among whom are prominent the late

Baron

Baron Meyer de Rothschild, Mrs. William Grey herself, the present First Lord of the Admiralty, the subscribers to the testimonial to Lord Lawrence, Mr. Phillips Jodrell—who, both by gift and loan, largely aids in the education of ladies intended for teachers—and lastly Mr. R. S. Wright, who devotes 100*l.* a year as a scholarship to Girton College, being the proceeds of his fellowship at Oriel.

We have now given a sketch of the past and present of women's education in this country. It would be difficult to show greater contrasts than the two pictures present. Dr. Chalmers said with truth of religion, apropos of the poor and godless masses in Glasgow, that those who need it most are the last to seek it. In our haste we might have said the same as regards female education in this country. Nations that are beginning to revive, and nations that are beginning to live, have alike long preceded us on the road. We were distanced even by little Piedmont, who forestalled us in her compulsory education for girls and boys by nineteen years. Normal schools have also existed in Piedmont for more than thirty years, extended now to the chief cities of Italy, and containing, strange to say, three times as many girls as boys. Though the Italian Government has been hampered by the number of private schools attached to nunneries, yet the regulation laid down, under penalty of dissolution, that only teachers bearing the Government diploma shall be employed, minimizes the misuse of their power. Educational courses, both at Rome and Florence, are also provided by the State, and the fifteen Italian Universities are open to women for instruction, examination, and *degrees*. Russia, on the other hand, may be said to be taking the lead of all other European countries in female culture. A powerful tide of intellectual life is sweeping across her vast plains from Poland to Asia, extending upward into latitudes where the mind has been supposed to freeze as much as the body. Wherever institutions for the higher forms of learning are opened to women, they are at once overcrowded. Twenty-six institutes (boarding-schools), founded by successive Empresses, receive the daughters of the poorer *noblesse*. One hundred and eighty-six gymnasias or day schools, of different grades, for middle-class education, scattered through the Empire, contained, in 1872, 23,400 girls, and turned out annually about 1000 certificated pupils. The highest schools of medicine and surgery are opened to women. The Russian girl, in her thirst for knowledge and determination to obtain it, is altogether a new and curious product in our hemisphere. With the crudest notions of political science, she is panting to enter the arena of the physical

sciences. The mere varnish of French fashions and frivolities, which the upper class of society have imbibed, have but little to do with this movement. The intellectual sap comes not from the surface but from the heart of the nation. A signal and most curious proof of the honour in which female education is held among the Russians was afforded on the marriage of the Duchess of Edinburgh. What Royal or Imperial bride ever received such wedding presents as those which the Russian people thought most acceptable to their Grand Duchess? The Moscow nobles established in her name thirteen exhibitions—answering to the number of the ‘arrondissements’ in the Government—for the local schools for girls. The Nijni-Novgorod municipality founded fifty exhibitions, half for boys, half for girls. The municipality of St. Petersburg voted 3000 roubles a year for the technical education of women; the municipality of Moscow founded a grammar school for 100 girls. These facts may be held to represent a partial, and perhaps forced development in the chief capitals. But Tobolsk, in Siberia, did the same in its own fashion, and from the length and breadth of the Empire—from Riga to Yaroslav and Perm—from Irkutsk to the river Don—flowed tributes of the same kind.

But while admitting our own shortcomings in this particular respect, and honouring all the efforts of other countries, it would be only a false modesty that would lead us to blush before them. Our lot for generations has been to work out other problems, as much for our neighbours’ benefit as for our own. Too prosperous to feel an evil until it becomes, as in this case, national in dimensions; too complicated to move quickly; and too free to be impatient about moving at all;—this woman-question, in our social polity, has come late upon us. Not that the *right* of women to high culture has ever been disputed here, or their capacity to receive it ever left without proof. Too many fathers have voluntarily placed their daughters in point of education on a par with their sons;—too many distinguished Englishwomen have adorned their homes and society, and fulfilled alike the highest and the commonest duties too admirably;—for any other reproach to be cast on us, except that we have trusted too blindly, both as individuals and as a public, to the sense and duty of parents to perform their responsibilities. Even with all the pitiful shortcomings in home and school tuition, there is an insensible education that women pick up in England, partly from their greater and easier contact with men, and from the diffusion of the periodical press, which is peculiar to this country. How else can we account for the fact that, despite the better instruction under certificated teachers long enjoyed in other countries, our ladies

ladies are found as a rule superior to their foreign sisters in general sense and intelligence, courage, and independence of mind? What man of sense also is there in England, who really objects to a well-informed companion for life? The very ploughman who cannot, or who could not read and write, is proud of 'a missis' who can do both. There is no need to take cognizance here of the fool or the brute who despises, or affects to despise, a woman he knows to be superior to himself—and as little of the so-called 'strong-minded,' graceless, useless woman, who pleases her own sex as little as she does the other. Education in itself is the firm and hearty supporter of the throne of Duty, never its usurper—meant as a resource for leisure hours and old age—as an additional bond between husband and wife, father and daughter, and only affecting the duties of either in the shape of better sense in their exercise.

If the two sexes appear in some respects to be arrayed against each other in this question, it is owing to those circumstances which have disturbed what has been hitherto thought the natural arrangements of life. A new thing, only suspicious because it is new, is demanded, to remedy a lost balance, and the *esprit de corps* is at once up in arms on the one side, and the sense of a long-existing grievance militant on the other. For one charge driven home with some asperity against the male sex is that, while English boys have been helped by endowments in every form, English girls have not had so much as the crumbs which fall from their tables. But this injustice may be included among those things 'which are not what they seem.' In past days the necessity for women of the gentry and middle classes to earn their own living, did not enter into the general calculation. Benefactors left endowments for the benefit of the male descendants of their own townsmen for ever, simply in the belief that they, equally for ever, would be the bread-winners of the community. In providing for the man, provision was believed to be made for the woman, as the greater includes the less. To bring up his sons to the struggle and competition of professional work, has been generally as much as the lawyer, the doctor, and still more the poor clergyman, could do. The notion of reckoning his daughters in the same category never entered into his plans, either of necessity or economy. In most cases where an over-numerous family, with a preponderance of boys, required an elder sister of the class of the real gentry to go out as a governess, a high principle supplied a motive for self-culture. But to what were such earnings devoted? In nine cases out of ten to helping their brothers to enter professions, either in the way of fees or outfits. There is less reason for surprise at the

indifference shown to girls' education, as regards a means of livelihood, when we know how shallow and narrow has been that of our boys. Why is it that, not unjustly, Carlyle has called us 'the worst instructed nation in Europe'? Simply because, while taking the lead in all practical progress, we have not associated what we think the most practical thing of all—namely, the earning of money—with high mental culture. Our national liberties have allowed self-made uncultivated men to advance in material prosperity. They have got on by industry and natural shrewdness—by good heads more than by well-stored brains. The indifference even of our respectable poor to the education of their children has had its root here. Experience has shown them that the man with a little learning above his station, who wanted to be a clerk where he should have been a servant, has found it less easy to get on than one of lower pretensions. The Scotchman is the British subject who values education most, and thrives best upon it; but whether his hardy home, his instinct for getting on, or his better education, be the secret of his well-doing, it would be hard to say. Even the Scotch girls, be it remarked in passing, are found least backward in preparation for the office of a school or home governess.

To return to the question of endowments. There is no doubt that the disproportion between the number of endowed schools for boys and those for girls, ascertained to be as 829 for the one and 14 for the other, with an income of 277,000*l.* for the one and less than 3,000*l.* for the other, is far from honestly representing the intentions of many a testator. That boy and girl were put on a level in the old Grammar Schools, is evident from the quaint little figures of each, which stand over venerable portals in old market-places. Still, it may be said that if there has been encroachment on the one part, there has been indifference on the other. So complete, however gradual, has been the non-attendance of the girls, that in numerous instances—and we may cite the old school at Crewkerne for one—the boys have simply taken possession of their vacant places.

It would be foreign to the purpose of the present paper to discuss the important question, how women of comparatively gentle birth, high culture, with no means of maintenance, are to maintain themselves? The uses to which women may apply the superior education which they have now the means of acquiring, open out many subjects of controversy, and would supply ample materials for another article. We would only observe, in conclusion, that equality of attainment with the other sex will not go far to stem the evil entailed by the present preponderance of unmarried women in the middle ranks of life.

We

We trust more to the indirect influence of better education for that; an education which shall *prevent* much of the folly and waste of resources which have entailed the suffering that now prevails. It is only fair also that women who cast in their lot with their brothers to labour for their bread, should do so for better and for worse. Young men of no high intellectual promise leave homes where they have been softly nurtured for lives of backwoods' labour and hardship; and by the same rule, women of ordinary abilities, small energy, and no means, must be content to enter the lower and even servile ranks of employment here. No honest work can degrade them—

‘Who sweeps a room as by God’s laws,  
Makes that and the action fine.’

We trust that the ladies will forgive us if, in consideration of our having, as we hope, treated the question of the education of women with impartiality and courtesy, we deliver our souls of a slight parting thrust, to the effect that, while the example set by the sex they have undervalued will do some men much good, it will also do some women no harm to realize more gratefully the toil incurred by most fathers and husbands to secure to them homes of softness and ease.

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ART. III.—*Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda of F. M. Arthur, Duke of Wellington, K.G.* Edited by his Son the Duke of Wellington, K.G. [In continuation of the former Series.] Vols. v.–vii. London, 1872–78.

ON November 16, 1830, the Duke of Wellington’s ministry was beaten in a division on the motion to refer the Civil List to a Select Committee. On the following day the Duke and Sir Robert Peel announced their resignation in the two Houses, and Mr. Greville, having buried the ministry in his diary, proceeded to indite an epitaph on the Prime Minister, in which the following passage occurs:—

‘On the question of the Test Act, it was evident that he was guided by no principle, probably by no opinion, and that he only thought of turning it as best he might to his own advantage. Throughout the Catholic Question self was always apparent; not that he was careless of the safety or indifferent to the prosperity of the country, but that he cared as much for his own credit and power, and never considered the first except in their connection with the second. The business of Emancipation he certainly conducted with considerable



siderable judgment, boldly trusting to the baseness of many of his old friends, and showing that he had not mistaken their characters; exercising that habitual influence he had acquired over the mind of the King, preserving impenetrable secrecy, using without scruple every artifice that could forward his object, and contriving to make tools or dupes of all his colleagues, and getting the whole merit to himself.'

Time in the Duke's case seems to have mellowed Mr. Greville's native asperity, for in 1850 he added a memorandum to the character he had drawn:—

'N.B.—I leave this as it is, though it is unjust to the Duke of Wellington; but such as my impressions were at the time they shall remain, to be corrected afterwards when necessary. It would be very wrong to impute selfishness to him in the ordinary sense of the term. He coveted power, but he was perfectly disinterested; a great patriot if ever there was one, and he was always animated by a strong and abiding sense of duty. I have done him justice in other places, and there is after all a great deal of justice in what I have said here.'

Second thoughts are notoriously best, and it speaks well for Mr. Greville's candour, that he should have refrained from cancelling the earlier entry in his diary; but for his own credit as a man of judgment there can be no doubt that a palinode was urgently necessary. The public had come to the conclusion, long before the year 1850, that selfishness was the last quality that could be justly imputed to the Duke, and that mean, tortuous, or underhand conduct was by no means habitual to a character, chiefly remarkable for straightforward manliness and simplicity. And we have now a very conclusive body of evidence that the public judgment was correct. We recommend a comparison between the portrait of the Duke of Wellington painted by Mr. Greville in 1830, and that drawn by the Duke's own hand in the voluminous correspondence which he conducted during the same period, and which has now been arranged and published by his son. No biography could expose with such eloquent simplicity the virtues and defects of the Duke as a statesman; nor can any more vivid representation be found of the thoughts and passions which agitated political society in England before the passing of the first Reform Bill.

When the Duke of Wellington became Prime Minister, the English aristocracy occupied a position somewhat analogous to that of the Stuart dynasty on the eve of the Revolution. At the earlier date, the English kings had brought to a climax a series of encroachments arising out of the aggrandizement of the Crown after the Wars of the Roses and the Reformation.

Their



Their subjects had opposed to them a long and successful resistance, and in the period between 1642 and 1688 a course of legislation had laid the foundation for the settlement of the Constitution declared in the Bill of Rights. On the settlement thus made, British affairs were administered for one hundred and fifty years, and the Constitution therefore naturally grew to be considered the foundation-stone of the British Empire. Meantime the administration of affairs passed into the hands of the aristocracy. Parliament was the source from which the kings of England henceforth derived their title; Parliament the quarter to which the people, and especially the dissenting middle classes, looked for their defence against the power of the Church of Rome, of whose persecutions under Mary they still retained a vivid recollection; while Parliament itself, the controller of the king and the guardian of the people, was under the direct influence of the great families of the nobility. It was obviously the interest of the aristocracy to maintain the settlement of 1688 with as little alteration as possible; hence, during the period of their power, legislation was, comparatively speaking, idle, administration omnipotent. Whatever great measures were passed were of the administrative order, such as the Acts of Union with Scotland and Ireland and the India Bill. Domestic interests were left to take care of themselves, under such safeguards as a protective and paternal system could devise to secure them against foreign competition. Customs, Corn Laws, and Navigation Laws, protected all the producing classes; and, as the great commercial prosperity of the country really took its rise under the House of Hanover, every money-making member of the community was interested in the maintenance of the Constitution of 1688. Under these conditions of protected freedom, the British Empire extended itself in all directions. Long accustomed to rule, the noble and gentle families of England produced the great characters which were required to meet the many dangers in which their country was involved. When the occasion arose, we never wanted admirals like Howe and Nelson; generals like Clive and Marlborough; statesmen like Chatham and Hastings. The protective system of the aristocracy extended itself to art and letters; and, whatever evils may be laid to the door of patronage, it at least can boast that, when exercised on generous principles, it guided the taste of Pope and disciplined the art of Reynolds.

All these great results were achieved under a series of Parliaments elected from boroughs under the control of the aristocracy and the landed interest, and the advocates of the system were fully justified in meeting its assailants with the argument of  
successful

successful experience. When reproached with the anomalies of the Constitution, they might fairly reply :—

‘For forms of government let fools contest;  
Whate’er is best administered is best.’

But in truth the argument only applied to the past ; it failed to encounter the realities of the present. Till the close of the Napoleonic war, the administration of affairs by the two great parties on the basis of 1688 had been, if not perfect, at least adequate to the exigencies of the moment, and far superior to any government existing abroad. But peace and victory brought out into full relief difficulties which had long been concealed by domestic quiet and foreign war. Many conditions and circumstances became apparent, which were not in existence when the Constitution was settled, or of which the statesmen of that day had taken no account. The Constitution made no provision for the vast growth of commerce which had indefinitely increased the size and influence of the English towns. It did not contemplate, the construction of the most highly artificial fabric of credit ever heard of, founded on the adoption of the paper currency. It took no thought for the union with Ireland, and the consequent collision between Catholic disaffection and Protestant supremacy. And it was of course never devised to meet the state of public feeling produced by the concurrence of all these causes, or to appease the social discontent arising out of physical distress, commercial disaster, political disfranchisement, and national subjugation. The day had come when large masses of people felt that ‘the time was out of joint ;’ and all hopes were turned to Parliament ‘to put it right.’

But Parliament as then constituted was by no means qualified to answer the expectations that were formed of it. ‘The virtue, spirit, and essence of a House of Commons,’ says Burke, ‘consists in its being the express image of the feelings of the nation.’ For a long period the House of Commons satisfied this condition, because it reflected the feelings of the producing classes, who simply desired a protection of their commerce and a freedom from interference with their individual liberty. But, with the stagnation and distress which followed the Napoleonic war, a fresh set of causes came into operation. The democratic spirit had greatly increased with the growth of the large towns, and, though the poorer inhabitants of these were engaged in production, they were frequently liable to be thrown out of employment, or obliged to work at a low rate of wages. On the other hand the agricultural interest, who were predominant in the Legislature, were interested in selling their corn at high prices,

so that one class of producers occupied the invidious position of appearing to protect themselves at the expense of all the consumers in the community, many of whom were unable to secure the bare necessities of life. The urban consumers had no direct representation of their districts in Parliament, and could only depend on the advocacy of such members as might undertake their cause from party interest, or support it on abstract principle. The problem of the time, as it really existed, was how to make the English Constitution adjust itself to circumstances which had not been dreamed of when it was last settled; the problem, as it appeared to the rulers of the nation, was how to make these circumstances conform to the settlement of the Constitution in 1688.

The state of affairs required the application of all the wisdom and energy which the nation could command; but this was not likely to be furnished by the machinery of Parliamentary Government which had prevailed since the Revolution. In consequence of their unpatriotic action during the great war, the Whigs were out of favour with the people. They had abandoned the old moderate principles by which their party had once been united; their new creed was still discredited; and their only hope of regaining the place for which they thirsted seemed to lie in the divisions of their opponents. These divisions, however, were radical and, as the event proved, incurable. Ever since the union with Ireland, a great and influential section of the Tories had been separated in opinion from their sovereign and the rest of their party on the question of relieving the Catholics of their political disabilities. As there was no prospect of either section surrendering its opinion, it was determined, after 1812, to leave the Catholic Question open, full liberty being granted to each member of the Administration to express his sentiments whenever a motion on the subject was brought forward. Lord Liverpool was able, by the exercise of great tact and sagacity, to hold together his inharmonious following; but on his resignation in 1826 the Tory party at once fell to pieces. The reasons which induced the Duke of Wellington to refuse co-operation with Mr. Canning in reconstructing the Administration, and which caused him to resign the office of Commander-in-Chief, have been given at length in a Review of the earlier volumes of the Duke's correspondence,\* and need not be repeated here. Canning, deprived of the assistance of his old friends, forced against his will into the arms of the Whigs, and sensitively alive to public criticism, was unable to carry any of

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\* See 'Quarterly Review' for October, 1872.

the measures which the times so urgently required, and his premature death reduced the political world once more to chaos. Lord Londonderry, in a letter to the Duke, enumerates four distinct parties as then existing in Parliament—Lord Goderich's or the Canningite party, the tail of the Tories; Lord Lansdowne's, the tail of the Whigs; the old Tories; and the old Whigs, or Lord Grey's party. An attempt was made to combine the two tails under Lord Goderich, in the hope that he might be as successful as Lord Liverpool in reconciling discordant elements. But he had not the tact or strength for a situation of extraordinary difficulty, and his ministry soon broke up in consequence of a division of opinion as to the policy to be pursued on the Eastern Question. Thereupon the King summoned the Duke of Wellington (who, under Lord Goderich, had resumed the office of Commander-in-Chief) to form an administration, saying that he thought the Government must be composed of persons of both opinions in respect to the Roman Catholic question; that he approved of all his late and former servants; and that he had no objection to anybody excepting Lord Grey.

Thus, after thirteen years, from the date of the peace, of almost barren legislation, the conqueror of Napoleon was brought face to face with the tremendous domestic difficulties by which his country was oppressed. In many respects both his own character and the political situation seemed to mark him out as the man most fitted to assume the helm. As an administrator his qualities had been tested in the highest civil and military capacities; he was well acquainted with all foreign forms of government; his influence over the mind of the King was only equalled by his prestige among the people. His clear intellect was not warped by any theological bias; and the essentially *administrative* nature of his genius may be seen from the following extract from his memorandum on the resignation of Mr. Huskisson, in consequence of the vote the latter had given about East Retford and Penryn:—

‘Principles have been talked of, as if there was any difference of principle in these discussions. There is not the idea of a principle in all these papers. Principles are brought forward solely to aggravate the consequences of these unfortunate difficulties.

‘We hear a great deal of Whig principles, and Tory principles, and Liberal principles, and Mr. Canning's principles; but I confess that I have never seen a definition of any of them, and cannot make to myself a clear idea of what any of them mean.

‘*This I know, that this country was never governed in practice according to the extreme principles of any party whatever; much less according to the extremes which other opposing parties attribute to their adversaries.*

‘I am

‘I am for maintaining the prerogatives of the Crown, the rights and privileges of the Church and its union with the State; and these principles are not inconsistent with a determination to do everything in my power to secure the liberty and promote the prosperity and happiness of the people.’

To our mind there is something exceedingly refreshing in the honest *naïveté* of this confession, especially when it is compared with the heroics of the Whigs, who were as loud in the profession of their principles when they left the Duke’s ministry as they were careful to suppress them when they took office under Canning. And at first sight it seems strange that a statesman with a mind so flexible and manly should not have been able to hold together an administration composed of men not radically opposed to himself on any cardinal point of politics. But the mystery explains itself when we reflect that the Whigs were only observing the rules of the Parliamentary game, and that the Duke, capable administrator as he was, did not perceive what necessity required him to do. The maintenance of the prerogatives of the Crown, and of the rights and privileges of the Church, were to him identical with an inflexible adherence to the letter of the settlement of 1688; and he did not understand, at least when he wrote the above memorandum, that the prosperity and happiness of the people imperatively demanded that that settlement should readjust itself to the circumstances of his own time.

When, however, the choice came to lie between a modification of the Constitution and the break-down of the Administration, the Duke displayed a superiority to mere party connection, and a patriotic self-forgetfulness, that would have been almost impossible for any mere parliamentary leader. In the debate on the Catholic Bill, March 5, 1827, Sir R. Peel had said, and he doubtless spoke the opinions of the Duke:—

‘Although I believe that the admission of Catholics into Parliament and the great offices would endanger the Constitution, yet, if I was satisfied that it would tranquillize Ireland and produce all the benefits which are anticipated from it, I would sacrifice my apprehensions to the attainment of so immense a benefit; but I cannot bring my mind to believe that the removal of the disabilities would produce such a consummation. . . . Keen as the feelings of regret must be with which the loss of old associates is recollected, it is still a matter of consolation that, in the absence of these individuals, I have now an opportunity of showing my adherence to those tenets which I formerly espoused,—of showing that, if my opinions be unpopular, I stand by them still, when the influence and authority that may have given them currency are gone, and when it is impossible  
that

that in the mind of any human being I can stand suspected of pursuing them with any view to favour or personal aggrandizement.'

And again, on another occasion—

'I feel grateful for the confidence of the Crown; but I am, thank God, independent of it. *My principles are not changeable with my position.* I will adhere to them through good report and through evil report. It is with these sentiments that I now say that the points to which I have referred—Parliamentary Reform and the motion entered on the notice book for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and still more the Catholic question—have not been satisfactorily explained.'

Such were the words of the man who, *in the following year*, agreed to the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and in 1829 introduced the measure for the emancipation of the Catholics! The Joseph Surface of politics seems to stand unmasked, and yet we believe if ever there was an honest and upright statesman it was Sir Robert Peel. His words were the irresponsible words of one taking credit to himself for declining office; his subsequent acts were those of a minister officially responsible for the safety and welfare of his country. Nevertheless, such tergiversation was unprecedented in the history of Parliamentary warfare; and we doubt if Peel would have undertaken the conduct of the Catholic Bill through the House of Commons if it had not been for the influence exerted over his mind by the Duke of Wellington.

The Duke wrote to Peel to impress on him three conclusions: first, that emancipation was absolutely necessary for the good of the country; secondly, that it could not be carried without the assistance of Peel; thirdly, that Peel might justly ascribe his change of opinion to change of circumstances. His plea of State necessity was better than his argument for Peel's consistency. The circumstances of Ireland in April, 1827, were, as a wise and provident legislator ought to have foreseen, precisely of a nature to develop into the circumstances of 1829. But one event had happened since 1827, which had very effectually opened the eyes of his Majesty's Government, and that was the Clare Election. The Catholic Association, formed in 1823, had become a great deliberative and executive body, which had contrived to usurp all the functions of regular Government. Its members met in a large room, each paying a shilling at the door. It levied contributions, appointed officers to collect them, organized the population under leaders to whom it delegated authority, and expended its funds at its own pleasure for the purposes of law, bribery, or election. An interesting account is  
given



given by a Mr. Kiernan, one of the Duke's correspondents, of the methods employed by the agents of the Association in the collection of the 'Rent.' The priests appointed collectors in every townland, each of whom was supplied with a book containing a particular form of schedule, in which was inserted the number of the houses in the townland, and the names of every individual in each house—even of new-born infants, and of Protestants as well as Catholics—with notes as to their means and circumstances, and of their various dispositions towards the cause. The book, being filled up, was returned to the priest, who referred to it for the purpose of discovering defaulters, while no one entered in the book could have his children baptized into the Catholic Church, until he himself, the sponsor of his child, and the child, were enrolled as members of the Association. The names of defaulters were published for the detestation of their neighbours.

Armed with these tremendous and far-reaching powers, the leaders of the Association, after much successful opposition to the lawful Government, determined at last to use their influence for the control of elections. They found the machinery required for their purpose ready-made to their hand in the Act of 1793, which gave the franchise to the forty-shilling freeholders. The landlords of Ireland, at that time a race almost as thriftless as their tenants, had used the Act for their own purposes, and had multiplied freeholds in order to increase their influence so as to obtain offices under Government. The whole face of the country was therefore subdivided into petty farms, the tenants of which, who had hitherto voted under the direction of their landlords, were now, under the influence of a secret terrorism, driven to vote for the candidate of their priests. The consequence was that Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, having accepted office in the Duke of Wellington's ministry, and being obliged to seek re-election, was, after a few days' polling, forced to leave the field to O'Connell, the candidate of the Association.

The Prime Minister was by this act brought face to face with a situation that called out all his soldier-like capacity. He saw clearly that the first step he had to take for the restoration of good government was to put down the Association. But how was this to be done without conceding the chief demand of the Association, the removal of the Catholic disabilities? The Duke thought the matter thoroughly out. He suggested a prosecution of the leaders of the Association, but the Crown lawyers assured him that it was more than doubtful whether they had committed any offence against the Common Law. Besides which, it was evident that, even if their guilt could be made



made apparent, no jury would convict them. Should he then apply to Parliament for a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act? It was improbable that Parliament, in its present temper of concession to the Catholics, would grant the powers that he demanded. Should he trust to the growing anti-Catholic feeling in England and resort to a dissolution? Here again he was checked, for he could not reckon on a gain of more than forty English seats, and these would be more than balanced by the victories which the Association would secure in the Irish counties. It therefore only remained to him, either to do nothing, or to introduce a large measure of concession accompanied by ample securities. If he did nothing, it was evident that the King's Government must fall into contempt; the Royal prerogative was paralysed; it was impossible to raise an Irish member to the peerage, or appoint one to a ministerial office, without encountering the rival sovereignty of the Association. In this emergency, the Duke wisely and courageously determined to throw overboard all petty considerations of consistency, and to make the sacrifice which the necessities of the country required. His firmness and prestige enabled him to carry his point, and on April 13th, 1829, the Bills for the relief of the Roman Catholics, and the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders, received the Royal signature, his Majesty informing the Lord Chancellor that he had never before affixed his name with pain or regret to any act of the Legislature.

The emancipation of the Catholics remains a monument of the Duke's patriotism and of his administrative skill, but it also testifies indirectly to his defects as a legislator. It put down the Association, but it left untouched the real evils which gave the Association its power. The wheels of Government were again set in motion, but the teeming population of Ireland, the habits of idleness, the struggle for the soil, the absence of the landlords,—all these grievances remained without remedy, to be the cause of future coercion Acts, and to give an excuse to the agitation for repeal. Nor did the securities, on which the Duke fondly relied, prove any protection to the Constitution for whose safety he was so solicitous. Within a very few years the Catholic members of Parliament were found in close alliance with the Whigs, demanding the appropriation of the revenues of the Irish Church, and, though the coalition was defeated by the action of the House of Lords, the downfall of the Establishment was only postponed till the same confederates attacked it with augmented forces in the more democratic campaign of 1869.

But the Duke's want of provident statesmanship was still  
more

more characteristically shown in his failure to perceive that Catholic Emancipation must inevitably lead to Parliamentary Reform. The Irish measure was practically a concession to force in the shape of the Catholic Association. Precisely the same conditions that made the Association a power existed in England, in wide-spread physical suffering and general discontent with existing institutions. The same machinery was available for use in the numerous political bodies typically represented by the Birmingham Association, under the presidency of Mr. Attwood, a lesser man than O'Connell, it is true, and with a less dangerous following, but equally the product of organized opinion. As the Clare election was the event which revealed the strength of the great democratic movement in Ireland, so the French Revolution of 1830 was the signal in England for an outburst of common sentiment in favour of Reform. Reform was in the air, and Lord Grey only gave expression to public opinion when he said in his speech on the Address:—

‘Relief can only be administered in one way. It must be by securing the affections of the people—by removing their grievances—by affording redress—in short (I will venture to pronounce the word), it must be by Reform.’

But the flexible Minister, who had yielded to the tide of democracy the year before, now appeared as the unbending opponent of all concession.

‘The noble Earl has stated,’ said the Duke, ‘that he is not prepared himself to come forward with any measure of the kind; and, I will tell him, neither is the Government—nay, I will go further, and say, that I have not heard of any measure, up to this moment, which could in any way satisfy my mind, or by which the state of the representation could be improved, or placed on a footing more satisfactory to the people of this country than it now is. . . . I am thoroughly convinced that England possesses at this moment a legislature which answers all the good purposes of a legislature in a higher degree than any scheme of Government whatever has been found to answer them, in any country in the world; that it possesses the confidence of the country; and that its decisions have justly the greatest weight and influence with the people. Nay, my Lords, I will go yet further, and say, that if at this moment I had to form a legislature for any country, particularly for one like this, in the possession of great property of various descriptions, although perhaps I should not form one precisely such as we have, I would endeavour to produce something which would give the same results, namely, a representation of the people containing a large body of the property of the country, and in which the great landed proprietors have a preponderating influence. In conclusion I beg to state, that not only is the Government not prepared to bring forward any measure of this description,

description, but that, as far as I am concerned, whilst I have the honour to hold the situation I now do amongst his Majesty's counsellors, I shall always feel it my duty to oppose any such measures when brought forward by others.'

Impossible as it is to refrain from admiring the manly directness of this speech, we must admit that it does not rebound to the Duke's credit as a statesman. He had committed three blunders in it, of which, as a general, he was never guilty: he had taken up a position from which there was no retreat; he had shown himself entirely ignorant of his adversaries' forces; and he had misreckoned his own. His threat of uncompromising resistance was taken up as a challenge by all the radical associations in the kingdom, while the solid ranks of the Tory party, with which he might once have opposed innovation, had been hopelessly broken by the course of his recent policy. So infuriated were the ultra-Tories by the passing of the Emancipation Bill, that the Marquis of Blandford had actually introduced into the House of Commons a scheme of the wildest reform, in the hope that a Parliament, elected by the classes in whom Protestant prejudices were most firmly rooted, might take away from the Catholics the power they had recently acquired. The Whigs on their side had long been waiting on Providence, and shifting their policy according to the disposition of the Duke of Wellington and the health of the King. So long as there seemed any prospect of their being admitted to office they refrained from open opposition, but when the Duke declined their advances, they replaced all their stock motions on the notice book. They were virtuously indignant at jobs, and they exalted as an incomparable philanthropist Joseph Hume, whom, when in office under Canning, they had abused as a mere Radical declaimer. But they had no fixed policy; and when the Duke, in his straightforward way, asked 'what they proposed to do' for the relief of the distress upon which they were so eloquent, they had no answer to give. It was not until the death of the King and the outburst of public opinion following the French Revolution of 1830, that they were able to exchange their strategy of carping criticism for a regular campaign against the ministry, who were finally defeated on the motion about the Civil List by a coalition of all parties.

Strange as the Duke's miscalculations respecting Reform seem in one who had so accurately reckoned the forces with which he had to deal in granting relief to the Catholics, the motives of his conduct are very clearly set forth in his papers respecting this period. In dealing with Catholic Emancipation, he had not been  
insensible

insensible to the danger to which he was exposing the Constitution, but the danger appeared to him contingent and remote, whereas in the second case it was immediate. Not only did he think Parliament as constituted the best possible form of legislature, but Reform was in his mind identical with Revolution. 'If,' he writes to Maurice Fitzgerald, 'it should be carried, it must occasion a total change in the whole system of that society called the British Empire; and I don't see how I could be a party to such changes, entertaining the opinions that I do.' What these changes would be, he discloses in a letter to Lord Melville:—

'I don't in general take a gloomy view of things; but I confess that, knowing all that I do, I cannot see what is to save Church, or property, or colonies, or union with Ireland, or eventually Monarchy, if the Reform Bill passes. It will be what Mr. Hume calls "a bloodless Revolution." There will be, there can be, no resistance. But we shall be destroyed one after the other, very much in the order I have mentioned, by due course of law. I confess, therefore, that I am very anxious to resist in *limine* whilst we can, by all the means that the law allows, and take our chance for the future.'

But, it was urged, a policy of sheer resistance would be followed by a revolution. This the Duke professed not to fear.

'It is,' he says, in a letter to Mr. Gleig, 'one of the curious circumstances attending this country, and shows in the strongest manner the power of Parliament as now constituted, that, however frequent the changes, convulsions, and revolutions in this country, they have always been made by Parliament. For instance, the Reformation and all its conformations? Parliament. The Commonwealth? Parliament. The Restoration? Parliament. The Revolution? Parliament. The succession of the House of Hanover? Parliament. I don't fear a revolution by force. I know that the Government are too strong for any combination of force by the people.'

He therefore writes to Lord Somers that he 'prefers to resist and put down any disturbance that may arise, to the adoption of a measure which all reasoning and experience has shown us must be attended by disastrous consequences.'

No doubt, at nearly fifty years' distance from the Reform Bill, these apprehensions, and the reasonings on which they were based, seem exaggerated. The 'disastrous consequences' foreseen by the Duke have not yet been fulfilled. He could not see 'what was to save Church, or property, or colonies, or union with Ireland, or eventually Monarchy, if the Reform Bill were to pass.' Yet none of the threatened institutions, with the exception of the Irish Church, have yet perished. All this seems to discredit his power of foresight; but it would be

extremely unphilosophical to ridicule him from our own point of security, or to ignore the circumstances on which he based his opinion.

In the first place, all that he said of the unreformed House of Commons was true as far as it went. It had done admirable work in its day. It had preserved the liberties of the country, and, since the Revolution of 1688, had carried through its business with great energy and success. It was by no means impenetrable to the influence of opinion. Nevertheless, it had not proved itself equal to produce the necessary legislation for the people between 1815 and 1830.

Again, Revolution to the mind of the Duke of Wellington presented images far more distinct and dreadful than it does to ourselves. He had seen the first moderate movements in France in 1789 develop into the overthrow of the throne; he had witnessed the confiscation of Church property, the murder of the King, and the Reign of Terror. He knew that beneath the surface of English society there were fierce and desperate passions, such as those which had been revealed in the Cato Street Conspiracy, and that these might at any moment carry the people to the wildest excesses. Nor is it at all certain that, if Lord Grey had not had the firmness and patriotism to stem the flood of democracy during his ministry, many of the consequences foretold by the Duke might not have been actually realized. Still there is no doubt that the Duke's view of Parliament was mainly a military one; he could not understand how Government could possibly be carried on under a more democratic *régime* than the one that existed; and he made no allowance for those habits of self-restraint which generations of liberty had produced among the people. He was unable to think of the people as the source of Parliament. Parliament, he said, not the people, had been the author of all the Revolutions which had happened in England. He seems not to have understood that, if the public opinion of the classes which Parliament represented had not sustained it in the struggles to which he refers, Parliament itself would have been powerless to resist the encroachments of the Crown. What, for instance, had Parliament to do with the resistance of the Fellows of Magdalen College to the commands of James II.? Yet this was the turning-point which led to the Revolution of 1688, showing as it did that the most loyal portion of society had forsaken the King. The Duke himself betrays the confusion of his thought on this subject.

'The case of Alderman Thompson,' he writes to Mr. Gleig, 'is that of more than half the members of the present Parliament. They dare not vote according to the suggestions of their own judgment  
after

after discussion. *They are delegates sent for a particular purpose under particular instructions, and not members of Parliament sent to deliberate de arduis Regni.*

Yet, while thus acknowledging that public opinion was strong enough to reduce its representatives to delegates, his confidence in himself was so great, that he thought he could put down this most impalpable force by stubborn resistance.

We think, then, that the Duke arrived at his conclusions on wrong grounds; but we are very far from thinking that his conclusions themselves were groundless. He fancied that the property of the English aristocracy would be confiscated by the reformed Parliament, like that of the French *émigrés* by the Revolutionists. He saw in imagination the English Dissenters swallowing the Church, as the Gallican Church had been swallowed across the water. He anticipated that the affections of the colonies would be alienated by the abolition of the protective system. And he believed that, when all other institutions had vanished, the insatiable democracy would end by devouring the throne. These anticipations have not yet been fulfilled. But we should recognize the fact, that there is among us an active party, which strives perseveringly to engraft upon public opinion its communistic principles as to property, its hatred of the Church, its contempt for the colonies, and, as we have lately seen, its designs on the rights of the Crown. When destructive purposes like these can unite a party, however insignificant, it is well to consider to what extent the safety of the Constitution has really been compromised by the passing of the first Reform Bill.

In the first place, it appears to us that a vast increase in the spirit of faction, and a consequent weakening of Government, was produced by the operation of the new democratic electoral machinery on the old aristocratic party organization. Englishmen are accustomed to think that party government is the best kind of administration that the wit of man has ever devised; but in truth the very name of the system betrays a confusion of thought. The essence of government is unity; the essence of party is division. Government is the instrument which alone can protect the common interests of society; party is but one of the means—though probably the best—by which liberty defends the rights of the individual. Party organisation, therefore, though useful as a means to an end, ought not to be confounded with the end itself; indeed its chief merit lies in the political habits which it forms, and the spirit of forbearance and mutual concession, the true safeguards of liberty, which it encourages; while, on the other hand, unless restrained within well-understood limits, it is apt, by rendering



administration impossible, to endanger the freedom which it professes to defend.

The fortunes of the Whig and Tory parties will exemplify the truth of these remarks. During the period before the first Reform Bill, when affairs were administered by the two parties, it is not pretended that the continuity of government was broken by the alternation of conflicting principles. The Whigs, as the pretended champions of liberty, enjoyed a long term of power after the Revolution; but, far from extending the liberties of the people for which they had contended, they merely busied themselves with fortifying the anomalous position they had acquired in the only manner they could, namely, by the most unblushing Parliamentary corruption and intrigue. When the great Whig connection was finally broken by George III. and Pitt, the struggle was not really between despotism and liberty, but between monarchy and oligarchy. The Whigs had, in fact, owed their success entirely to the disturbance of the Constitution; and when the Constitution began to settle firmly down on its altered basis, and power gravitated again to its natural possessors, they found their occupation gone. As far as regards their *constitutional* situation, they seemed to be forever excluded from that hope of office which sweetens the adversities of party strife. Their strategy after 1815, when they were still out of favour with the people, and before public opinion had centred itself upon definite objects, was utterly devoid of strength and purpose. Their mild and qualified motions in favour of toleration and reform bespoke no conviction. It was the people who really set in motion the ideas out of which Reform was constructed; the Whigs merely gave these ideas 'a local habitation and a name.'

But having once discarded their old principles, and taken their place at the head of the party of democratic action, the Whigs, or Liberals as they now called themselves, were forced to exchange the legitimate weapons of party for those of faction. As they were no match by themselves for a party representing the great body of the rank and property of the country, they were obliged to tack and turn with all the wayward gales of popular opinion, and to snatch at victory by means of Parliamentary coalitions and combinations, so that Government frequently found its most useful measures defeated by an Opposition composed of discordant elements, agreeing in nothing but a desire to expel their common foe from power. The evil results of this factious spirit are seen in the career of Lord Russell, himself as genuine and sincere a member of the Whig party as ever lived. In 1835 Lord John Russell leagued  
with



with O'Connell to turn out Sir Robert Peel by means of the famous amendment which first introduced the Appropriation Clause. But when he had taken office, he moved the Appropriation Clause in the Commons in four successive years; it was as many times vehemently opposed there, and rejected by the Lords; and at last he was fain to bring in substantially the same measure, by opposition to which he had contrived to oust his rival. So, too, in 1846, he coalesced with the Protectionists to defeat Sir Robert Peel's Coercion Bill for Ireland, but was himself obliged to introduce a similar Bill as soon as he had succeeded to power.

The history of the Reformed Parliament abounds in examples of similar evil effects of the spirit of faction. In 1832 the people claimed the right of governing itself. What it desired above all things was a satisfactory administration of its affairs by Parliament, and it hoped that all legislation would be directed to this end. But the parties by whom the legislation had to be conducted had other objects. Each of them knew that certain measures must be passed, quite independent of any pretended party principles, but each was determined to prevent the other from securing the credit of success. Hence the wheels of Government were repeatedly stopped by obstruction in Parliament, by the suspension of business consequent on the change of ministries, and by the difficulties which the monarch experienced in reconciling the claims of jealous statesmen in a harmonious cabinet.

The reformed Parliament was, therefore, as fairly open to the charge of tardiness in legislation, in consequence of the increased spirit of faction, as the Parliament of close boroughs had been before 1832, in consequence of its insensibility to public opinion. Faction, however, within due limits, is an evil which may be endured as being an almost inseparable accompaniment of Liberty. But Liberty itself was endangered by the overbearing force which direct numerical representation put into the hands of the ministers representing the majority. This fact has been exemplified on two notable occasions by what we must call the abuse of the Royal Prerogative. Prerogative is an essential part of the Constitution. We have ourselves strongly contended for the necessity of allowing it just freedom within its own sphere. But that sphere is one of administration, not of legislation. When Prerogative is used for the purpose of legislation, much more when it is used to destroy the rights of one part of the Legislature, its use is hurtful and tyrannous. The first occasion to which we refer was the Dissolution of Parliament in 1830. Here the exercise of the prerogative was  
strictly

strictly legal; it may in its effect have been even beneficial; but in the manner of its exercise it was in our opinion altogether unconstitutional. What happened was this:—

‘On the morning of the 22nd,’ says Mr. Roebuck, in a well-known passage, which we quote for the benefit of the younger generation, ‘Lord Grey and the Lord Chancellor waited on the King in order to request him instantly to dissolve Parliament. The necessity of a dissolution had long been foreseen and decided on by ministers; but the King had not yet been persuaded to so bold a measure; and now the two chiefs of the Administration were about to intrude themselves into the royal closet, not to advise and request a dissolution, but to request the King on a sudden, on that very day, and within a few hours, to go down and put an end to his Parliament, in the midst of the session, and with all its ordinary business unfinished. . . . “But, my Lords,” said the King, “nothing is prepared; the great officers of State are not summoned.” “Pardon me, sir,” said the Chancellor, bowing with profound *apparent* humility; “we have taken the great liberty of giving them to understand that your Majesty commanded their attendance at the proper hour.” “But, my Lords, the crown, the robes, and other things needed are not prepared.” “I entreat your Majesty’s pardon for my boldness; they are all prepared and ready, the proper officers being desired to attend in proper form and time.” “But, my Lords, you know the thing is wholly impossible; the guards, the troops have had no orders, and cannot be ready in time.” “Pardon me, sir; we know how bold the step is; but presuming on your Majesty’s great goodness and your anxious desire for the safety of your kingdom and the happiness of your people, *I have given the order and the troops are in readiness.*”’

Clearly it was not William IV. who dissolved Parliament, but the loud voices of the majority in the streets, and their representatives in the Cabinet. There was some reason in the Duke of Wellington’s forcible expressions on the subject in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham. ‘I don’t believe that the King of England has taken a step so fatal to his monarchy since the day that Charles I. passed the Act to deprive himself of the power of proroguing or dissolving the Long Parliament, as King William IV. did on the 22nd of April last.’

But this exercise of the power of the majority sinks into insignificance when compared with Mr. Gladstone’s employment of it in the Abolition of Purchase by Royal Warrant in 1871. The Army Regulation Bill, having passed the Commons after great opposition by a much smaller majority than the ministry were accustomed to command, was sent up to the Lords. On the motion to read the Bill a second time, the Lords, without formally rejecting the Bill, resolved to defer further consideration of it until they were in possession of certain information, which

which they considered essential to a decision on its merits as a whole. The information required related to the method in which the Government proposed to provide compensation for the officers whose interests were affected by the Abolition of Purchase. The amendment of the Lords had scarcely been carried a week, when Mr. Gladstone came down to the House of Commons and made the startling announcement that Purchase had ceased to exist, for that, acting on his advice, her Majesty had cancelled the Royal Warrant under which the system was legal. It is impossible to conceive of a more arbitrary, we will add unconstitutional, use of the Royal power. Here was a measure affecting great public interests, on which, however, the public mind was little instructed, and by no means resolved, which had been vehemently encountered in the Commons by a large and united Opposition, and which had been treated, if not with approval, at least without open hostility by the Lords. Yet while the matter was still *sub judice*, the Prime Minister, trusting to the vast majority at his back, chose to remove the measure from the deliberation of one branch of the Legislature, and passed it over the head of Parliament by the authority of the Crown. The reason which he assigned for his arbitrary conduct was the necessity of putting an immediate stop to the illegal practice of paying over-regulation prices. But the pretence was as hollow as the action was despotic. The illegal practices which had aroused such sudden and virtuous indignation had been followed for generations; though they might have been punished as breaches of the law by court-martial and forfeiture of commission, they had been left unnoticed; those who were guilty of them were entirely unaware of their illegality; they had indirectly received the sanction of the Royal power, by which they were to be so ruthlessly abolished. All this was entirely ignored. The real motive of the action, barely concealed under specious sophistries, was the determination of a powerful Minister, backed, as he supposed, by a majority of the people, to make his will prevail by force over the aristocratic branch of the Legislature. More outspoken, if less discreet than himself, his radical supporters attempted no disguise of the pleasure they experienced at the success of their leader's *coup d'état*. 'It has been said,' said Mr. Jacob Bright, 'that the Government is strengthening by this course the prerogative of the Crown. I believe the Government has rather strengthened the prerogative of the people.'

There is another point which deserves consideration in estimating the consequences of Reform. While expatiating largely on the internal dangers to which the country would be exposed by

by the passing of the Reform Bill, the Duke of Wellington has left no memorandum from which we can judge whether he anticipated the influence which the change would exercise on the course of our foreign policy. The question was, however, brought under his notice by Lord Elgin, and is of the highest importance in forming an opinion on the situation which England at the present moment occupies among the nations of Europe. The policy which England had established as the basis of her security after the long war with Napoleon was one of non-intervention. What the principle of that policy was we have stated on a recent occasion; but, as we have since seen the name frequently misapplied, we take the opportunity of defining it more precisely. The principle of non-intervention was established as the basis of our foreign policy by Lord Castlereagh after the Congress of Vienna. It neither involved the idea of England's abstention from continental politics, nor did it exclude the idea of protection afforded by her to other States. But it asserted the liberty of each nation to settle its own internal affairs, so long as it did not interfere with the liberty of its neighbours; and so long as this condition was fulfilled, it regarded any interference on the part of those neighbours in the light of aggression.

All the other nations of Europe were by force of circumstances aggressive. Distracted by internal strife between their absolutist and revolutionary factions, they were driven, whichever party prevailed, to encroach on the rights of their neighbours. The causes which impelled them in this direction were threefold; social, dynastic, and national. Whenever the revolution triumphed in any continental nation, its monarchical neighbours proceeded, in defence of religion and property, to put it down by force; while, on the other hand, the Revolutionists attempted, by means of secret societies and organized propaganda, to stir up insurrection in every country against established authority. These attacks on the social order served as pretexts to the absolute monarchs of Europe to indulge their passion for power in foreign conquest; while the military leaders of the Revolution were driven to maintain the position they had unlawfully acquired by successful war. In these wars again, the champions of the opposing causes were backed and encouraged by all the feelings of honour and patriotism aroused in the nations over which they respectively ruled. A war of twenty years, in which almost every capital of Europe had been occupied by hostile armies, had, however, exhausted the energies of the people, and the Congress of Vienna was only the expression of the universal desire for a lasting peace. England desired peace  
more

more ardently, perhaps, than any of her neighbours, inasmuch as, unlike them, she had nothing to hope from war. She had long enjoyed security under a settled dynasty; her monarch was the head of a national Church established by law; justice was equally administered to all classes of her population; she was cut off by the sea from the opportunity of territorial aggrandizement; on the other hand, her extended commerce and scattered possessions exposed her to ubiquitous and vital attack. As she was, therefore, essentially a non-aggressive power, it was the prime object of her policy to prevent as far as she could any conflict between antagonistic principles and rival nations, which, by producing a general convulsion, might destroy the European equilibrium re-established by the Treaty of Vienna.

By that and other treaties she had bound herself to uphold the independence of several States against foreign aggression, but she had carefully avoided all engagements which could entangle her in the internal disputes of other nations. Her own independence and security was properly her first consideration, and this she saw could only be maintained by an honourable observance of the public law of Europe. Such was the policy of this country till the fall of the Duke of Wellington's ministry enabled the Liberal party to test the value of those principles of interference which they had been long burning to apply. It is often asserted by Liberal writers and speakers, that Canning, during the last years of his life, abandoned his old principles in favour of cosmopolitan Liberalism. Nothing could be more unjust to that great statesman, or more foreign to fact. Canning was as firm as either Lord Castlereagh or the Duke of Wellington in his adherence to the policy of non-intervention; he differed from those statesmen only in his view of the manner in which the policy should be applied: his recognition of the independence of the South American Republics, and his intervention with Russia between Turkey and Greece, differ from Lord Palmerston's many acts of interference, not only in degree but in kind. What Lord Palmerston aimed at in his foreign policy, was the establishment of Constitutional Government in every country of Europe; what Canning desired was the maintenance of the balance of power.

The differences of opinion between Canning and the Duke of Wellington, as to the way in which the balance could best be preserved, arose out of their opposite orders of mind. The Duke, as a soldier, with wide experience of men and governments, had, perhaps, a personal inclination to sustain our military allies against the disorderly movements of the Revolution;

Canning,

Canning, as a man of letters and imagination, may have on his side been more drawn to the side of freedom. The former thought that the best prospect of preserving the peace of Europe lay in a strict adherence to the letter of the Treaties of 1815; the latter, who reasoned justly that the balance of power was a variable quantity, was led by the force of his imagination to redress the balance by bold and sometimes imprudent strokes on the side where it seemed to him to be defective. But both of them were agreed that English interests were the first consideration for English statesmen. The Duke had gone with Canning's instructions to the Congress of Verona; and, through his great personal influence, had almost dissuaded Louis XVIII. from his aggression on Spain. It was Canning's indignation at finding England isolated at Verona, and his jealousy of French influence in Spain, that prompted him to the recognition of the South American Republics.

Frequent allusion has recently been made to the differences between Canning and the Duke of Wellington on the Greek question, and, as several of the Liberal leaders have maintained that the action of the former was the result simply of his sympathies of race and religion, we think it will be worth while, with reference to the change in our foreign policy after the Reform Bill, to show that this notion is entirely unfounded. The European complication of the period to which we are referring was the most extraordinary game of cross-purposes that was ever played. Five parties were directly engaged in it: Turkey, Greece, Russia, France, and England. Turkey was at one and the same time occupied with the reduction of her rebellious subjects, and with the threatened invasion of her hereditary enemy, Russia. Greece was intriguing with her Russian protector, while she defended herself against her Moslem tyrants. England, France, and Russia, were all interested in the settlement of the question as arbiters of the peace of Europe; but Russia was also bent on turning it to advantage in her private quarrel with Turkey; while France was instigated, besides her national love of glory, by hopes of acquisition in Algeria and Egypt. England alone among the Powers had nothing to gain, much to lose; and her great object was therefore, as usual, to find a peaceable solution of the problem, and to prevent a general war.

A propitious opportunity seemed to present itself in the accession of the Czar Nicholas to the throne of Russia. The Duke of Wellington was accordingly sent on a special mission to St. Petersburg, bearing instructions from Canning which indicate very clearly the high political motives by which the latter was actuated.



'The war carrying on in Greece,' say these instructions, 'has long disquieted the repose and excited the anxiety of Europe; and unless the causes out of which it arose, and the complications which have grown out of it, be soon put into a train of settlement, they may, and probably will, in spite of the pacific disposition of most of the great Powers, lead at no distant time to general strife and confusion.'

The mission of the Duke of Wellington was therefore undertaken with two great objects: first, and more particularly, to prevent the Emperor of Russia from making war on Turkey; and secondly, to arrange an agreement between the Turks and the Greeks. The method of effecting these objects, which seemed most desirable, was the single intervention of England between Turkey and Greece on the one hand, and between Turkey and Russia on the other. If, however, Russia should insist on a joint intervention of herself and England between Turkey and Greece, the Duke was instructed to make no objection, *provided the Turks should agree to such an arrangement*. In conclusion, the instructions say:—

'With respect to the terms of any arrangement to be made between the Turks and the Greeks, your Grace will express the willingness of your Government to enter into the most unreserved communication with the Emperor of Russia, and its readiness to place that arrangement, when made, under the guarantee of Russia, jointly with that of Austria, Prussia, and France.'

Out of the negotiations conducted by the Duke, in conformity with these instructions, came the Protocol of April 4th, containing the agreement between England and Russia for mediation between the Greeks and the Turks.\* So far Wellington and Canning had been in complete accord. The Duke, like Canning, perceived that Russia was on the point of making war on Turkey on her own account, and that if she did so the consequence would be a general conflict. Like Canning, he looked with disfavour on the proposal of a Conference; his experience of Verona was not likely to encourage him again to trust the welfare of his country to such a tribunal. And he agreed, too, with Canning in thinking it impossible to abstain any longer from some kind of interposition between the Greeks and the Turks, both on account of the danger to Europe, arising from the obvious incapacity of the Porte to put down the insurrection, and because it was evident that, if all Europe remained inactive, Russia would act by herself.

\* It is a curious coincidence that the terms of this Protocol should have been published in the *Times* of May 8th, 1826, just as the terms of the recent Anglo-Russian agreement appeared in the *Globe*.



In the measures of mediation proposed by the Duke there was no essential departure from the policy of non-intervention, because the main object of that policy was the preservation of European peace, which was imperilled by the continuance of the Turco-Greek war. But the Treaty of July 6th, while proceeding on the Protocol of April 4th, went beyond it, and in a secret article attached to the Treaty made provision 'for ulterior measures to which it might be necessary to resort,' in the event of the Porte proving unaccommodating. Canning enclosed the *Projet de Traité* sent him by Prince Lieven for the consideration of the Duke, who at once pointed out the 'new departure' to which England would stand committed.

'I think,' he wrote, 'the objectionable part of the Treaty is the separate article. It alters the character of the measure originally proposed to be carried into execution by the Protocol, and renders the mediation one of force instead of one founded upon the interests of the hostile parties, and the friendly disposition as well as the interests of the mediators. It tends to render recognition of an insurgent state a measure of war, contrary to all the principles on which this country has hitherto proceeded in adopting such measures.'

Unfortunately we have no letter from Canning in reply to these representations, but the Duke states in a memorandum that he repeated his objections in a conversation which he had 'subsequently with Mr. Canning in presence of Lord Granville, and that he conceived that he (Canning) had given up the plan.' The Treaty was, however, signed, and the Duke's statesmanship was fully vindicated. The battle of Navarino followed; Russia declared war against the Porte on her own account, offering, however, to carry into execution the Treaty of July 6th, '*provided the Allies would adopt the plan of operations proposed by his Imperial Majesty.*' In the event of the Allies declining to accept these peremptory conditions, his Imperial Majesty announced that he should take the matter into his own hands, and at the conclusion of the war arrange for the pacification of Greece *selon ses convenances et ses intérêts.*

It is clear, then, that the divergence of opinion between the two English statesmen arose, not in reference to the end desired, but to the means by which this was to be achieved. In agreeing to the Treaty of July 6th, Canning certainly departed from the spirit of his own instructions to the Duke of Wellington when the latter went to St. Petersburg, for these say that joint mediation is only to be agreed to in the event of the Porte being willing to accept it. It is probable that he was wearied out with the obstinacy of the Porte, and that he conceived that there was no way out of the difficulty except the one devised in the Treaty,

Treaty, involving as that did a *possible* resort to force. He did not contemplate any such event as the battle of Navarino, which, nevertheless, together with the occupation of the Principalities and the disturbance of the balance of power in the Mediterranean, was the immediate consequence of the Treaty. On the other hand, it must be said that the Duke, while he foresaw in a policy of intervention results that Canning did not, never himself suggested any alternative course to the one which the Treaty prescribed. And, when he succeeded to power, he showed that he considered that his duty was to carry out with honourable strictness engagements to which he himself had been no party, and of which he could not personally approve.

‘I assure your Royal Highness,’ he writes to the Prince of Orange, ‘that there is no Government more determined than this, no man more determined than I am, to carry that Treaty into execution with all the celerity that is in the power of this Government, acting in conformity with the principles on which the Treaty was concluded, and which are recited in its provisions.’

The difficulties which beset us abroad are illustrated as vividly, though on a smaller scale than in the Treaty of July 6th, in our relations with Portugal in 1827–29. We were bound by treaty to protect Portugal from foreign attack; we were equally bound, in pursuance of our principles, to abstain from all interference in her internal affairs. These affairs were in the state of distraction common on the Continent at that period. The kingdom was divided between two parties—one upholding the charter granted to the country by Dom Pedro when he abdicated the throne in favour of his daughter, Donna Maria; the other supporting Dom Miguel, the chief of the Absolutists. Portugal having been invaded from Spain by an army of refugees in the Absolutist interest, England, in fulfilment of her treaty engagements, despatched troops of her own to repel the invasion. But the presence of our soldiers in Portugal, and their natural sympathy with the constitutional party, produced that entanglement in the internal affairs of the country, which we were so anxious to avoid. Dom Miguel having subsequently usurped the kingdom, British residents became mixed up in politics, and others were wrongfully treated by the Portuguese Government. To complicate matters still further, a large expeditionary force, consisting of the adherents of Donna Maria, assembled at Plymouth, obviously for the purpose of making a descent upon the coast of Portugal. In these trying circumstances the Duke of Wellington displayed admirable tact and moderation. He recalled the English ambassador on the usurpation of Dom Miguel—without positively breaking off relations with

with a Government established on the opinion of a large part of the Portuguese nation. He discriminated with much skill between the case of the intriguing British subjects and of those who had actually been wronged; for the latter, he sternly demanded redress, while the former he left to such protection as they might obtain from the Portuguese Juez Conservador. On the other hand, he refused to allow any expedition of troops acting in the cause of Donna Maria from this country to the dominions or colonies of Portugal. In a word, he behaved with such strict honour and fidelity to his engagements, that, while our influence in Portugal remained paramount, no foreign Power ventured to interfere in the family quarrel between the Absolutists and the Constitutionalists.

What happened during the agitation for Reform in England? The Revolution of 1830 had once more placed France at the head of the Liberal movement in Europe. The complete acceptance of the Reform programme by the Whig leaders in England had driven Lord Grey's ministry into the arms of France, and our foreign policy was almost as subservient to that country as it had been in the days of the Stuarts. On the pretext that certain citizens resident in Portugal had been wrongfully imprisoned, the French sent a fleet to the Tagus with demands that equalled the exactions of Napoleon in his most domineering days. Upon this the Portuguese Ambassador in England not unnaturally made representations to Lord Palmerston, as the representative of the Great Power which had bound itself to protect Portugal from foreign aggression. Lord Palmerston told him that Portugal must satisfy the *just demands* of France. Asseca replied, that it was impossible; and that the Portuguese were determined to submit to every extremity rather than incur such disgrace. 'Tant mieux pour Donna Maria,' said Lord Palmerston, lightly; and he added, that if the Portuguese wished the good-will and favour of this country, *they must change their king and government*. Not only did he thus make us prove false to our engagements to Portugal and to our established policy, but he actually committed us to follow in the aggressive steps of France, and sent a fleet to enforce our claims against the feeble country which in faith and honour we were bound to protect. This was the first act by which the Liberal party in England openly identified itself with the Revolutionary party abroad, and proclaimed its contempt for the public law of Europe. It was followed almost immediately by the departure of the five Powers, in August, 1831, from the terms of the Treaty by which, in *January of the same year*, they had settled the conditions of separation between Belgium and Holland.

Holland. From this date till 1852, the history of England shows a series of interferences in the affairs of foreign countries, attended, some with danger, others with disgrace to this country: lectures to Spain; intimidation of Greece; aid to the Sicilian insurgents; support of the Radical cantons in Switzerland; approval of the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon. This persistent policy should be remembered in connection with the recent line taken by the extreme Liberals in regard to foreign affairs: first, in recommending the coercion of Turkey; and secondly, in applauding Mr. Bright and others in their contemptuous depreciation of European law. Taken together, the two sets of facts seem to warrant us in concluding that the foreign policy of the Radicals is the same now as it was at the period of the first Reform Bill, and that it is substantially identical with the cause of Revolution in Europe.

The idea of the Duke of Wellington's political character obtained from his own private papers is certainly different from the imaginative portrait drawn in 1830 by Mr. Greville. The selfishness imputed to him by the Clerk of the Council was entirely foreign to his nature. His conduct when in office was invariably prompted by a strong sense of public duty and by a loyal devotion to the service of his sovereign. In his civil capacity he still retained the instincts of a soldier. 'I have always preached,' he writes to Lord Bathurst on the eve of his mission to St. Petersburg, 'the doctrine of going wherever we are desired to go;' and the influence of this doctrine is apparent in all his actions. As an administrator, he was honest, vigorous, and sagacious, seeing clearly what was necessary to be done, and taking the simplest means to do it. As a legislator, there is no doubt that his military education and experience unfitted him for understanding the nature of constitutional government and the civil character of the English people. He was, therefore, incapable of rightly conceiving the wants of the age, but he shared his incapacity with others whose opportunities of observation and reflection had been far greater than his own. A firm self-reliance, amounting at times to over-confidence, and a somewhat impolitic disdain for the intrigues and combinations of Parliamentary Government, are indeed observable in his conduct, but these qualities are inconsistent with his supposed policy of dupery and deception. He was as superior to jobbery and favouritism as to mere party feeling, and many of his letters express the pain which he experienced at being unable to promote the interests of old friends and comrades, where he felt that to do so would be contrary to his duty to the country.

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It is impossible to consider the character of the Duke of Wellington apart from that of the order to which he belonged, and whose term of direct power was concluded by the downfall of his ministry. Born of a noble house, raised by his own merit to the peerage, and possessing, by dint of his character and achievements, unparalleled influence in the House of Lords, he embodied in his own person the virtues and prejudices of the English aristocracy. No aristocracy which the world has seen has been so successful in retaining political power as the English, and for this reason, that of all similar historical bodies, whether in Sparta, Rome, or Venice, it has been the least selfish. For nearly one hundred and thirty years, from the accomplishment of the Revolution to the close of the Napoleonic war, it had gloriously administered the affairs of the State. After the latter date, it failed no doubt to display that foresight and comprehension which mark statesmen of the highest order. Instead of calmly examining the new forces which were evidently operating in society, with a view to modifying their violence and directing their course, the leaders of the unreformed parliament committed themselves to a policy of stubborn resistance to the inevitable. They opposed without compromise such mild and rational measures as Lord John Russell's proposal to grant representation to Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham; and Canning's Corn Bill. Hence Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, after the most vehement profession of fidelity to principle, were more than once brought into the situation of that too notorious lady who, 'vowing she would ne'er consent, consented.'

But admitting their want of foresight and their inconsistency, it is evident that their resistance was not prompted by mere vulgar love of power, and that their concessions were not made out of simple cowardice. They firmly believed that the Constitution as established in 1688 was the foundation-stone of the liberty and security of England; and they accordingly resisted all modification of that Constitution till the last moment. But when it was evident that change would be forced on them from without, they either bent before the storm, or by putting themselves at the head of the movement endeavoured to mitigate the violence of its shock. The people, therefore, even when the House of Lords appeared to oppose themselves to popular measures, gave them credit for public motives, and perceived the utility of the hereditary chamber in tempering hasty legislation. One after another the supports on which the government of the Aristocracy rested have been removed. The Test Acts have gone; the Disabilities of the Roman Catholics have gone; the Corn Laws have gone; the Irish Church has gone. The

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House of Lords opposed and often delayed the destruction of these institutions, and their opposition (as they declined to head the movement of Reform) has been on the whole beneficial; for even if the institutions abolished were not, as the Duke of Wellington thought, an integral part of the British empire, such a wholesale disappearance of them as he contemplated would probably have led to social strife and anarchy. Whereas by destroying gradually, time has been allowed for remedial and constructive legislation; and now that almost all political restrictions and disabilities have vanished, the English aristocracy stands erect, shorn no doubt of its old paternal and protective privileges, but with its property entire and its great social influence uninjured.

Such a sequel to the Reform of 1832 speaks volumes for the political sense of the English nation, and offers us our best ground of hope for the future. The independence and spirit shown by the English nobility, in the face of the threatening forces of democracy, is evidence that they retain their old ruling instincts; the temper and self-restraint of the people, when momentarily disappointed of their wishes by the action of the House of Lords, prove that they recognize the value of Constitutional procedure. The Duke of Wellington doubted the capacity of the people for unrestricted freedom. He thought that in some shape or other protection was needed for its material and social welfare. Thus far experience has appeared to prove that he was wrong. But we are not yet entitled to boast with confidence that our Constitution has readjusted itself to the altered circumstances of the nation. The full development of the policy of *laissez faire* has no doubt vastly increased the material resources of the country; our population has more than doubled itself since the peace of 1815; education has spread; the people have shown a patriotic readiness to make the sacrifice required of them for the defence of the empire. But the unexampled growth of our material prosperity has been attended with corresponding evils. Enormous numbers of men and women—some poor, others criminal, all suffering—are crowded round the wealthy centre of every great city in England—people devoid of the hope of physical enjoyment, and often deprived of the consolations of religion. An almost impassable barrier seems to divide the capitalist and the labourer, and recent events must have recalled, to those who remember the period before the first Reform Bill, the old days of loom-breaking and rick-burning. Education itself has helped to stimulate all kinds of intellectual craving, which, no longer repressed or corrected by any fixed standard of taste, emasculate art and debase language.



To struggle successfully against these great and growing evils requires administrative qualities of an imperial order. Neither bureaucracy nor absolutism could grapple with them: can Liberty herself govern alone the forces she has created? Liberty was the watchword of the middle classes, whose influence in legislation was paramount between 1832 and 1867. Leave the individual to himself, said the middle-class leaders, and all will be well with the State. Let all restrictions be removed from trade; the natural laws of demand and supply will soon cause all other nations to follow our sensible example. Relieve all classes and denominations of their political disabilities, that every Englishman may have an interest in promoting the well-being of his country. Encourage complete freedom of opinion, leaving the final judgment in all disputed matters to the common sense of the majority. Let every kind of taste be gratified, without seeking to discriminate whether it be good or bad; since *de gustibus non est disputandum*. There was some truth and more generosity in this line of argument, but as a principle of national policy it was hopelessly incomplete, for it left the soul of the nation without satisfaction. During the period of class legislation between the two great Reform Bills, the guiding idea in the mind of the nation was, that all things could be measured and managed by money. To make money became an end in itself, beyond which men did not care to look. The middle class never considered the great imperial questions raised by the changes in the Indian and colonial dependencies, over which its energies had made us masters. It was content to watch without reflection the growth of the multitudes whom its industries called into existence. The multiplicity of opinions, generated by the great development of the periodical press, tended to weaken its belief in principle and authority. It showed no capacity to create or regulate taste. It was content to patronize art through the medium of picture-dealers; to leave the drama in the hands of the stage-painter; to submit its opinions on poetry and fiction to the dictation of professional critics. In a word, though it showed a genius for making money, it developed no capacity for using it; it lacked originality and imagination; and, wrapped up in physical enjoyment, existed from day to day without thinking of the future. The Reform Bill of 1867 brought new blood into the Constitution; but public opinion has been slow in recovering from the stupefying effects of a passionate money-worship. It is impossible, however, that a great people should continue to live from hand to mouth without any national ideal. In all parts of her Majesty's dominions, signs are visible of a craving for unity in the English race, and a desire for some central purpose of national life. Yet the middle class remains without

without ideas in the presence of the conditions it has created, and asks, with as much bewilderment and more impotence than the aristocracy when confronted with the questions of Catholic Emancipation and Reform, 'What is to be done?'

The answer to the question must, we believe, be furnished by the English aristocracy. 'In a mass,' says Burke, 'we cannot be left to ourselves; we must have leaders. If none will undertake to lead us right, we shall find guides who will contrive to conduct us to shame and ruin.' There is undoubtedly a danger at the present moment lest the people, from mere vacuity of imagination, should commit themselves to the counsel of those whose interest it is to advise a policy of destruction, veiled under the name of liberation. The best hope of the country lies in the courage and administrative genius of the ruling classes. The long crisis of legislation, through which the nation passed previous to the Revolution of 1688, was followed by a still longer period of successful government. It may be that now, when the legislation of the last forty years has widened the base of the old settlement, the path has been cleared for the action of imperial administration. The Constitution has never been wanting in generative power, and the English people have shown their practical genius, in the midst of their most revolutionary moods, by refusing to touch what is vital in their political organization. We have therefore retained the *character* of our Constitution as it existed from the earliest time, and that character is essentially aristocratic. Magna Charta was the work of the aristocracy; the Revolution of 1688 was achieved by the aristocracy; Catholic Emancipation was conducted under their auspices; and so was the first Reform Bill. The Reform Bill, which was to be a deathblow to the House of Lords, had only been passed a few years, when the Peers asserted their rights of legislation in the most determined manner by their amendments to the Municipal Corporation Reform Bill, and their rejection of Lord John Russell's Appropriation Clause. They have formed a large part of every Cabinet since 1832, and their conduct of foreign affairs has amounted to monopoly; for since Canning's time there has been no Foreign Secretary who has not been at least a member of a noble house. They have shown their capacity for administration as governors of our noblest colonies, and as viceroys of India. At home they naturally take the lead in the management of local business, and form the centres of social organization.

Those who survey mankind from the eminence of their own superiority tell us that the aristocracy, though 'splendid,' is 'materialized.' But such, we think, would not be the impression of a stranger who listened to a debate on foreign affairs in the

House of Lords ; nor is it our own judgment after reading one of Lord Dufferin's speeches in Canada. Here, at least, are ideas of policy, vigorous, sagacious, and imperial. We believe that the English aristocracy are still animated by the old principle of *noblesse oblige*, on which all great patrician orders must build their success. Protection—the word is by no means synonymous with restriction—has been the chief feature of their policy in all ages of their history. In the Catholic days protection flourished under the form of religious and military tutelage ; it was afforded by monastic charity and feudal obligation. When the order of the national life was modified by the Reformation, it identified itself with patriotism, and assumed the guardianship of the national liberties. And now, when the people has declared itself free from the state of pupillage, protection may take its last, perhaps its noblest form, of leadership and example. The lifelong devotion of some members of the aristocracy to the cause of their poor and suffering countrymen ; the large enterprise of others in the field of material improvement ; the opportunities that all of them—inheriting as they do the best English tradition of art, letters, and breeding—possess for elevating the standard of taste and manners, too long debased and vulgarized by the predominant influence of money : all this seems to point to the wide field of action and administration that opens before them in the future. As the leaders of free opinion among their countrymen they may find some compensation for the loss of the old protective and paternal system of government which they fought so valiantly to retain under the banner of the Duke of Wellington.

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- ART. IV.—1. *The History and Antiquities of the Archiepiscopal Palace of Lambeth ; with an Appendix.* By Dr. A. C. Ducarel.  
 2. *A Concise Account of Lambeth Palace.* By W. Herbert and E. W. Brayley. London, 1806.  
 3. *The History and Antiquities of the Parish of Lambeth and the Archiepiscopal Palace.* By Thomas Allen. London, 1827.  
 4. *Ditto Ditto.* By John Tanswell, of the Inner Temple, &c. London, 1858.  
 5. *Stray Studies from History of England, &c.* By John Richard Green. London, 1876.

**F**OR nearly seven centuries, and during a succession of exactly fifty occupants of the See, Lambeth Palace, or, as it was formerly called, Lambeth House, has been the official residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. That they should have

have taken up their abode here, on the banks of the Thames, outside their own diocese, at a time when they already possessed nearly a dozen palaces within it, is itself a fact of historical interest, and indeed one of no little political and ecclesiastical significance; for it is nothing less than a standing memorial of a great struggle with the Papacy: a protest of the English Church against the dictation of Rome; and also of her championship of the interests of the people.

It arose thus. In the latter part of the twelfth century, there had been a long-protracted contest between the two conjoint yet often rival authorities at Canterbury, the Archbishops of the Province and the monks of the Priory of Christ Church. To escape from an interference of these his nominal counsellors and coadjutors, to free himself from the control which these Regulars were seeking to exercise, not only in minor points of local administration, but even in the election of the Metropolitan—a claim advanced on the ground that the election had formerly lain with them when the Archbishop was also their Prior—Archbishop Baldwin (1185–1193), backed by Henry II., resolved to have a Collegiate body outside the Cathedral City, where, with a residence for himself, he could gather round him a Chapter of Secular Canons, independent of the Canterbury monks.

Hackington, now commonly called St. Stephen's, about half a mile from Canterbury, was the spot first selected; and a Bull was obtained from Urban III.: but Hackington proved to be too near to Canterbury. The monks saw the work beginning, and, suspecting ulterior motives in the Archbishop's designs, hurried off emissaries to Rome to intrigue against him. The original Bull was revoked; prohibitory mandates were obtained; and the project was so far abandoned, that the Hackington site was given up. But Archbishop Baldwin was not disposed to yield altogether. Having obtained a suitable site at Lambeth, which presented other and far more powerful attractions, the materials he had collected were all transferred thither, and the building was commenced; yet the same influences were brought to bear against him even here. His death, soon after, gave the monks their opportunity, and, *vacante sede*, they demolished the unfinished chapel. However, under Hubert Fitzwalter (A.D. 1193–1207), who after a short interval succeeded Archbishop Baldwin, a fresh and more vigorous effort was made; additional ground was obtained, and the chapel was again commenced on its new site (A.D. 1197). Yet even this prelate was not permitted to carry out his plan; three Papal mandates in succession, accompanied by dire anathemas, were launched against him, and prevailed.

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The great anxiety of the monks doubtless arose, not only from the fear lest their Metropolitan Priory of Christ Church should cease to be paramount among the monasteries of England, but from the dread of losing the prestige and the offerings which were now centering round the shrine of St. Thomas-à-Becket. They felt that the glory and the wealth of their own body might be seriously lessened by the foundation of a distinct and probably rival power. All this stimulated them to the persevering opposition which eventually proved successful. Within two years the final mandate was issued, accompanied by the threat of an Interdict. King and Primate combined had not the courage to resist this; and so the chapel, which had made considerable advance towards completion, as the nucleus of the future College, was again demolished (A.D. 1199); and with it fell to the ground all hopes of a Lambeth Chapter. But, though Archbishop Fitzwalter might not have his College and his Canons, he was resolved to have his residence at Lambeth.

It may be well to explain how the possession of this now historic site had been obtained. The manor and advowson of Lambeth, according to Domesday Book, belonged to the Countess Goda, sister of Edward the Confessor, and wife of Eustace, Earl of Boulogne, to whom the 'Registrum Roffense' assigns the credit of having granted the manor to the Bishop and Convent of Rochester. During the wars between the Saxons and the Danes, Lambeth became a position of some strategical importance, being the western termination of the ditch, or canal, which Canute dug to bring up his ships from below the bridge for the attack on the western side of London. Harold, therefore, seized it as a vantage-ground; and from him it passed to William the Conqueror, who gave part of the manor to his half-brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux; but William Rufus restored it to the See and Priory of Rochester, and added also the advowson of the parish church.

Now it lay at an inconvenient distance from the Cathedral City of Rochester; while the much more handy manor of Darente (Dartford), with the Church and Chapel of Helles, and the grounds adjacent (which had also the additional advantage of being far more valuable land for grazing), belonged to the Archbishops of Canterbury. So Darente was exchanged for Lambeth; an arrangement effected, A.D. 1197, between Archbishop Hubert Fitzwalter and Gilbert de Glanville, Bishop of Rochester, at that time also Rector of Lambeth. Lambeth, no doubt, then retained much of the character to which it is believed to owe its name, being little more than

than a *muddy river bank*.\* It nevertheless was not without its local advantages. Both land and water could be put into requisition to supply the monastic larders—no trifling consideration in those days. It is evident that the Thames abounded with lamprey; for Gundulph, the great and good Bishop of Rochester, ordered a supply of five hundred to be sent every year from this manor to enable him and the monks to exercise hospitality. A successor of his, Bishop Earnulph, seeking specially to honour the memory of one who was regarded as their founder and benefactor, ordered that one salmon should always be supplied from Lambeth to the monks on Bishop Gundulph's anniversary. So late as Queen Elizabeth's time, the adjacent marsh and low lands, now teeming with human life, and a network of streets and alleys only broken by occasional factories, must have been amply provided with game; for in the seventh year of her reign a licence was granted to Andrew Perne, D.D., Dean of Ely, then residing at Stockwell, for the killing of 'bustards, wyld swans, barnacles, all manner of sea fowls and fen fowls, teals, cootes, ducks, and all manner of deare, red, fallow, and roo.' The sporting tastes of this Dr. Perne would, by the way, seem to have been as varied as his theological opinions, for he is said to have changed his religion four times in twenty years.

To Hubert Fitzwalter, too, Lambeth offered special attractions; it was close to Westminster and the Court, and on that ground very desirable for the residence of a Primate high in favour with his king, already Chief Justiciary for England, and expectant Chancellor. Moreover, the neighbourhood was not without its social advantages; it could boast of a royal and a ducal residence, besides others of a lower degree. Kennington (Kings-town) was a royal demesne. Here had been the scene of Hardicanute's sudden

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\* The generally accepted derivation of this name is from 'lam,' or 'lom,' Saxon for *mud*, and 'hithe,' or 'hythe,' *harbour*, or *bank*, and has the high sanction of Camden; but no less weighty an authority than Dr. Ducarel, on the ground that the letter *b* is found in the earliest Saxon Chronicles, suggests that the first syllable must be the Saxon word 'lamb' (to which Lysons says 'the greatest objection is that it has no meaning'), and canting heraldry has assigned a *lamb* for the arms of the parish. It was once suggested to the writer that the name was only a corruption of the Celtic word 'llan,' a *saint*, and 'bedr,' *Peter*, on the supposition of its having been once connected with the neighbouring Abbey of St. Peter, Westminster; a derivation in which Ethnology and History alike are set at defiance: for, however common and natural *llanbedr* may be in the land of the Celt, it were strangely out of place in a district essentially Saxon; a derivation, indeed, almost as incongruous as one humorously suggested in the 'Saturday Review,' that 'lama,' being Thibetan for a *chief priest*, and 'beth,' Hebrew for a *house*, the two combined to give the name of 'Lambeth' to the residence of the English Primate as meaning *the house of the chief priest*; a wondrous blending of Turanian and Semitic into Aryan.

death;



death; here too, according to 'Lambarde' (p. 189), on the authority of William of Malmesbury, the wise and good but ill-starred Harold had placed the crown on his own head on the death of Edward.\* Hard by, also, stood the family seat of the house of Norfolk, the site of which is still known, being occupied by a large distillery, though not a trace remains of the ducal dwelling, save that the name still attaches to a small alley and a dirty lane; while the adjacent 'Paradise Street' somewhat inappropriately marks the site of what formerly composed the Norfolk House garden. The Howard family appear, too, to have had other mansions at Lambeth; and, according to Miss Strickland (in her *Life of Katharine Howard*), even so late as the reign of Henry VIII. Lambeth was 'very much the resort of the nobles of Henry's Court, and was considered as a very pleasant retreat, with its beautiful orchards and gardens sloping down to the banks of the Thames.'

Thus had political and ecclesiastical reasons combined, not without social inducements, to bring the Archbishops of Canterbury to Lambeth. The crown had passed from Saxon to Norman brows; the Court had moved from Winchester to Westminster; so it seemed necessary that the Primacy, which had come to be at once the stay and the check of Crown and Court, should pass from the retired banks of the rippling Stour to the more busy shores of old Father Thames. Such was the origin of Lambeth Palace.

To return to the subject of the exchange between these two Kentish Sees of Canterbury and Rochester. It may seem strange that so small a county as Kent should boast of two Sees; but, as in Saxon times it was divided into two kingdoms, one king residing at Canterbury, the other at Rochester, so Augustine, having persuaded Ethelred to found a See at the former city, persuaded his lesser neighbour at Rochester, on his conversion, to follow the superior king's example, himself nominating the first bishop; and this right was claimed by his successors at Canterbury for many years. Thus from the earliest times there existed a close connection between the two sees; the Bishop of Rochester holding a suffragan or vicarial relation to the Archbishop of Canterbury; a relation which only ceased a few years ago, on the enlargement of the former diocese. Indeed, the Bishop of Rochester is still *ex officio* Provincial Chaplain of Canterbury.†

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\* Much doubt would seem to be entertained as to the truth of this act—an act so utterly foreign to Harold's generally-received character and conduct. Freeman does not mention it.

† Of the land now exchanged, a small piece at the north corner was retained by the See of Rochester for a town residence for its Bishops. The house built on this

Some difference of opinion has been expressed by antiquaries as to the early existence, on the ground transferred to the Archbishops, of a dwelling-house befitting the dignity of a king's sister. But no distinct mention is made in ancient records of any princely manor-house, or anything approaching a mansion, on this spot. Probably whatever building stood here was at best a manor 'lodge,' occupied by the steward who managed the affairs and farmed the land for the Countess Goda, and afterwards for the Rochester Priory, and was used as a 'resting-house' for the Countess, or the Prior, on any casual visit to London.

In the deed of transfer the word *curia* (*Anglicè* court) is used, and this is generally supposed to represent a place where Courts, Baron or Leet, were held for the exercise of manorial rights and powers, rather than a residence. Moreover, in those days even royal and princely dwellings seem to have aspired to but little of magnificence or ornament. Spaciousness was their chief merit. The Long Barn at Kennington, which was standing not many years ago, may be accepted as a specimen; for it is believed to have been the scene of the grand and sumptuous banquets at which the Black Prince, with the honours of Crecy and Poitiers fresh upon him, nobly entertained his courtly and civic guests.

If any buildings did exist, and if it was upon them that Archbishops Fitzwalter and Langton expended in repairs part of the Papal grants received for that purpose, they had evidently fallen into decay in the days of Archbishop Boniface (A.D. 1245-1273), who was called upon within thirty years after 'either to repair his houses at *Lamhei*, or to build new ones.' It is probable, therefore, that he was the real founder of the oldest portion of the present range of buildings. We know that the monks of Canterbury had the malicious satisfaction of seeing Archbishop Fitzwalter's Chapel, the most advanced part of his proposed College, razed to the ground. Undoubtedly not a vestige remains, even in the crypt, of architectural work anterior to the beginning of the thirteenth century.

The fact that several of the earlier Archbishops had held ordinations and consecrations at Lambeth, long before they became possessed of that manor, is sometimes used as an argument for the early existence of a lordly manor-house and a chapel attached to it; yet the relation of the two Sees, already alluded to, offers a simple solution of the difficulty. For of these consecrations and

this spot, commonly known as Rochester Place, was used by them till the middle of the sixteenth century, when it was transferred to the Crown, and afterwards given by Henry VIII. to the See of Carlisle. It then came to be called Carlisle House. This building was taken down some years ago to make room for a street, which, under the name of Carlisle Street, still marks the site.

ordinations

ordinations it is only said that they were held *Lamethæ*, or *apud Lametham*, and it is a very probable supposition that the Parish Church close by, belonging as it did to the vicarial See of Rochester, was the scene of these Archiepiscopal services. It is singular that one of the earliest recorded consecrations at Lambeth was that of Baldwin, A.D. 1180 (to the See of Worcester, from whence he was translated five years after to that of Canterbury), with whom, as has been shown, originated the exchange completed by his successor, which made Lambeth the future Archiepiscopal residence; and that no other archbishop was consecrated here till Cardinal Morton, just three hundred years after (A.D. 1480), who became in his turn a liberal benefactor to Lambeth.

Before proceeding further, we would remind the reader that, about fifty years ago, the appearance of Lambeth Palace underwent so great a change, that any description of an earlier date conveys a very vague and confused impression of its present state. When Archbishop Howley effected these alterations (A.D. 1829), at an outlay of some 75,000*l.* (nearly half of which sum he provided from his own resources), all that was really ancient and historic was preserved with loving reverence—some would say, ‘except the cloisters,’ of which presently;—but a patchwork-jumble of dwelling apartments, which his predecessors during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had added on, room after room, without any regard to general effect and but little to personal comfort, was swept away, to make room for that imposing range of new buildings which now stretches eastward, from the end of the Chapel and the Tower beyond, into the tastefully arranged pleasure-grounds. With the profounder knowledge since acquired of the true principles of Gothic architecture, ecclesiastical and domestic alike, this new range may draw down many a censure from the archæologists and architects of to-day; yet we may ascribe it in no slight degree to the cultivated mind and refined taste of Archbishop Howley himself that, such as it is, it was in advance of the times half a century ago. Mr. Blore, the architect, is justly entitled to the credit of having been one of the earliest to attempt the introduction of a taste for mediæval restoration.

It is of the older portions that we purpose to treat in the following pages; not exactly in their chronological succession, but in the order in which they meet the eye from the river-side, and in which an inspection of them can be most advantageously made. To any one standing on the deck of a steamboat as it glides down the river, the great Gateway beside  
the

the Tower of the Parish Church first comes in sight. Passing on, beyond it rises the lofty roof of the Great Hall; then, not quite so elevated and conspicuous, may be detected the roof of the old Guard-room; then the solid pile of grey stone, commonly known as the Lollards' Tower, abuts out almost to the Embankment; passing on still, the eye detects among the trees within the grounds another but less imposing Tower; and between them three bays of elegant lancet-windows, which mark the site of the Chapel. Thus the every-day passer-by on the stream of old Father Thames can command a view of every ancient part of this time-honoured residence of the Archbishops. Of these we will speak in their order. All beyond, handsome and imposing as it is, is modern.

First, of the great Gateway. One of the earliest crossings of London's ancient highway was between Lambeth Stairs and the old Horse Ferry at Westminster, nearly corresponding with the line which the present Suspension Bridge takes as it spans the Thames at this point. Here would naturally be the main entrance to the enclosed land, whilst still the Court-house of the Countess Goda or a small farm belonging to the monks of Rochester. Here, certainly, would be the entrance to the buildings which gradually rose up to form the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. The humble wicket, or gate, which might suffice for the Court-lodge or farmstead, would soon give place to a more substantial and imposing gateway. Such we find to have existed as early as A.D. 1322, being mentioned in the 'Computus Ballivorum' of Archbishop Reynolds. And no doubt on the site of that older one arose, some 160 years after, the present noble pile, always known as Morton's Gateway, which forms a conspicuous portion of the extensive repairs carried out by that princely Primate (A.D. 1484-1502); for he found Lambeth in a ruinous state after the destructive wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster. A wide-spanned Tudor doorway, with a smaller one beside it, having richly-moulded arches and a three-light perpendicular window above, constitute the two-storeyed centre, which is flanked by two large massive square Towers, five storeys high, the entire range being heavily battlemented. This pile of buildings, with its fine red brickwork and stone-dressings, presents a worthy portal to the Archiepiscopal Palace. Scarcely can England produce a finer specimen of that age and style of architecture, in so good a state of preservation. Indeed, in size and height, in elegance of workmanship and harmony of design, 'Morton's Gateway' may almost claim to be without a contemporary rival. Other such, which may have vied with it in  
past

past time, have crumbled away, or have been demolished or 'improved' out of all their original character, while this stands unchanged, and little injured, at the close of its fourth century.

On entering, the bold groining of the roof, and the graceful proportions of the loftier and wider open arch of the north face, at once attract the eye. On the right hand a small arched doorway gives admission to the central room, now used as the porter's lodge, of which more presently. Immediately outside the large arch, running down the angle, is a substantial leaden water-pipe, on the spout of which appears distinctly a *tun*, the *rebus* of the founder's name. In the outer courtyard to the right is a low plain doorway, opening on a spiral stone staircase, that used to lead to the upper apartments in the Eastern Tower, the lesser of the two, which is quite distinct in its internal arrangements from the rest of the building. Here may still be observed what, now a small cupboard, was an opening in the inner wall, guarded with strong iron gratings, through which the warder on duty in the middle room could observe every one passing up or down the stairs. For it must be borne in mind, that this and other Episcopal residences had prisons attached (the origin of which will be explained in the account of the so-called 'Lollards' prison'), which were used not merely, as is commonly imagined, as places for incarceration, but more frequently for detention; where even Nobles accused of disaffection, as well as Churchmen suspected of heresy, were placed under surveillance, in the hope that reflection or argument or influence might convert them to loyalty, or to orthodoxy. Indeed, in some cases a committal to the care of the Archbishop proved equivalent to a respite, or even a reprieve, of some condemned prisoner of note.\*

Yet the sterner aspect of such confinement was not wanting even here. On the opposite side of the same room in which the warder could see the passing to and fro of those who were enjoying considerable liberty, stands a passage through a very massive wall, with heavy double doors, leading to an inner room, now used as a scullery. Here the extreme thickness of the walls, the massive double doors, the small windows with their

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\* An historical MS., in the possession of Miss Conway Griffiths, of Anglesea, given in the 'Hist. MSS. Commission Report,' throws much light on this point. It appears that, in answer to complaints made by certain gentlemen detained at Ely Palace that they were subjected to 'needless hardships,' the Lords of the Council (A.D. 1590) passed the following Order:—'You are to take care . . . and permit them to enjoye the libertye of the gardens and orchardes and the leades to walk in: and for the better preservation of ther healthe you shall not onelye suffer them to take the aire of a mile or two in your companye, but the companye of such other trustie parsons as you may be assured of, so they may be in safety.'

iron bars, the heavy rings still remaining fixed in the wall, the names still legible on the sides, proclaim it to have been one of the prison-cells for the refractory or the recusants. And here are traces of a custom now emphatically condemned as un-English; the present entrance into this inner chamber has been cut through the wall, which was only a single brick in thickness, so that any one sitting in the recess thus formed in the outer face of the wall could overhear the conversations of the prisoners within, who, wholly unconscious that there were eavesdroppers on the other side of a thin wall, may have often sealed their own fate, or involved that of others, by unguarded conversations with their fellow-prisoners.

In a turret projection on the north wall of the Western Tower a similar arched doorway still remains, though closed up. It used to give access by a spiral staircase (which is now reached by an inner door), leading not only to the apartments in that Tower, but also to the central room over the Gateway. The first floor of this Tower clearly constituted Archbishop Morton's sitting-room, with a small *sanctum* beyond. Here whitewash and paint have left but little of the original wood-work of walls and ceiling visible. Over a spacious fireplace appear in a painted panel the arms of Archbishop Tillotson, with the date MDCXCI. (the year of his consecration); and all the fine old oak wainscoting, reaching from floor to ceiling, is painted in panels of corresponding date and taste! The second floor (as also each of the others above) was originally a single room, occupying the entire storey; in it a recess in the wall, closed by oaken doors, is supposed to have held Archbishop Morton's folding-bed. On this landing a massive door, with its original hinges and locks, opens into the central room, which is now commonly known as the Record, or Muniment, Room, because in it were kept for many years the ancient records and archives of the See, until they were removed to a more secure fire-proof apartment adjoining Juxon's Hall. This is a room of goodly proportions. Here ceiling and walls still retain their original character; the boldly moulded beams and rafters, the polished oak which covers the entire surface of the walls, a fine stone fireplace with slightly but elegantly carved spandrels, all seem to indicate a State apartment: this room, airy and light, no doubt constituted the audience chamber of the Palace; and though long since denuded of all ornament, and requiring strong uprights to support the beams, in which cracks gape wide and threatening, the general character of the room probably remains much as it was when, with rush-matted floor and skirting, it received the State visitors of the Lord High Chancellor Cardinal Primate.

Passing



Passing through this gateway, we enter the outer court-yard. On the right hand, occupying nearly the whole of the eastern side, is what is now called 'Juxon's Hall,' in olden times known as the 'Great Hall.' Five lofty windows of two lights, running up to the roof, deeply recessed between projecting buttresses, form the centre, while the two end bays extend out into the yard like wings. In the nearest of these was formerly a lofty doorway, now closed up and converted into a long window, corresponding with that in the northern bay; while a small door under the arch gives ingress to the nobly proportioned Hall, nearly a hundred feet in length, fifty in height, and thirty-eight in breadth. Of its original foundation no record can be found. Its existence in the reign of Edward II. is established from an entry in the 'Computus Ballivorum' of Archbishop Reynolds, bearing date A.D. 1321, where it is called *Magna Aula*. Doubtless Archbishop Chicheley bestowed on this portion of his Palace no little architectural taste; for it is said to have been repaired, if not refounded, by him; and the striking beauty of the roof certainly seems to bear evidence of his designing.

Under the sacrilegious hands of the regicides Scot and Hardy, this ancient Hall was levelled to the ground, and its materials were sold by auction. At the Restoration, Archbishop Juxon found the whole palace 'a heap of ruins.' During an episcopate of less than three years, he laid out nearly 15,000*l.* in repairs, of which above two-thirds were expended in the rebuilding of this noble Hall. His determination, in spite of the persuasion of men deeply imbued with the spirit of the Renaissance architecture of that day, was to make it as nearly as possible a *restoration*; and so anxious was he that this character should be preserved, that he inserted in his Will the following provision: 'If I die before the Hall at Lambeth be finished, my executors to be at the charge of finishing it according to the model made of it, if my successor shall give leave.' It was, then, but a fitting meed of praise, that the building should thenceforth have been known as 'Juxon's Hall.' The general character of the roof would lead to the belief that either drawings or portions of the earlier roof remained, which enabled him to retain for it so much of its original mediæval character. Yet the circular bosses or pendants within, and the large balls or globes which do duty for finials without, seem to represent a concession to the demands of the Renaissance style, which had then made good its footing in England. On the centre of the roof rises an elegant *louvre*, or lantern, carrying a vane, on which appear the arms of the See of Canterbury impaling those of Juxon, the whole surmounted by a mitre. These arms, and the date

1663,

1663, also appear on the massive leaden gutters that run under the eaves.

In the window in the north bay have been collected together, from the different windows in the old buildings, such portions of ancient glass as escaped the hands of the Parliamentary Vandals. Here are likenesses of SS. Jerome, Augustine, and Gregory, which were formerly in the old Presence Chamber and Steward's Parlour, and one of Archbishop Chicheley, remarkable for the unusual youthful character of the face, having round it, by a strange anachronism, Archbishop Parker's motto, '*Nosce teipsum.*' Here is also a singular outline of a globe with a serpent entwined round it, having a dove perched upon its head, the whole enclosed by a scroll carrying Cardinal Pole's motto, '*Estote prudentes sicuti serpentes et simplices sicut columbæ,*' to which are added the words '*Simplicitas amorque recti.*' The royal arms of England appear here enclosed within the ribbon of the Garter, probably of the date of Edward III., and in their gorgeous blazonry the arms of Philip of Spain, as a Knight of the Garter, doubtless of the age of Queen Mary. Besides these, there are some richly-embazoned coats-of-arms of the later archbishops, especially of those connected with the Library; conspicuous among them those of Archbishops Bancroft and Howley, whose arms also appear in panels at either end of the Hall.

Such Halls were probably originally attached to the residences of the nobility for the purpose of hospitality; and Lambeth has had among its many occupants some distinguished for that virtue, notably among them Archbishop Winchelsea, out of whose superabundance of hospitality arose the traditional '*Lambeth dole,*' the remains of the banquet distributed promiscuously among the crowds of applicants at the gate: while in later days the hospitality of Archbishops Cranmer, Pole, and Parker, has become historical.

This noble Hall has been the scene of many eventful gatherings. Not to mention the consecration-banquets held within its walls (among the most distinguished being that of William of Wykeham in 1367), on two occasions it has received the Houses of Convocation; once when the infirm health of Archbishop Kemp rendered it necessary to adjourn the sittings from St. Paul's, and again when under Archbishop Whitgift they were from the same cause adjourned from Westminster.

In 1534 this great Hall witnessed a special gathering of the clergy under Archbishop Cranmer, to take the oath which assigned the royal succession to the heirs of the then exultant Anne Boleyn; and on that occasion the wise and brave Sir

Thomas

Thomas More, and his fellow-prisoner Bishop Fisher, were brought hither from their Tower dungeons to take the same oath; but, though they knew full well the consequences, they fearlessly refused, and suffered for their consistency. Three years later, the body of Bishops held several meetings here, to prepare the 'Godly and Pious Institution of a Christian Man,' commonly known as the 'Bishops' Book:' but they were obliged to separate on account of the plague then raging at Lambeth, persons dying even at the Palace gate. Here, too, was heard that unseemly interchange of recrimination and abuse between Cranmer and his deadly foe Bonner, when Bonner and Gardiner were summoned before the Primate, deposed, and sent to prison. Very different was the gathering which in 1554 assembled within this Hall; the whole body of Reform-tainted bishops and clergy, being summoned by Cardinal Pole, with Bonner and Gardiner at his side, to receive at his hands 'absolution from their heresies,' and his instructions for their future guidance. And again, forty years after (1595), a scarcely less striking contrast was presented by the assembling of a self-constituted body, though under the presidency of Archbishop Whitgift, when the so-called 'Lambeth Articles' were drawn up, from which the English Church was providentially preserved by the constancy of Elizabeth and Burleigh.

Later years, however, have witnessed a noteworthy change in the use to which this noble hall has been converted. After being for more than a century and a half little used, it was carefully restored in 1829 by Archbishop Howley, and fitted up with a goodly array of bookcases, to receive that valuable library of theology and ecclesiastical history, the growth of several generations, for which Lambeth Palace is now justly famed. It may be mentioned in passing, that this hall is now occasionally used for the Court over which Lord Penzance presides.

At the north-east corner a door opens into a roomy porch, replacing a larger one, which formerly constituted the ordinary entrance into the range of dwelling apartments. Here a staircase leads up into a long narrow picture-gallery, corresponding with two sides of the old galleries and cloisters, and now filled with a promiscuous collection of paintings, the greater portion being portraits of bishops, divines, and private individuals, connected with the Palace itself, or with one or other of the successive Archbishops. The Cloisters and galleries have all disappeared; yet they deserve a passing notice.

In Archbishop Reynolds's '*Computus Ballivorum*,' mention is made of two Cloisters (*magnum et parvum claustrum*); of these, the

the latter formerly ran along the north or garden side of the Chapel, and was probably nothing more than a covered walk for use in wet weather: this was removed by Archbishop Herring. The Great Cloisters were quadrangular in form, lying between the south side of the Chapel and the Great Hall, with the Guard-chamber on the east, and on the west looking into the court-yard, and commanding a view of the Thames. They were of very early date, probably coeval with the original design of the Palace, but had long since ceased to be of any use, save as covered passages, when Cardinal Pole built over them long narrow galleries, which were used for many years by successive Primates for their private collections of books. There is little of historical association connected with this part of the old building, beyond a single incident recorded in Parker's '*Antiquities*,' that on Shrove Tuesday, in the year 1573, on the occasion of one of Queen Elizabeth's visits to the Archbishop, a pulpit was placed near the pump which stood in the centre of the quadrangle, and Dr. Pearce, at that time one of the chaplains, preached a sermon, the Queen with her nobles and courtiers listening to it in the galleries round, while the people, who filled the quadrangle below, 'divided their attention between her Majesty and the preacher.'

Some may feel a passing regret at the disappearance of these Galleries, in which old John Fox had laboured at his '*Acts and Monuments*;' where doubtless Bacon and Selden had found literary recreation in study; where Strype had gathered materials for his *Histories*; where the learned Henry Wharton laboured with that excessive ardour which worked him into an early grave; where Gibson, and Wilkins, and Ducarel, and other kindred spirits, laid the foundation of a fame which will live with the life of the English Church. Yet not even did the old Cloisters, much less the modern Galleries—so meagre in their construction of lath and plaster, with plain square wood-framed windows—possess any intrinsic claims to preservation or to architectural beauties, entitling them to be rescued from demolition. The removal of what would have proved an obstruction, rather than an ornament, is amply justified by the greater prominence thus given to the nobler portions that remain; and the loss of the old Galleries, with their book-shelf linings, is more than compensated for by the excellent arrangements for their literary treasures by their transfer to Juxon's Hall, where they now stand arrayed, every facility of free access inviting the antiquarian and the theological student to research and study.

No public library belonging to the See had existed before the  
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beginning of the seventeenth century, when Archbishop Bancroft bequeathed to his successors his own extensive collection, together with many that he had purchased from the executors of his predecessor Whitgift. Most fortunately, in his will (drawn up by no less an authority than Sir Francis Bacon, then King's Solicitor-General), Bancroft accompanied his bequest with the condition that, should the books at any time be in danger of being alienated from the See, they should be transferred 'to His Majesty's Colledge to be erected at Chelsey, if it be erected within these 6 years, otherwise to the publique Library of the University of Cambridge.'

This proviso was the saving of his library, for when Parliament summarily seized Lambeth House, they ignored here as elsewhere all rights of property which ran counter to their own imperious wishes, and ordered the transfer of the books to Sion College, then recently founded for the benefit of the London clergy. Already had many valuable works been abstracted by Scot and Hardy and their friends, but happily further spoliation was arrested by the University of Cambridge asserting and establishing its claim, at the suggestion of that eminent jurist, John Selden, who had himself been the pupil and friend of Bacon.

After the Restoration, Archbishop Juxon endeavoured to bring back the library to Lambeth, but he died before the transfer could be effected. This duty devolved upon his successor, Sheldon, who replaced it in the Lambeth galleries, and was also able to recover a considerable number of the missing volumes.

Archbishops Abbot and Laud had already added largely to Bancroft's original bequest, as also did Sheldon himself, and, at later periods, Tenison and Secker and Moore. Most of these several contributions are to be distinguished by the arms of the donors on the covers. Sancroft, too, *had* added all his books to the library; but subsequently, 'being offended with his deprivation,' he removed them all, and gave them to Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Besides a collection of printed works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, believed to be unrivalled, and art-treasures in illuminated missals and other manuscripts of no ordinary interest, the Library contains the entire series of 'Archiepiscopal Registers' from A.D. 1279 to 1747; with the single break of twenty-seven years between 1322 and 1349, comprising the registers of Archbishops Meopham, Stratford, Ufford and Bradwardine, which are believed to have been removed by the latter to Rome. The Registers since Archbishop-

bishop Potter's time have been kept at Doctors' Commons. Here also are the 'Parliamentary Surveys,' made during the Commonwealth. These were formerly kept in the large central room in Morton's Gateway, but are now preserved in a fire-proof room over the archway at the south of the library leading into the main court-yard.

Among her librarians Lambeth can boast some of the most learned men of each successive age. Dr. Henry Wharton, who filled the post from 1688 to 1694, worthily heads the list; the personal friend of Archbishop Sancroft, and the author of '*Anglia Sacra*.' A few years after, came Dr. Edmund Gibson, chaplain to Archbishop Tenison and eventually Bishop of Lincoln, the learned editor of Camden's '*Britannia*,' '*Reliquiæ Spelmanianæ*,' and, chiefest of all, the author of '*Codex Juris Eccl. Angl.*,' with which his name is especially associated; then Dr. David Wilkins, editor of '*Concilia Magna Britannicæ et Hibernicæ*,' Archdeacon of Canterbury. Dr. Andrew Coltee Ducarel, one of the most eminent antiquaries of his own or indeed of any age, was librarian under Archbishops Herring and Moore, and more than any other has left his mark in this library by the most elaborate Indices of the '*Archiepiscopal Registers*,' and a very valuable '*History of Lambeth*,' besides numerous antiquarian works. Among later occupants of the post appear the names of the Revs. I. H. Todd, H. J. Rose, Dr. S. R. Maitland, Professor Stubbs, Dr. Simpson, and Mr. S. W. Kershaw.

At the head of the stairs already mentioned, we enter by the gallery another spacious room, not so large indeed, but scarcely less interesting in its associations than the Great Hall itself, called the Guard-chamber or Guard-room. The very name is suggestive of times when Primates were feudal Barons and high Law Officers of the Crown, as well as spiritual Peers; and although Lambeth cannot boast of a Bishop so bellicose as he of Beauvais, who at the battle of Bouvines proved himself capable of wielding the mace as effectively as the crosier, or one like the famous Bishop of Ely who defended his island and his Cathedral against the invading Dane, yet had Canterbury once an Archbishop, Alphege, who, only less successfully through the treachery of one of his garrison, for twenty days defended his city and palace against the same ruthless invaders (A.D. 1010). It can boast a Baldwin, too, the Crusader Primate, who, conspicuous in helmet and cuirass, with the banner of Saint Thomas unfurled before him, at the head of a regiment of cavalry, fought beside England's lion-hearted King, and won a soldier's grave amid the sands of Palestine; and Lambeth



itself had a Cardinal Kempe, who accompanied Henry V. to France, and witnessed the grand victory at Agincourt. Moreover, the position of the Primates, as Chancellors and Counsellors and Judges, was such as to make them frequently the objects of party intrigue, as in the case of Archbishop Stafford, who, the object of a political conspiracy, hardly escaped with his life from his palace at Charing (A.D. 1340); or to expose them to the lawlessness of a rabble, against whom not even the sanctity of their office was sufficient safeguard, as was shown in the fate of Archbishop Simon Sudbury, the victim of the popular riot of Jack Cade's followers, A.D. 1362. In such days as those, then, it became a necessity that exalted Churchmen, though in their calling 'men of peace,' should have their staff of 'men-at-arms' to protect their persons as well as their property. Thus the troublous character of those times accounts for the existence of a Guard-chamber as part of an Archiepiscopal Palace; and its usual position between the entrance gate and the private apartments is not without its significance.

Now the existence of one at Lambeth can be clearly traced as early as A.D. 1424, for such an apartment is mentioned in the 'Computus Ballivorum' of that year, under the name of *camera armigerorum*, though not in that of Archbishop Reynolds, A.D. 1321. But as a change came over the spirit of the nation, when the wars of the Barons and of the Roses had become things of the past and the ordinary peaceful and orderly condition of the country rendered such armed precautions less necessary, the living men-at-arms disappeared, and the empty coats of mail and unused weapons figured on the walls: thus the old Guard-chamber was changed into an Armoury, and even in Laud's time it was said that there remained armour enough for two hundred men. But these have since disappeared; and nothing remains save the traditional name to mark its early use.

Indeed the whole chamber has undergone considerable change. In the general restoration of 1829 the intention was to adhere closely to the original design; but when it was discovered that the walls were merely rubble, and the one at the south end showed signs of falling, it became necessary to rebuild the whole: so the noble old roof, probably a part of the original building, was carefully propped up, and the walls rose to receive it again. However, the four-light perpendicular windows which, according to prints of the last century, appeared on the east side, and had clearly been an insertion of the Tudor period, were not replaced, but two-light early English windows were introduced, with tracery closely corresponding with that which adorned the old roof. On the west side, the old fireplace, apparently of gigantic proportions,

proportions, with its mantel running up to the corbels of the roof, gave place to one of lesser dimensions and more suited to modern requirements. The general elevation of the room has also been changed. To give greater height to the apartments below, the present floor is about three feet higher than the old one, while the panelling, which formerly ran up to the corbels, now rises barely three feet from the floor. This arrangement, however, gives space for the introduction between the panelling and the roof of the series of portraits of successive Archbishops for the last four centuries; thus imparting a special interest to the room (now used as the public Dining-hall), by making it also the Portrait Gallery of the See. Of this interesting series our space does not admit of any detailed description; suffice it to say, it contains a Holbein (Warham), a Vandyke (Laud), a Hogarth (Herring), a Sir Joshua (Secker), and others of note.

From the north end of the Guard-room, by a passage crossing the east of the Chapel, access is gained to another portion of the Palace, which, though it retains but few historical associations, and little of architectural character, demands a passing notice. It is a square Tower of red brick, currently known as Cranmer's Tower, though on what authority it is now difficult to trace: local tradition, however, connects it with his name, and its general features certainly indicate that period.

The lower room could have been for some centuries little more than a passage between the dwelling apartments (whether the old ones that have been removed, or the range newly substituted) and the Chapel. It serves, however, the purpose of a vestry, and in this character, as we shall presently see, possesses no little historical value. The second storey, which opens into the Chapel itself, and has been at different times used as an organ-chamber, goes by the name of Cranmer's Parlour. The room above was his bed-chamber, with sleeping apartments in the upper storey.

Turning from the Guard-room westward, through the present picture gallery, along the south wall of the Chapel, we enter that goodly pile which forms the extreme north-west corner of the Palace buildings, and, next to the Chapel, constitutes the most interesting portion of the whole range. The river-face to the west, and the north side, are of grey stone; the other sides are of red brick. The whole block is commonly called the Lollards' Tower; but let us at the outset assert that this is a name to which it certainly has no right, either in whole or in part.

It is not a single structure, but a group of three buildings, very distinct in character, and representing very distinct periods

of

of architecture. The central and most imposing portion presents on its river-face unquestionable marks of being nearly four hundred and fifty years old. The deeply-moulded plinth, the airy windows, with the cusped tracery of the earliest Perpendicular period in the lower ones, the towering grey pile relieved by bold freestone string-courses, an elegant tabernacle, or niche, in which formerly stood the image of St. Thomas of Canterbury, —all mark the building as belonging to the earlier half of the fifteenth century; while the arms of Archbishop Chicheley, on the shield borne by the angel that supported the niche, help to fix the date, substantiated by the record in the '*Computus Ballivorum*' that this tower was erected by that Primate and completed in the year 1436.\* Passing round the coign, on the northern side at some elevation can be traced, by the fresher look of the stonework, the outline of a large doorway, and also of a flight of several steps connecting it with the ground. Time was, be it remembered, when no broad Embankment, not even the narrow Bishop's Walk, intervened between this tower and the river; but, through a small creek, crossed by a wooden bridge at this point, old Father Thames washed the very foundations of the Palace walls. Here, through that door and down those steps, at the foot of which their barge would be moored, the Archbishops were wont to take boat and pass out in comparative privacy, whenever business or pleasure carried them across to Westminster, or London, or up the river. This convenient landing-place gave to this Tower the name, by which it was commonly known in early times, of the Water Tower.

A few feet beyond the spot where this door formerly stood, there projects northward from the main building, and rising several feet above it, a square abutment deserving special notice. The stones do not correspond in courses or in character with the rest of the building, nor are they bonded at the angles; the plinth here is very low, only a little above the ground level, and it ceases at the point of contact with the body of the building; the entire face of the walls is unrelieved by a single string-course; and only by a few narrow openings, or slits, and at the very top a small, plain window. These leading features carry back the mind to at least the close of the twelfth century, and tell us that that abutment had already stood there some two hundred, perhaps two hundred and fifty years, when Chicheley raised his grander and more elaborate edifice by its side. Then, within, the same tale is told. This square projection is occupied by a spiral staircase—not of stone, like that in Morton's Gateway,

\* At a cost of exactly 278*l.* 2*s.* 11*d.*

with the newel, or central column, formed out of the rounded end of each successive step—but all of wood; a massive oaken central spar rising in two lengths, above forty feet, to form the upright support of some sixty shallow steps. The steps themselves, now of deal—a very recent restoration—were formerly of massive oak; for the under-boarding of the stairs still remains in its pristine simplicity and of the original material—rough outside planks of oak—with portions of the dried bark still visible upon them; no sign of the plane is here, but the woodman's auger-holes are still to be seen, where bolts were driven in as steps by which the tree was scaled preparatory to its being felled. And, where the wooden stairs cease, a narrow doorway leads to a small stone stair rising up a few steps in a *tourelle* built on and projecting beyond the solid wall, and giving access to a small room which forms the top storey of this turret. Here the massive double doors, containing the rudest of early locks, and the most primitive fastenings of hasp and chain,—the lintel and door-post rivetted, not with iron, but with wooden bolts—the oaken planks which case the walls, bearing the tooth-marks of a most primitive saw, and shaped and levelled by the antiquated adze,—all concur to prove that this tower, and its staircase too, must have belonged to a building long anterior to the days of Archbishop Chicheley; but it is now, of course, impossible to say whether it be a portion of the earliest building, mentioned as existing in the days of Archbishops Fitzwalter and Langton, and which had fallen into such ruin in the time of Archbishop Boniface, that he was required either to repair it or build it anew, or whether it is a part of his new building, which, too, had doubtless suffered no little damage at the hands of the infuriated rabble who followed Wat Tyler, and after murdering Archbishop Sudbury perpetrated ravages at Lambeth (A.D. 1381). Thus much, at least, may be safely assumed, that this turret staircase, so massive and strong, was preserved and utilised by Archbishop Chicheley, when he 'took down and cleared away an old stone building' to make room for his new structure; and it is a question if this old turret is not the most ancient part of the Palace, and entitled to carry off the honours of age even from the Chapel Crypt itself.

The stair we have been describing descended originally to the very basement, where lay the kitchen and other domestic offices; but it now ceases at what is really the first storey, which consists of a large single room, nearly square, the ceiling of which, having given way from its extreme breadth of span, has been shored up by a stout central post, from which the apartment has received the name of the 'Post Room.' At the intersections of the panelled ceiling

ceiling may still be traced carvings of no contemptible workmanship, consisting chiefly of angels holding shields, or scrolls, or books; one of these carvings represents a face having a rather striking resemblance to the familiar one of Henry VIII., which has led some to ascribe to this ceiling the date of that monarch's reign, while all else would proclaim it at least a hundred years older.

Access to this Post Room was originally gained by a flight of steps from the court-yard, through a handsome doorway: the doorway still remains, although the stone steps and the porch, which no doubt projected on the southern side, have long since disappeared. Until recently there hung on the opposite wall of this room a square-headed wooden door, which used to lead through the outer doorway and flight of steps to the landing-place already described, and so to the river.

This spacious chamber was doubtless assigned and used by Archbishop Chicheley as a State apartment—his Court or Presence-chamber, as the case might be; while the rooms above, occupying the three upper storeys of this tower, still retain, in spite of numerous panelled partitions, the air of very comfortable sitting and sleeping apartments of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. During the greater part of the present century they have been occupied by the domestic Chaplains of the successive Archbishops, and many a tale doubtless could they tell of the labours of 'pale students by the midnight oil.' Here, for instance, Drs. D'Oly and Mant, as chaplains of Archbishop Manners Sutton, compiled their 'Commentary on the Bible.' The rooms were until his lamented death used as the dwelling apartments of the late Bishop of Lichfield, during his residence in London, in the capacity of Honorary Curator of the Palace Library.

The third portion of this group of buildings has yet to be noticed. For two hundred years the old spiral staircase had sufficed to give access to the upper chambers of the Water Tower. They had doubtless been rude times, and the habits of domestic life correspondingly rude and simple. But with the progress of the seventeenth century civilization and refinement, and ideas of domestic comfort, had advanced; the rooms of Cranmer's Tower were all too small; the more spacious and inviting chambers of the Water Tower were only accessible by that narrow winding turret-stair; and so, according to local tradition—though on what authority that tradition rests it is now difficult to say—Archbishop Laud erected on the south face of Chicheley's edifice a smaller building, utterly devoid of external beauty, but with a more spacious staircase, by which (through the window-

openings

openings in the south face, turned into doorways) the chambers were reached with more comfort. So large a portion of this new building is occupied by the staircase, and so little extra accommodation gained in the new Tower, that its erection may thus be reasonably accounted for; and its general character, especially in the staircase itself, seems to confirm the tradition of its Laudian origin.

But we must return to the earliest of these towers, and to the small chamber of evil repute which occupies its upper storey. Here are massive iron rings in the walls, heavily-barred casements, names, emblems, prayers, carved in Old English on the solid oak plankings: these have given the unenviable notoriety, and no doubt suggested the name, which associates it with Lollard persecutions; a name which has tended to cast a prison gloom over the character of the whole pile, and has led men to regard with a shudder that secluded doorway, as being, like the Traitor's Gate in the Tower of London, the entrance by which the unhappy Lollards passed to their prison and their doom.

Now the very existence of dungeons and prison-cells in Bishops' dwellings may seem, in our nineteenth century civilisation, a monstrous anomaly, a revolting combination of the pastor's crosier with the lictor's *fascies*. Yet it may be asked, is it more incongruous than the existence of a Guard-chamber and the presence of 'men-at-arms' within the precincts of a Bishop's Palace? We should carry back our minds to the time when the one was admitted to be necessary, and we shall then more easily understand how the other came to be introduced.

In the thirteenth and following centuries, certain special privileges of jurisdiction and of exemption were claimed by the clergy. On this point really turned the great contest between Thomas-à-Becket and Henry II. King John's Charter confirmed to the clergy the right to be tried only in Ecclesiastical courts, and not in those of the Crown. The concession of these, and of still greater privileges which that Savoyard prelate Boniface secured, seemed to necessitate places of confinement in the several dioceses for immoral or refractory clerks, and thus it came to pass that prisons were introduced into Episcopal palaces. That such existed in Lambeth before the days of Chicheley and the Water Tower, is clear; for it is recorded in Arundel's Register that he summoned before him a married chaplain '*de carceribus infra manerium suum apud Lambeth*.'\* The necessity of such places for punishment can hardly be questioned when we read a state-

\* Against whom it was proved that he travelled the country under the pretence of being a Chaplain to the Archbishop, and a licensed preacher, yet had a concubine in his company.



ment of Archbishop Bouchier, some years later, as to the character, not heretical so much as immoral, of the clergy of his time. He describes them as 'wholly destitute both of literature and of capacity, as profligate as they were ignorant, neglecting their cures, spending their time strolling about the country in the company of loose characters, and their incomes in feasting, drinking, and other excesses.' This is a testimony, be it remembered, all the more weighty that it is not the envenomed utterance of a Lollard, or the charge of an infuriated adversary, but the sober, sad admission of the chief ruler of the English Church of that day.

With the bitter theological rancour which marked the fifteenth century—to be revived for a few years in the course of the following ones—it is perhaps little to be wondered at, if such Episcopal prisons and cells became too often places of torture. We shall show that even Lambeth was not altogether free of the blood of its victims; but it may, we think, be safely asserted that Lollards were not among the number, and that the name of the 'Lollards' Tower' cannot, with any justice, be applied to this building. No less an authority than Dean Hook has pronounced it to be a *misnomer*. Dr. Maitland, in his 'Essays on the Reformation,' has recorded his opinion that the name 'has been only in recent times, and quite improperly, applied to one of the towers of Lambeth Palace.' Such an assertion may surprise many of our readers, who have accepted without hesitation, and regarded as one of the most precious verities of Lambeth tradition, the existence of the 'Lollards' Tower.'

It should be borne in mind that there is a marked difference between the spirit of Lollardism and that of Wickliffism. The former, despite the assertions of Mosheim and his school to the contrary, was of foreign extraction, owing its existence to the zeal of one Peter Lolhard, who suffered at Cologne in the year 1321; the latter was essentially of home growth, intensely Anglican: the one was a disaffected political agitation, the other a loyal religious reform. Again, Wickliffe was not born until two years after Peter Lolhard had suffered, and cannot be held responsible for the opinions really existing in England before his time. Their respective followers, indeed, seem for many years to have run side by side in parallel lines; but they were as widely different in the spirit of their tenets as they were distinct in their origin: and, although on some points circumstances seem to have brought them so nearly together—as for instance when the Lollards of London followed Wickliffe into Lambeth Chapel—that contemporary writers, being chiefly Papists, not unfrequently confounded the two bodies and used the two names promiscuously,

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yet it were a wrong indeed to the memory of John Wickliffe, the loyal and true, to make him responsible for the open rebellion which so often marked the Lollard agitation. It is, then, of the Lollards as distinct from the Wickliffites that we would now speak. It was not merely to shake off the thralldom of Rome, and to overthrow the whole Romish system then prevalent in England, though such were the avowed principles on which they started; it was to undermine all authority in the realm, and to destroy all order, that they agitated; and when they suffered, even though their doom was the stake, it was really as rebels though nominally as heretics.

The Lollard period is, strictly speaking, confined to the latter half of the fourteenth and the early part of the fifteenth centuries, and the severity of their persecution was during the Episcopate of Arundel. He inaugurated the reign of his protégé and patron, Henry IV., by the Statute for legalizing the burning of heretics, A.D. 1401; but he threw on the secular powers the execution of the sentence passed by the Church courts.

That year saw the first victims suffer, and marks the commencement of a persecution which has cast a shadow on Arundel's name; and yet, from Palace records and current histories, he seems to have kept Lambeth clear of the stain of blood. The great majority of the Lollard victims, like William Sautree and Thomas Bradbee, were tried before him at St. Paul's, and suffered at Smithfield. A more noteworthy victim, William Thorpe, of Shrewsbury, a man distinguished for learning and ability, was arraigned before Arundel at Saltwood Castle; and within the dungeon-depths of that stronghold were hidden all traces of his end. So too, with regard to the most conspicuous of his victims, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, the champion and hero of his party, Lambeth does not appear to have been the scene of any of the episodes of that prolonged mental torture, and those personal insults, to which he was subjected. Despite the early friendship of Henry V., which long shielded the brave knight, Arundel was resolved to reach him, and in the end succeeded. Yet his tribunal was at St. Paul's; his prison was the Tower of London; from whence his escape was generally thought to have been made with the connivance of friendly authorities. For some years he eluded his pursuers; and, though every conspiracy during that age of plots—now in Wales, now in Scotland, now in London itself, in fact anywhere—was laid to his charge, yet his direct complicity in any one of them was never established. He was captured in 1417, but, as the suspicions of his later career removed him from the Church's tribunals, Archbishop Chicheley, who had succeeded Arundel, was powerless to befriend him,

him, and he suffered the double death of the gallows and the stake, on the assumption of his being both a traitor and a heretic.

Of Archbishop Chicheley's actual dealing with Lollards, history really says very little. In his remote Welsh see of St. David's he was not likely to be brought into contact with them; nor does his name appear as having taken part in any of the great trials in London during his occasional attendances upon the King; and when he was raised to the Primacy, he undoubtedly appears to have laid himself open to a lack of zeal in carrying out the then prevalent system of persecution against the Lollards. Indeed, Pope Martin V. seems to have frowned 'right pontifically' upon him, charging him with being sleepy and negligent, and, indeed, rebuking him for supposed laxness in the cause of the faith,—all tending to prove that the chivalrous munificent Chicheley, who built that Tower, was moved by no persecuting spirit. Dean Hook says that, though 'not a Luther, his great desire was to correct abuses in the Church.' Indeed it is recorded of him that, while his predecessor Arundel had obtained the Statute which legalized the burning of heretics, Chicheley was instrumental in passing one by which, in a great number of cases, imprisonment, flogging, and other modes of punishment were substituted for the fires of Smithfield; thus tempering with mercy what in those days was, unhappily, regarded as justice and duty. Nor must it be forgotten, that the concurrent testimony of historians of that day is to the effect that, as persecution slackened, the Lollard cause flagged, and, in the words of Dean Hook, 'before the close of Chicheley's episcopate, Lollardism as a faction had become politically insignificant.'\*

From the times of Chicheley to those of Cardinal Morton little was heard of religious persecution; nor did Cardinal Morton's energy lie in that direction; the aim of his life seems to have been the improvement of the material fabric of the Church, or rather of the Archiepiscopal residences. As Bishop Blomfield used to say of Archbishop Howley, that wherever he went he *edified* the Church, for Oxford, London, and Lambeth bear witness to his building zeal, so did Morton beautify and enlarge Manor-

\* Such a view, too, divests that opening in the floor of the upper chamber of Chicheley's Tower of the mysterious horrors of an *oubliette*, with which credulous tradition has associated it, and suggests for it a far more ordinary use; and also divests of the horrors of a 'flogging post,' as the symbol of Chicheley's 'flogging act,' the great central spar that props up the ceiling of the Post Room, which was clearly a mere support of a failing beam, introduced probably about one hundred and fifty years ago, and representing the early Georgian style of art rather than the taste of Chicheley.

house and Palace ; and with such works is his name associated, rather than with acts of intolerance.

Archbishop Warham's episcopate, following on Morton's, was not without its signs of the change which was coming over the nation. With it began the revival of literature in England, of which he was himself the *Mæcenas*. Burnet tells us that its earlier years were marked by severe measures against the 'new opinions;' that many of both sexes were summoned to Lambeth on suspicion, and, while several abjured their heretical views, submitted to the required penance, and were absolved, some remained firm, and were sentenced, and handed over to the civil power: but no record is forthcoming of their sentences having been carried out, nor do their names appear in old John Fox's death-roll. It may be that mercy prevailed even in their cases, as it undoubtedly did towards the close of Warham's life (A.D. 1531). Hugh Latimer himself was summoned to Lambeth, and excommunication was pronounced upon him for a supposed act of contumacy, and he was ordered by Archbishop Warham to 'remain in safe custody in his manor of Lambeth,' but he suffered neither confinement nor insult; while Erasmus was hospitably received and benefited by the Primate.\* To the strength of that friendship, and the value of that protection, the best and the most graceful testimony will be found in the memorable dedication by Erasmus of his '*Jerome*' to Archbishop Warham.

His successor, Archbishop Cranmer, from the first marked his episcopate by still greater toleration, even though the '*Sacramentarian heretics*,' as he called them, were but in ill favour with Henry VIII. Lambeth Palace offered a safe retreat to Peter Martyr and to Martin Bucer; and even prisoners sent here by the capricious and arbitrary King found gentle treatment. For instance, after the battle of Solway Moss, in 1542, several of the prisoners were consigned to Lambeth; notably the Earl of Cassilis, on whom the arguments and influence of Cranmer are believed to have had such an effect that, on his liberation after the death of Henry VIII., he returned to the North, and was influential in spreading the Reformed opinions throughout Scotland.

The death of Henry VIII. brought freedom for a time to Hugh Latimer; but he would not resume his episcopal functions at Worcester, preferring to live privately, and to preach as occasion or opportunity offered, with Lambeth as his home, until he was again imprisoned, his friend Cranmer being now his companion in the Tower, on the accession of Queen Mary.

\* Erasmus was presented by him to the Rectory of Aldington.

Nor is there any historical proof that, even during that reign of blood, Lambeth itself received within its prison-walls any of the many brave representatives of the revived Wickliffism of the sixteenth century. Of the 288 victims during its barely four years, a very large proportion belonged to the diocese of London. The fires of Smithfield, kindled by the bigoted zeal of Gardiner, were freely supplied with victims by the cruel remorseless Bonner. The pages of good old John Fox's 'Book of Martyrs' present an appalling bede-roll; yet the vast majority of them, he says, were assigned to the Tower, Newgate, the Fleet, the King's Bench, and the Marshalsea. And nowhere is Lambeth Palace mentioned by him as having received any.

A Lollards' Tower undoubtedly existed; a place was known by that name as one of very evil repute. Good Hugh Latimer had said that 'he had rather be in purgatory than lie in Lollards' Tower.' Another noble victim of that persecution, John Philpot, when, at the close of one of his examinations, he was remanded, and ordered to 'lie meanwhile in Lollards' Tower,' exclaimed, 'If I were a dog, you could not appoint me a more vile or worse place.' Again, three prisoners were said to have 'fallen sick in Lollards' Tower, and were removed into sundry houses in London.' Clearly, then, there existed a place known by that name; but was it at Lambeth Palace? The answer may be unhesitatingly given that it was not. In a later portion of Fox's account of the examination of John Philpot it is said that, instead of his being removed to Lollards' Tower, he was consigned for the time to 'my Lord of London's coal-house.' It goes on to say that, after being kept there for many days, he was eventually removed to the Lollards' Tower; and he thus describes his journey thither:—'I passed through Pauls up to Lollards' Tower, and, after that, turned along the west side of Pauls, through the wall, and, passing through six or seven doors, came to my lodging through many straits. It is in a Tower right on the other side of Lollards' Tower, as high almost as the battlements of Pauls.'

It is clear, then, that the Lollards' Tower, associated with the memories of that reign of blood, was not the building now known by that name at Lambeth Palace. And probably the confounding of the two localities arose thus. Like the recoil of the over-bent bow, religious feeling, after the strain it had undergone during the later years of James II.'s reign, sprang back with unreasoning frenzy. The reaction from the dreaded revival of Romish persecution, so mercifully averted by his abdication, threw the nation into ecstasies of Protestant freedom. Every memento of Papal tyranny and oppression was revelled over with

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with morbid delight. The Great Fire had just swept away all trace of Old London House, of Bonner's Inquisition Hall and dungeons, with Old Saint Paul's; but the traditions of a 'Lollards' Tower' remained; and, as attached to Chicheley's Tower were some rooms which had been undoubtedly used as prisons, it needed but a slight effort of the popular imagination, risen to fever heat, to transfer to Lambeth without thought or scruple all the obloquy of a Lollards' Tower at London House.

The contrast in the characters of the then Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London tends to confirm this view. For, as compared with Bonner, Cardinal Pole was clearly a man of gentle nature, and, for a Romanist, of tolerant spirit. Fox thus quaintly marks the difference: 'As Winchester and Bonner did always thirst after the blood of the living, so Pole's lightening was for the most part kindled against the dead;\* and he reserved this charge only to himself. I know not for what purpose, except peradventure, being loath to be so cruel as the others, he thought nevertheless to discharge his duty towards the Pope.' So gentle seemed his nature, that though a nominee of Julius III. and Queen Mary, he needed urging on in his attacks even on the unconscious dead.†

It is refreshing to turn from such records of Romish persecution to instances of Reforming toleration, of which Lambeth Palace was the undoubted scene. History enables us to invest the place with many touching associations of this character. Following upon Cardinal Pole, Archbishop Parker, the large-hearted and the tolerant, rejoiced in an Elizabeth, under whom, and in hearty co-operation with her, he could give full play to his benevolent spirit. The dwelling apartments, and not the prison cells, of Lambeth Palace received under him, in the form of honourable captivity—if captivity it could be called—more than one of the prelates who remained so far true to their Romish convictions as to refuse the oath of supremacy to the Reformer Queen. Here lived, not only Dr. Boxall, the favourite physician of Queen Mary, but also Thomas Thirleby, the first and the last Bishop of Westminster; here, too, for above ten

\* Some memorable instances of this *post mortem* zeal are recorded. Not to mention the case of John Wickliffe, the bodies of Martin Bucer and Paulus Fagius, and of the wife of Peter Martyr, were exhumed and burnt by his orders, but on the authority of a Papal mandate.

† There is something almost ludicrous in the form which this zeal assumed in the case of one John Tooty, who 'was condemned for felony, and died very obstinately, professing at the time of his death sundry heretical and erroneous opinions.' By order of the Council, instigated by Gardiner and Bonner, who said it was impossible to allow so flagrant an example of perverseness to pass uncondemned, Cardinal Pole was required 'solemnly to pronounce the sentence of excommunication against the dead man.'



years, Cuthbert Tunstall, the deposed Bishop of Durham, of whom Sir Thomas More has said that he 'was surpassed by no man in erudition, virtue, and amiability.' These men, and probably others with them of less note, were honoured guests of Archbishop Parker, enjoying for the remainder of their lives the retirement and security of Lambeth Palace; here they ended their days in peace; and were buried in the adjoining Parish Church. Here, too, according to Dugdale, several Nobles of the land, not objects of the Queen's toleration and pity, but the victims of her caprice, her wounded vanity, or her suspicions, found temporary lodgement: among others, the luckless Earl of Essex, previous to his confinement in the Tower, the Earl of Southampton, Lord Stourton, and Henry Howard, brother of the Duke of Norfolk.

Yet, as has been said, these Lambeth prisons were not without their unhappy inmates. While there is no record of Lollards ever having been of the number, there is evidence which cannot be doubted that the middle of the seventeenth century saw these cells crowded with victims—not the Lollard victims of Papal persecution and tyranny, but men whose loyalty to Church and Crown drew down upon their heads the remorseless vengeance of a revived Lollardism, for a brief space permitted to triumph in the persons of Puritans and their allies. Lambeth House, rendered vacant by the deposition and subsequent execution of Archbishop Laud, lying 'empty and convenient,' answered their purpose; the Puritan majority in Parliament, who with iron hand and bloody foot ruled the land, appropriated it. The year 1643 opened with an Order that Lambeth House should be turned into a prison: an unsuccessful rising of Royalists at Winchester and Southampton had supplied prisoners; and two days after the passing of the Order the first batch was consigned thither. Their names appear on a MS. Order still preserved in the Library of the House of Lords. Nor were these the only victims; a large body of dispossessed clergy, especially from the West of England, were undoubtedly incarcerated within these walls.

Among those who are known to have been inmates of this prison, during the memorable period that followed, was Dr. Guy Carleton, whom the 'triers' had ejected from his living of Bucklersbury, in Berkshire, and treated with great severity in the Lambeth prison. There is something almost romantic in the circumstances of his escape. His wife conveyed to him a rope, and arranged that a boat should be ready alongside the Water Tower to convey him away; but the rope proved too short. Having descended to its utmost length, he let go, hoping

hoping that he might be within easy reach of the ground, but the distance was considerable; a fracture and a dislocation of his legs was the result of the fall. With great effort he dragged himself to the boat's side, and was conveyed away to a place of concealment; his poor wife being compelled to sell her very clothing, and to undertake daily labour, in order to provide for his daily needs. Eventually he escaped to France, and returned at the Restoration, and his loyalty was soon rewarded by the Bishopric of Bristol and subsequently that of Chichester.

Dr. Allestry, a divine of eminence, was also imprisoned here, and sank under the cruelties inflicted on him; while the Registers of the Parish Church close by tell the tale of officers and others buried in the churchyard, against whose names it is written, that they were 'prisoners in Lambeth House.' So that the names, the emblems, and the prayers, which appear on the old prison walls, may after all have belonged, and most probably did belong, to Royalists, and not to Lollards.

Nor must we omit to notice the internal evidence in favour of such a view. The character of the writing, the Latin sentences, the monogram of the Saviour's name, 'I.H.S.,' in various forms, all indicate an amount of education and knowledge, as well as a line of thought, very different from that ordinarily ascribed to the Lollards; while the free flourishing style of many of the inscriptions clearly belongs to the seventeenth rather than the sixteenth century.

To return to the Post Room: on the east side is the entrance into the Chapel; but, before passing in, it will be well to describe the Crypt or under-chapel. This Crypt, with its boldly-groined roof, was no doubt of a date anterior to the Chapel itself, and was probably used for religious services before the Chapel above had been completed. This Crypt is not without its sad memories.

Here stood the unhappy Anne Boleyn on the 17th May, 1536, the day after sentence had been passed upon her in the Tower by the packed tribunal bound to condemn her to death; suddenly summoned 'on the salvation of her soul' (so in mockery the summons ran) to appear before Archbishop Cranmer, himself no less suddenly summoned from his retirement at Oxford. That gloomy Crypt, then capacious enough for the purpose, was a fitting scene for such a deed of darkness.

Cranmer was required to extort from the now fallen friendless young Queen a confession that she had been previously betrothed to Lord Percy, the object of her girlish affection, and that, therefore, her after-marriage with the King was invalid. Such a confession might, it was suggested, save her the terrible

death of being burned as an adulteress—might perhaps even save her life, and possibly the lives of her beloved brother and the noble gentlemen doomed on her behalf. Under such persuasion, life or death hanging in the balance, the confession, a conscious falsehood, was uttered. In vain did she thus abandon her own rights as a wife, and her daughter's as a Queen. In that Crypt Cranmer pronounced the dread judgment that her marriage was invalid; and she, for whom he avowed to the King that he bore special love, passed from his presence up the stone steps into the Post Room, thence down the stairs of the Water Tower, there entered her barge, and was stealthily and in silence borne down the stream to her prison, to hear, as she floated along, the death-knell of the victims she had hoped to save, and three days after herself to follow them to the block.

Far different is the present appearance of the Crypt. From its proximity to the river and the nature of the soil, it has, no doubt, been always liable to the influx of water at high tide: gravel and other materials have been constantly thrown in to raise the floor, which has gradually risen higher and higher, until it reaches at present within a few inches of the spring of the arches, and has thus become unfitted for use, save perhaps for its present purpose of a cellar.

In the east wall of the Post Room is the entrance into the Chapel itself, through a doorway of striking character, and of no ordinary construction. This was, no doubt, originally the main entrance from a raised terrace. A semicircular arch, with mouldings belonging to the earliest English period, embraces two cusped arches, each closed by a massive oaken door. This archway deserves notice: the jambs contain a row of four columns, of which the capitals and projecting limbs, bonding the whole into the main wall of the building, are each cut *en bloc* out of a single slab of Purbeck marble; as also are their bases. Such is the construction on either jamb, while a cluster of three Purbeck shafts, similarly grouped, rising between, divides the two lesser arches. As in the doorway, so in the Chapel generally, the original materials have been for the most part preserved: the Purbeck marble shafts are perfect.

The Chapel is 72 feet long by 25 feet broad, divided into four bays of triplet lancets on either side, very deeply splayed, and relieved by shafts of Purbeck marble; the most western bay being partitioned off by a screen to form an *atrium*, or antechapel. The east end is filled by a graduated row of five lancets, each with its Purbeck shafts. A similar group of five lights originally formed the western end over the entrance door. Here, then,

then, is clearly a building dating at the latest from the middle of the thirteenth century. Matthew Paris, in his account of Archbishop Boniface's escape after the uproar at St. Bartholomew's Priory, mentions his reaching Lambeth House in his barge, and causing the sentence against the Bishop of London and the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's 'to be legally executed in the Chapel.' This was in 1216. In 1280 the chapel needed repairs, as is recorded in Archbishop Peckham's Register, which shows that it must have already existed for some years; while an entry in Archbishop Arundel's Register mentions the consecration of a new altar in the Palace Chapel in the year 1407.

Accepting then the middle of the thirteenth century as the date of the Chapel, we pass on to notice briefly the changes that the building has undergone. When Archbishop Chicheley erected his Tower, nearly 100 years later, and built it against the western wall of the Chapel, he necessarily closed up the five lights at that end; but he left the splays and shafts untouched; while in the central lancet he left an opening to serve as a hagioscope for the use of the inmates of the Tower. Some three centuries later this opening was filled up, and a small bay window was substituted for the hagioscope (which had gone out of date) by Archbishop Juxon, as his arms, on the shield borne by the angel supporting the window, proclaim.

The Chapel found in Archbishop Morton its most liberal beautifier. He filled all the windows with stained glass, probably of the richest which the later years of the fifteenth century, so rich in that art, could produce. According to Archbishop Laud's account, they told the whole story from the creation of man to the day of judgment, the two side lights containing the types of the Old Testament, and the middle light the Antitype or Verity of Christ in the New.\* But when Laud came to the See he found, to use his own words, those goodly windows 'shameful to look on, all diversely patched, like a poor beggar's coat.' He immediately entered upon the pious work of reparation; a work which indeed furnished one of the grave charges brought against him by his Puritan enemies, that he had restored the superstitious imagery from an illuminated mass-book, which he had in reality taken from the '*Biblia Pauperum*;' that he had introduced a crucifix in the east window,

\* While these sheets are passing through the press, through the liberality of Archbishop Tait and his family and friends, the work of replacing in these windows their original subjects is rapidly advancing, under the hands of Messrs. Clayton and Bell.

which was probably nothing more than the representation of the Crucifixion. In vain did he affirm that he had done nothing more than restore the original design; his enemies were only too eager to convict and condemn him; and when a few years after they had succeeded in sacrificing him, and gaining possession of his palace, they wreaked their wanton unreasoning vengeance on those beautiful works of art, those memorials of a piety they could not understand, until not a fragment remained; as Dr. Ducarel observes, 'under the pretence of abhorring idols they made no scruple of committing sacrilege.'

The history of the roof of the Chapel it is not so easy to trace. Before the alterations in 1846, a flat panelled ceiling covered the whole, just above the lancet windows: in several of the eastern panels appeared the arms of Archbishop Laud, as they do also in many other parts of the Chapel. It has been often thought that this must have been a substitution for a richly-groined high-pitched roof; but we look in vain for any record of such ornament in the Register of the See, or indeed anywhere else; nor is there any indication on the east face of Chicheley's Tower that a high-pitched roof ever existed. The leads seem to have been always at their present level; and they were very probably used by the occupants of the Water Tower for the purpose of air and exercise.

Mention has been made of the screen at the western end; one would seem to have formed part of the original design. But, like the windows, Archbishop Laud found it in sad disrepair; 'lying nastily,' as he says. He replaced it by the one still standing, which, despite its utter want of harmony with the general features of the building, may in massive character and elaborateness of carving fairly rank among the best specimens of the Caroline age. On the decanal side, the Archbishop's stall also contains some rich carving. A panelling, less elaborate, but corresponding in height and general character, and apparently of a later date, ran along each of the side walls, blocking up the lower portion of the windows. This was removed, and low stalls introduced, in 1846.

Many and memorable are the events connected with this Chapel. Among the earliest of them is one very noteworthy in the history of the Church of England: here, in April 1378—just five hundred years ago—stood John Wickliffe before Archbishop Sudbury, arraigned for heretical teaching on the crucial subject of transubstantiation. Once before, Wickliffe had appeared before Sudbury; then it was at St. Paul's Cathedral; then,

then, too, John of Gaunt and Lord Percy, Earl Marshal of England, had stood by his side as his friends and champions, for he denounced the basely-gained and ill-spent wealth of the monastic houses. But not so now in Lambeth Chapel, where the charges laid against him referred to what was at that time regarded as the foundation of all Catholic doctrine : now neither Prince nor Noble stood with him : yet all men did not forsake him. That little Chapel was the scene of a demonstration even more significant : a crowd of Lollard citizens, hearing of his danger, had flocked to Lambeth, and as a self-constituted body-guard had forced their way into the very Chapel. The Primate and his assessor-Bishops were in consternation : the throng could not be ejected ; they would not be silenced. At the height of the Archbishop's perplexity, a new and even more formidable intruder presented himself—Sir Lewis Clifford, a very *Deus ex machinâ*, bearing a mandate from the Queen-Mother, forbidding sentence to be passed upon the brave Reformer. At the sight of him, in the quaint language of old Fox, 'they were so amazed, and their coombes so cut, that they became mute and speechless.' Thus Wickliffe escaped a second time from the hands of his enemies ; the meshes of the net in which they regarded him as hopelessly entangled were thus cut asunder, and he walked out of Lambeth Chapel uncondemned and unhurt.

Here, too, twenty years after, one William Taylor, a priest, who had been accused of heresy before Archbishop Arundel, read his recantation and received absolution, kneeling at the feet of Archbishop Chicheley ; though within a year he was again arraigned on the same charge before Bishop Courtenay of London, and suffered at Smithfield.

Lambeth Chapel was also the scene of another incident, of perhaps more historical value than any already mentioned. When the See of Canterbury and the Throne became vacant, within a few hours of each other, by the deaths of Cardinal Pole and Queen Mary, one of Elizabeth's first thoughts was to secure for that high post Dr. Matthew Parker, whom she held in loving remembrance as the chaplain and comforter of her murdered mother. He had remained comparatively unnoticed, except for his learning, in the University of Cambridge, during the reign of Edward VI. He had perhaps too little in common with the progressive zeal of the foreign Reformers, who then endangered the very foundations of the English Church ; and during the following reign of blood his safety lay in concealment. But Queen Elizabeth at once singled him out, and promoted him to the vacant chair of Canterbury, to which  
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he was consecrated in the year 1559. A full account of that consecration is to be found, not only in 'The Lambeth Register,' but in a MS. account in the Archbishop's own handwriting, which is preserved in the Library of Corpus Christi College. It is there recorded that he was consecrated *in Sacello suo apud Manerium suum de Lambeth*; and that, the sermon ended, he passed through the north door into the vestry—*per Borealem portam in vestiarium*—from whence, when duly vested by his chaplains, he returned into the Chapel to receive the Holy Communion. The circumstantiality and accuracy of description of the locality—for that room at the north-east of the Chapel, already described as the lower storey of Cranmer's Tower, still remains, and is to this day used as a vestry—is surely refutation enough of that unscrupulous after-thought fabricated by the Romanists, who represent Parker's consecration as having been irregularly performed at the Nag's Head Inn, Cheapside. A striking coincidence this, that on the very spot where, nearly two centuries before, John Wickliffe had confronted Sudbury, Matthew Parker's consecration inaugurated the principles of the Reformation for which the old Reformer had been in peril.

And still closer are the associations of this chapel with the after life of Parker than with any of those who preceded or followed him in the See. Nearly all his predecessors had been buried with much pomp in their grand metropolitan cathedral of Canterbury, their graves marked with costly tombs, rich in architecture and heraldic blazonry: it was his special desire that his corpse should find its resting-place within this peaceful Chapel. Here, in the south-east corner, it was his daily wont to retire for prayer; and here, near the very spot where he had so often knelt, was an altar-tomb erected, even during his lifetime, under which his body might be laid when his soul had returned to God who gave it.

After Parker came, in succession, Grindal, Whitgift, Bancroft, and Abbot, with episcopates comparatively peaceful, yet really pregnant with troubles and convulsions. Nor was this little Chapel unconnected with the stirring events that were to follow. Here, on the 18th December, 1640, Laud, who had been hurried away to make his first appearance before the Council, then sitting at Whitehall, returned for a brief visit to his home, but in custody of the Serjeant-at-arms: it was the hour of evensong, and he remained to join in it. It was his last act of worship in this Chapel: the Psalms (xciii. and xciv.), and the Lesson (Isaiah l.) for the day, while, as he himself said, they poured consolation  
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into his heart, seemed to sound an ominous note of warning on his ear; and he passed away to the Tower, thus bidding, as it proved, a long farewell to Lambeth and all its treasures.

Fifty years after, on Whitsunday, 1691, the very day on which his successor, Tillotson, was being consecrated at St. Marylebone, Sancroft used this Chapel for a very different service. Here in the sullenness of an imagined wrong, having gathered around him kindred and sympathising spirits, he closed his connection with Lambeth by the attempt to inaugurate a great schism, the bonding together, in the most solemn Eucharistic rite, men pledged to organize an independent Church; a vain and short-lived exhibition of a melancholy perversion of judgment. And in this Chapel, three short years after, Tillotson received his death-stroke of palsy, only lingering for five days, almost speechless.

But between that last evening of Laud's and that first 'Non-juror' communion of Sancroft's, troublous times had intervened; a flood of sedition had swept over the land; Lambeth and its Chapel had witnessed what fanatical and unbridled licence, in the name and under the garb of religion, could effect; and the Chapel retains its memorial of those sad times.

Laud had fallen, the victim of personal hatred even more than of religious suspicion: his Royal master too had fallen. Lambeth House had been seized by the Puritan Parliament, and sold to two of their unscrupulous minions, Thomas Scot and Matthew Hardy. The Great Hall had been levelled with the ground and the materials sold; the beautiful windows of the Chapel had been demolished. How the screen, the work of the man they especially hated, escaped the ruthless hands of the spoilers—what withheld them from cutting down his beautiful carved work with axes and hammers—is truly a marvel, especially when it is remembered that with flagrant inconsistency these Puritan zealots turned this house of prayer into a dancing-room! There stood Parker's tomb, staring them in the face: was it because its presence checked their mirth and revelry? was it as a relic of a hated Episcopacy? or was it under the recollection that he whose bones lay beneath it had stedfastly resisted the attempted innovations of certain foreign Reformers, reverent minded men at least, though extravagant in their zeal—that these, their spurious descendants, with sacrilegious hands, broke open the tomb, removed and sold the leaden coffin, and cast the bones of the deceased Archbishop upon the dunghill? Happily for Lambeth Chapel, happily for England, theirs was but a short tenure of power. Twelve years after, the Throne and the See were again filled; Lambeth Chapel was purified, and to some extent

extent restored; the grey stone slabs and the granite top which composed the tomb were again brought together and placed in the ante-chapel; under the authority of an Order in Council, the desecrators of the sanctuary and the disturbers of the dead were compelled to gather up the bones out of the dunghill, which were reverently encased and buried in the middle of the Chapel, the spot being marked by a stone bearing the brief touching inscription here shown, while one inserted at the foot of the cenotaph tells its tale at greater length.



Though Parker's was the first, and has remained the only burial within the Chapel, several of the Archbishops have closed their lives in the Palace. First of those, whose deaths are recorded as having taken place here, was Thomas Bradwardine, in 1349; next in order, William Wittlesey, in 1374; John Kempe, in 1453; then Henry Dene, in 1502; Cardinal Pole, in 1558 (aged 58); Matthew Parker, in 1570 (72); John Whitgift, in 1603 (73); Richard Bancroft, in 1610 (67); William Juxon, in 1663 (81); George Sheldon, in 1677 (80); John Tillotson, in 1694 (65); Thomas Tenison, in 1715 (79); William Wake, in 1736 (79); John Potter, in 1747 (75); Thomas Secker, in 1768 (75); Frederic Cornwallis, in 1783 (70); John Moore, in 1805 (74); Charles Manners Sutton, in 1828 (73); William Howley, in 1848 (81); John Bird Sumner, in 1862 (78); and Charles Thomas Longley, in 1868 (75).

Lambeth has not been without its Cardinals. Constant as were the struggles between the Papacy and the English Crown, and frequent as were the endeavours of the English Episcopate, while willing to retain its connection with Rome, to enjoy an independence of action, the Church of this country formed too important a member of the body of Western Christendom not to receive frequent recognition from the Papacy. Thus we find that, while not unfrequently using York and Winchester as a counterpoise to Canterbury, Rome conferred its highest honours on four occupants of this See, in the persons of Archbishops Kempe, Bouchier, Morton, and Pole. Kilwardby is not included in this list, as he resigned the See on being made a Cardinal.

In times also when learning was so exceptional a gift, when the mere power of writing was so rare an accomplishment, it is not to be wondered at, that learning of a higher order, possessed almost exclusively by ecclesiastics, secured for them the highest offices of State, as well as seats on the Judicial bench. Yet it may not be generally known that, of the sixteen Archbishops

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who held the See during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, no less than eleven were Lord Chancellors: Walter Reynolds (or Reginald), John de Stratford, John Offord (or Ufford), Simon Langham, Simon Sudbury, William Courtney, Thomas Arundel (who was Chancellor five times), John Stafford, John Kempe (three times), Thomas Bouchier, and John Morton. Of these, Archbishop Kempe is conspicuous for the vicissitudes of his life; his chequered career has been thus tersely expressed in an hexameter line—

‘*Bis Primas, ter Præsul, erat bis Cardine functus,*’

to which, old Fuller says, was added—

‘*Et dixit legem bis Cancellarius Anglis;*’

while Archbishop Bouchier, with a seemingly marvellous pliancy of character and of conscience, which stood him in good stead during the shifting scenes of his episcopate, was Chancellor to Henry VI., and assisted at the coronations of Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII.

This combination of temporal dignity and power with spiritual functions, so valuable to the best interests of the country in those days of unconstitutional government, gave to the Primacy on many occasions the too often thankless, yet not unimportant, office of mediating between the Crown and the people, of reconciling conflicting interests and restoring harmony; and, though this function has been rarely exercised of late, it has left its unwritten record in the precedence assigned to the Primacy. The glory of such a position has naturally been reflected on the residence of the Archbishops. Thus it has come to pass, that Lambeth has been from time to time occasionally honoured by visits from Royalty itself. In the year 1345 Edward III. appears to have visited Archbishop Stratford, as it is recorded that John de Montfort, Duke of Brittany, did homage to the King in Lambeth Palace. Stow tells us that Henry Bolingbroke, while staying in his palace at Kennington, accepted the hospitality of Archbishop Bouchier, a few days before his coronation.

Such royal visits became more frequent during the sixteenth and following centuries. Henry VIII. deigned to accept the hospitality of Archbishop Warham in 1513, and here he created Charles Somerset Earl of Worcester. Thirty years after, he crossed over in his barge to Lambeth stairs, to give Archbishop Cranmer a friendly warning that Bishop Gardiner was intriguing against him. Queen Mary frequently visited her Cardinal kinsman, Reginald Pole, at the Palace which she had herself furnished

furnished for him; while Queen Elizabeth bestowed on her old friend Archbishop Parker many similar marks of favour, though her repugnance to the novelty of a married priesthood made her barely courteous to the Archbishop's wife. Archbishop Grindal soon fell into disfavour, and was never honoured by a visit from the Queen; but on Archbishop Whitgift's succeeding, she resumed her visits to Lambeth, and indeed extended them occasionally over a period of two or three days at a time. In 1694 Mary, the wife of William III., once held a long conference here with Archbishop Tillotson on grave matters of State.

One interview, though not with royalty, the memorial of which has been preserved in the name, which one walk in the garden long retained, of 'Clarendon's walk,' has become of historic note. The future Chancellor, then Edward Hyde, bent on making one great effort to check the onward course of Archbishop Laud, by which, as he foresaw, the Primate would make shipwreck of himself and perhaps of the Church, and finding him one morning walking alone in the garden, used every argument he could command to dissuade him from a course with which, as he assured the Primate, 'the people were universally discontented, and (which troubled him most) that every one spoke extreme ill of his Grace as the cause of all that was amiss.' But it was in vain; Archbishop Laud, in the depth of his convictions and his tenacity of purpose, based on a natural sternness and severity of disposition, showed that he was resolved to do all that he thought right, and if needs be to suffer all; and to this he adhered to the bitter end.

Nor must the presence of royalty in far other guise at the gateway of Lambeth Palace be passed over without notice. Here, on the night of December 9th, 1688, did Mary of Modena, the beautiful and noble but unfortunate spouse of James II., appear disguised as an Italian washerwoman, carrying under her arm, wrapped up to resemble a bundle of linen, her babe of six months old, the Prince of Wales, the future 'Pretender.' As she was flying from Whitehall for the coast, on the eve of the King's own flight, she had on that night of terrific wind and rain crossed the swollen and troubled waters of the Thames, from the Horseferry to Lambeth Stairs, in a small ferry-boat, as, says her chronicler (who was also her companion on the occasion), 'with only one frail plank between her and eternity.' She expected to find a coach to convey her to Gravesend, but no coach was ready, and she had to nestle with her child under the friendly shelter of the angle between Morton's Gateway and the Church Tower, until the coach was prepared and brought round  
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from the neighbouring hostelry of the 'Swan' (the archway of which still stands), and she was at length, and not without great risk, able to escape.

Our present gracious Queen has also been a visitor at Lambeth to Archbishops Howley, Sumner, and Longley, and the Prince of Wales to the present Primate. Thus has Lambeth seen not only England's Edwards and Henrys, but also Queens Mary I., Elizabeth, Mary II., Anne, and Victoria, as her guests; Anne Boleyn as a prisoner, and Mary of Modena as a fugitive.

From this digression, we return once more to the Chapel; for herein lies the crowning interest of this venerable pile. Who can stand here, in what has perhaps the appearance of little more than a 'household sanctuary,' without feeling that the ground he treads is holy ground, not merely in its dedication to holy uses, but in its memories of the past history of England's Church?

For some seven centuries it has been a *national shrine*. Here, under varying phases of religious opinion, under varying circumstances of sunshine and of storm, have knelt in prayer those who had risen to the highest offices in Church and State. Here have prayed, and from hence have gone forth, a Chicheley, a Morton, a Warham, a Parker, a Bancroft, a Tillotson, a Tenison, not to name many more. Here, too, have been felt the throbbings of a nation's pulse, when, in those momentous crises of England's history, the Reformation, the Rebellion, and the Revolution alike, from thence have gone forth to suffer—a Cranmer to the stake, a Laud to the block, a Sancroft into peaceful retirement, rather than sacrifice or prove false to what they believed to be God's truth.

Rich, too, is Lambeth Chapel in its memories of more peaceful events, in its records of consecrations solemnized within its walls.

In early days consecrations were held chiefly at Canterbury; some at Westminster, some at St. Paul's, apparently as it suited the convenience of the Primate or of the Court. All the Archbishops, from Alphege, in 984, to Thomas-à-Becket, 1162, were consecrated in Canterbury Cathedral, excepting Eadsige (A.D. 1035) at St. Martin's, Canterbury, and Stigand (1043) at Westminster. Becket's successor, Richard, through the unnatural antagonism of his Royal namesake to the wishes of his father, was consecrated abroad, at Anagni; while Stephen Langton at Viterbo, Boniface at Lyons, and John Peckham at Rome, were consecrated in each case by the then Pope, significantly of the rivalry between the Papacy and the English Crown. Baldwin, however, to whom the design of the Lambeth residence



residence was due, had been himself consecrated in the adjoining Parish Church; and no other Archbishop received consecration at Lambeth until John Morton, just 300 years after, when appointed to the See of Ely, 1480 (and translated to Canterbury in 1486). But from the days of Warham (1502), consecrations became very frequent; and, indeed, from his successor Cranmer's time till far into that of Sumner, Lambeth Chapel was the normal place for consecrations. On the Restoration, however, in consequence of the number to be consecrated to the vacant Sees, six at one time and seven at another, Archbishop Juxon availed himself of the greater spaciousness of Henry VII.'s Chapel. With a few other isolated exceptions, all the Bishops of the southern province were consecrated in Lambeth Chapel.\* Altogether between the times of Archbishops Warham and Sumner it has been the scene of nearly 500 consecrations.

Of late years—indeed ever since the memorable St. Bartholomew's Day, 1842, when, as the first fruits of the appeal of the preceding year on behalf of Colonial Bishopsrics, five bishops were sent forth, and on many later occasions, when, from the number to be consecrated, more accommodation was demanded, and greater publicity deemed desirable—Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, Canterbury, and Lambeth Parish Church, have been resorted to, reviving in the last case the ancient usage to meet the requirements of modern growth. Lambeth Chapel has thus fallen into disuse.

Yet let us dwell lovingly on the lingering memories of that sanctuary, which may still be regarded as the original centre of Anglican Church life. From hence issued the living energy of its Episcopacy; from hence radiated its light of Apostolic truth and order, now reflected back in revivifying life and light. At this moment what is passing there? Lambeth Chapel beholds a goodly array, not only of the Bishops of our own land, but of those who have been sent forth into all quarters of the globe to build up daughter Churches in the remotest regions of the earth. They are assembled within those walls so fraught with the memories of their Mother-Church's history, at the invitation and under the Presidency of one who, though a heavy cloud of domestic sorrow rest upon him, will worthily sustain the honour of his high office, of which he has always discharged the duties with a kindness, wisdom, and moderation that entitle him to the lasting gratitude of the English Church.

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\* The last occasion on which it was so used was as recently as 1870, when Dr. Parry was consecrated by Archbishop Tait as Suffragan of Dover.

ART. V.—1. *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole. Auxquelles sont jointes des Lettres de Madame du Deffand à Voltaire, etc. Nouvelle édition, augmentée des Extraits des Lettres d'Horace Walpole, etc., et précédée d'une Notice sur Madame du Deffand.* Par M. Thiers. Deux volumes. Paris, 1864.

2. *Correspondance complète de la Marquise du Deffand, avec ses Amis, etc., classée dans l'Ordre chronologique et précédée d'une Histoire de sa Vie, etc. etc.* Par M. de Lescure. Deux volumes. Paris, 1865.

3. *Correspondance complète de Mme. du Deffand avec la Duchesse de Choiseul, l'Abbé Barthélemy et M. Craufurt.* Publiée avec une Introduction par M. le Marquis de Sainte-Aulaire. Troisième édition, revue et considérablement augmentée. Trois volumes. Paris, 1877.

WE recently named Saint-Simon as a striking instance of a celebrity of whom little was popularly known in this country beyond the name. Madame du Deffand is another and still more striking instance. The reading public of England know next to nothing of her besides her connection and correspondence with Horace Walpole, forming a mere (if important) episode in the concluding years of her life. Yet that life is mixed up and associated with one of the most brilliant periods of the social and literary history of France. 'Born,' says M. de Lescure, 'in the reign (en plein règne) of Louis XIV., and, by virtue of a privilege of longevity, which she shares with Voltaire and the Marshal de Richelieu, dying under Louis XVI. at the moment when the curtain is beginning to rise on the scene of the Revolution, Madame du Deffand is—along with Voltaire for ideas, with Richelieu for manners—one of the most complete representatives of the eighteenth century, one of the most perfect moral and literary types, one of the most indispensable and agreeable witnesses to be heard.'

She lived on terms of intimacy with the most remarkable men and women of her time; and M. Thiers calls especial attention to the fact, that in her *salon* the men of rank were first brought in contact with the men of letters and lived with them on a perfect footing of equality. 'What distinguished the suppers of Madame du Deffand from the dinners of Madame Geoffrin, was the high rank of the majority of the guests. The "grands seigneurs philosophes" came to her to learn to deprecate the titles, the degrees, the prejudices—in a word, the classes, on which their existence depended. In the houses of Madame Geoffrin, of Baron d'Holbach, of Helvetius, the philo-

sophers

sophers were at home; at Madame du Deffand's they found themselves in the presence of those whose minds they led astray whilst preparing their ruin.' Add, that all foreigners of distinction eagerly sought admission to her circle, and we see at once why it is still traditionally regarded as the most brilliant that ever existed in Paris: which is tantamount to saying, in any European capital.

Her correspondence is proportionally rich in famous names: famous in courts, camps, academies, and drawing-rooms,—in or for art, science, philosophy, history, wit, beauty, accomplishment, and gallantry. And those were days when people thought it right to maintain such reputation as they might possess for talent or ability by their letters; indeed, to make their letters a help or stepping-stone to celebrity. We have been made only too familiar with the tricks by which Pope first contrived to bring *his* before the world; and Horace Walpole's most cherished hopes of immortality were obviously built upon the studiously polished and carefully copied epistolary compositions, the manuscripts (mostly autograph) of which may be seen as he left them at Strawberry Hill. His French contemporaries, with independent and recognized claims to distinction, were equally anxious to shine in this incidental and professedly unconscious way. D'Alembert took as much pains with his letters to Madame du Deffand as with his articles for the 'Encyclopédie'; and Voltaire lavishes on her sheet after sheet of wit, thought, fine observation, and profanity, worthy of 'Zadig' or 'Candide.'

Bearing in mind probably the Horatian maxim, '*difficile est proprie communia dicere*,' hardly one of her friends, learned or illustrious, condescends to common things or the common mode of expression: *coûte que coûte*, they must shine; and we are constantly reminded, by the eternal struggle after point, that they are denizens of a country where fame has been won by an epigram or placed on a firm footing by a *bon mot*. This adds materially to the piquancy of the collection, and to its value as an illustration of nationality. Madame de Genlis, who has left a vivid sketch of Madame du Deffand's *salon*, was struck by the light glancing tone of the conversation, and the rare introduction of grave topics: clearly not for lack of knowledge or ability. 'I remember,' writes Lord Bath (Pulteney), 'that one day the conversation fell upon our history of England. How confused and surprised at the same time was I to see that the persons composing the company knew all that history better than we knew it ourselves.'

A similar reflection on the want of grasp or depth will occur to the reader of the correspondence: who will look in vain for any glimpses of the historical future, any attempt to read the threatening

threatening signs of the political horizon, or any token<sup>s</sup> that the highest and most cultivated section of French society were seriously impressed by the proximity or lurid pretokens of the revolutionary tempest, till it broke upon them. They never looked below the surface whilst the ground was trembling beneath their feet; and we shall find them discussing questions of sentiment, or speculating on the best method of getting rid of *ennui*, as if graceful frivolity was the best of virtues, to be amused the most imperative of duties, and the grand problem to be solved how to get through the day without a yawn.

Madame du Deffand has been fortunate in her editors and biographers. Between them they have left nothing to be desired or done in the way of information or research; and, in our epitome of the known facts of her life, we need aim at little more than making a discriminating selection from the materials collected by them, especially by M. de Lescure and M. le Marquis de Sainte-Aulaire.

Marie de Vichy-Chamrond was born in 1697, a year after the death of Madame de Sévigné. In a letter to Walpole, dated December 25th, 1777, she writes: 'To-day is my birthday. I should never have believed that I should see the year 1777. What use have I made of so many years? It is pitiable. What have I acquired? what have I preserved?' She was then eighty. Her birth-place, like that of Homer, is unknown; or, like that of the Iron Duke, doubted and disputed: according to one authority, Auxerre; according to another, the Château of Chamrond, in the parish of Saint-Julien de Cray, now forming part of the arrondissement of Charolles (Saône-et-Loire). Her father, of an old Burgundian family, was Gaspar, Comte de Vichy-Chamrond, of whom nothing is recorded; her mother, Ann Brulard, daughter of the principal President of the Parliament of Burgundy. She had for godmother her maternal grandmother, Marie de Bouthillier de Chavigny, widow of the President Brulard, and wife by a second marriage of César-Auguste, father of Etienne-François, Duc de Choiseul: hence the pleasantries which are constantly recurring in her letters of giving the name of 'grand'maman' to the Duchesse de Choiseul, who was young enough to have been her granddaughter.

Left an orphan at an early age (the precise date is wanting), she was brought up at the convent of Madeleine de Traisnel, at Paris. M. de Lescure digresses to give an account of some of the convents of the same class, at which, the abbesses setting the example, the novices were quite as likely to learn the way to make love as the way to heaven. Hence probably the whim of the Duc de Richelieu, who had a portrait gallery of contemporary beauties, each attired in the costume of a *religieuse*. Certain it is, either  
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that small pains were taken to initiate Marie de Vichy-Chamrond in sound principles of religion and morality, or that they lamentably failed. 'One sometimes asks oneself,' was her reflection at sixty-three, 'if one would wish to return to such or such an age? Ah, I should not wish to become young again on condition of being brought up as I was brought up, to live only with the people with whom I have lived, and to have the sort of mind (*esprit*) and character that I have.' Whilst still a mere child she was a matured sceptic, and the spiritual directors who essayed to bring her back to the right path ran no slight risk of being perverted by, instead of converting her. One of these attempts is thus related by Chamfort:—

'Madame du Deffand, when a young girl and in a convent, was preaching irreligion to her little comrades. The abbess sent for Massillon, to whom the young girl stated her reasons. Massillon went away, saying, "She is charming." The abbess, who took the matter seriously, asked the bishop what book she should be made to read. He reflected a moment, and replied, "A five-sous Catechism." Nothing more could be got from him.'

She herself tells the story with a variation:—

'I remember that, in my youth, being at the convent, Madame de Luynes (her aunt) sent me the Father Massillon. My astonished genius trembled before his: it was not to the force of his reasons that I submitted, but to the importance of the reasoner.'

'Excellent advice,' exclaims M. de Sainte-Aulaire, 'which unluckily recalls the famous recipe for catching little birds by putting salt upon their tails.' We suspect that the prelate gave up her case as hopeless, which it proved; although, instead of taking the bold plunge to which her philosophic friends encouraged and invited her, she stood trembling and hesitating on the brink of disbelief to the last. As to the Catechism, she says: 'I was like Fontenelle; I was hardly ten years old when I began to understand nothing in it.' Once, after she had become blind, she desired the Epistles of St. Paul to be read aloud to her, and, impatient at the want of continuity in the reasoning, she interrupted the reader, exclaiming, 'Well, but do *you* understand anything in all that?' Given the circumstances, it is difficult to imagine a more deplorable state of mind.

It is told of her, what has also been told of another celebrated Frenchwoman—on *ne prête qu'aux riches*—that she objected to praying not to be led into temptation, on the ground that she had found temptation very pleasant. Another version is that she said she disliked praying to be made good, for fear she should be taken at her word.

Considering the freedom of her opinions, it is perhaps fortunate that nothing is recorded of her prior to her marriage, although

although this did not take place till she was twenty-one. It was arranged, as customary in her class, by her relatives or friends without consulting her inclinations, the essential point being that the connection should be suitable as regarded fortune and birth; and on the 2nd of August, 1718, she gave her hand to the Marquis du Deffand de la Lande, colonel of a regiment of Dragoons, and lieutenant-general of a district, &c. He was only eight years older, so that she had no reason to complain of disparity of years; but a graver disparity, that of character, taste, and modes of thought, was not long in manifesting itself. She is reported to have said of him: 'Il était aux petits soins pour déplaire.' 'Ennui,' was her frank confession, 'has been, and always will be, the cause of all my faults.' No wonder, therefore, that she soon got tired of a husband who was simply remarkable for dulness and respectability, and that she availed herself to the full of her privileges as a married woman to taste the long-coveted pleasures of the world.

The Parisian world was at its worst when she entered it. Deprivation of morals, contempt of principle, unrestrained licence of conduct, could not well be carried farther than they were carried under the Regency. The marriage tie was treated with undisguised ridicule; and the most flattering definition of a husband was, 'une espèce de parapluie social.' The intimate society of the Regent was almost entirely composed of profligates, male and female, and it is in this society that we find Madame du Deffand playing a prominent part within a year or two after her first appearance as a wife. The ladies who, one after the other, stood highest in their royal admirer's favour—Mesdames de Parabère, d'Averne, de Prie—were successively her friends. An entry in a contemporary journal (of Mathieu Marais), describing a *fête* at St. Cloud, runs: 'Madame d'Averne was there resplendent, with Madame du Deffand and another lady. Many others had refused to be seen at it.' A 'joyous orgy' given by Madame du Chatelet to five friends at a cabaret, is described by the valet de chambre who ordered it and brought in the dishes:—

'The supper began very late, and bore some resemblance to those of Tiberius in the island of Capri. The guests were Mesdames de Meuse, de Boufflers, du Deffand, de Grafigny, and de la Popelinière. These ladies sent their servants to supper, and remained at table till five in the morning, after which they got into their carriages, which were in waiting, and returned home.\*'

\* 'Voltaire et Madame du Chatelet: Révelations d'un Serviteur attaché à leur Personne, &c.' Paris, 1863.



Amongst other modes of dissipation by which she sought to baffle her constant persecutor, *ennui*, she tried play. 'The odious passion, that of play!' she wrote to Craufurd, who was the slave of it: 'I had it for three months: it detached me from everything; I thought of nothing else. It was *biribi* I was so fond of. I was shocked at myself, and cured myself of my madness.' It would seem from her manner of turning her dissipated acquaintances to account, that she was not solely actuated by the love of pleasure in seeking them. Marais sets down in his journal, under the date of Sept. 7, 1722, that she obtained from the Regent, 'by her intrigues, an annuity of six thousand livres, charged on the city, which are worth more than all the rest of her paper;' meaning, probably, her share in some of the bubble schemes then recently afloat, which were freely distributed amongst the Court ladies by the speculators. In a later entry of the same year he says: 'Her husband has thrown her off; he could no longer endure her gallantries with Fargis, *alias* Delrieu, son of the partisan Delrieu, of whom it was said that he had "*tant volé*" that he had thereby lost a wing. These are the people who have the favour of the Court, and our rents.'

When, after the death of her royal protector, Madame de Prie was exiled to Courbepine, in Normandy, 'she was accompanied,' remarks an historian of the Regency, 'by Madame du Deffand, her rival in beauty, in gallantry, and in malice. These two friends interchanged every morning couplets which they composed against each other. They had imagined nothing better to conjure away *ennui* than this amusement of vipers.' This is confirmed by Madame du Deffand, who in a letter to Walpole gives a specimen of her own share in this epigrammatic duel, which does not leave a high impression of its piquancy:—

'I had received from her a couplet on an air with the refrain *tout va cahin caha* (all goes so-so): she applied it to my taste. I sent her this couplet, which is absolutely in the style of the verses of Chapelain, author of "*La Pucelle*":—

Air: *Quand Moïse fit défense.*

'Quand mon goût au tien contraire,  
De Prie, te semble mauvais,  
De l'écrevisse et sa mère  
Tu rappelles le procès.

'Pour citer gens plus habiles,  
Nous voyons dans l'Évangile  
Que paille en l'œil du voisin  
Choque plus que pontre au sien.'

When Mrs. Warren, the widow of the blacking manufacturer  
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of once famous memory, was questioned about the authorship of the verses in praise of her merchandise, she proudly drew herself up and replied, 'We keeps a poet.' If a 'Notice historique' prefixed to an early edition of the 'Correspondance' may be trusted, Madame du Deffand had more than one poet in her train. 'Pieces in verse have often been attributed to her. I know none of which she is really the author. She addressed herself, as has been seen, to the muse of M. de Trémont; she had subsequently recourse to the complaisance of MM. Mar-montel, Saint-Lambert, La Harpe, &c. It is they who made the verses that she sent in her name. They ordinarily accom-ppanied those new year's gifts (*étrennes*) which she was in the habit of sending to some of her female friends.' This may be partially true at the times of which he speaks; but she possessed the gift or knack of rhyming with facility, and there is no reason to doubt that she was the author of the parody on the 'Inès de Castro' of Lamotte, which checked the popularity of that production in full career. M. de Lescure intimates that her parody was written to gratify Voltaire, with whom she appears to have struck up a friendship or alliance as early as 1722 or 1723; for in a letter of 1768, he writes, 'I have been attached to you for more than five-and-forty years.' In a letter (1725) to Madame de Bernière, at whose château, near Rouen, Madame du Deffand was staying, he writes, 'I fancy that you are having charming suppers;' and he parodies, applying to these ladies, who passed for *gourmandes*, the verses of Voiture to Anne of Austria:—

'Que vous étiez bien plus heureuse  
Lorsque vous étiez autrefois,  
Je ne veux pas dire *amoureuse*;  
La rime le veut toutefois.'

About the same time he addressed to the same lady (Madame de Bernière) the impromptu subscribed '*Fait chez vous*, January 8, after dinner:—

'Qui vous perd et qui vous attend  
Perd bientôt sa philosophie;  
Et tout sage avec du Deffand,  
Voudrait en fou passer sa vie.'

It would seem from this that Madame du Deffand's charm was of the more intellectual order; and if, at twenty-eight, she had given up intrigue for *gourmandise*, it may fairly be inferred that her imputed gallantries were more matters of custom and bad example, than of passion, sensibility, or heart. She fell in with the fashion: she was carried away in the vortex. It was computed, when her career began, that there were only three

women of her condition belonging to the Court circle who lived respectably with their husbands. It is no very severe reflection on her that she did not constitute a fourth. The attempt she made to re-establish conjugal relations, with its results, is related by Mademoiselle Aïsse, who, proof herself (in one remarkable instance) against strong temptation, was by no means disposed to impose the same self-denial on her friends. 'I have managed,' she writes, 'to bring Bertin acquainted with Madame du Deffand. She is handsome; she is full of grace: he finds her loveable. I hope he will begin with her a romance that will last him all his life.' Shortly afterwards she continues:—

'I wish to speak to you of Madame du Deffand. She had a violent desire to be reconciled to her husband. As she is clever, she justified this desire by very good reasons: she consequently acted on several occasions in a manner to render their reconciliation durable and becoming. Her grandmother dies, and leaves her four thousand livres a year. This improvement of her fortune afforded the means of offering her husband a more favourable condition than if she had been poor. She succeeded, as we foresaw. She was complimented on all sides. I could have wished that she had not been in such a hurry: a noviciate of six months was still necessary, to be naturally passed by her husband with his father. I had my reasons for giving her this advice; but as this good lady mingles *esprit*, or, more properly speaking, imagination, with everything, she so managed matters that the amorous husband broke off his journey and came to set up house with her, that is, to the extent of dining and supping; for as to living together, she would not hear of it for three months, to avoid all suspicion injurious to her or her husband. It was the finest friendship in the world during six weeks. At the end of this time she got tired of this mode of life, and resumed an extravagant aversion for her husband. Without abruptly breaking with him, she put on so despairing and desponding an air, that he adopted the step of returning to his father's. She took all imaginable measures to prevent his return. I plainly put before her all the infamy of the proceeding. She has done her best to move me, and bring me over to her reasons. I stood firm. I remained six weeks without seeing her. There is no sort of baseness that she has not resorted to to prevent me from abandoning her.'

This is preposterous. Mademoiselle Aïsse's position, little above that of a humble companion, renders the adoption of such a tone on her part improbable in the extreme; and the care Madame du Deffand took to guard her reputation shows that she had some worth caring for, instead of being, as her alleged friend goes on to represent her, entirely reckless of consequences:—

'The end of this miserable conduct is, that she cannot live with anybody. The good lady has thought of nothing but her inclinations,  
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and, without reflection, has judged a lover better than a husband. She remains the fable of the public, blamed by all the world, despised by her lover, shunned. She does not know how to set all this right. She throws herself at people's heads to make believe that she is not abandoned: this does not answer. She wears by turns a calm and an embarrassed air. This is her position, and the state of things between her and me.'

This account is obviously overcharged. The lover is thrown in as a make-weight; and a sufficient explanation of her conduct will be found in her inevitable tendency to *ennui*. We know as a fact that she never forfeited her place in society or lost caste. That soon afterwards she was the most welcome and petted guest at Sceaux, is a complete answer to the calumny. The presiding genius, the queen of this miniature Court, was the Duchess du Maine, the granddaughter of the great Condé, Louise-Bénédicté de Bourbon, 'the divine Ludovise,' the woman in the world (goddess and shepherdess by turns) in whose honour there had been the greatest expenditure of impromptus and madrigals. She was so exacting in this sort of homage, that Malézieux speaks of her courtiers as condemned to the 'galères du bel esprit.' She liked to be surrounded by as numerous and brilliant a circle as she could get together, less to enjoy the wit of others than to display her own. 'I am very fond of society,' was her naïve avowal; 'all the world listens to me, and I listen to nobody.' She founded the order of 'La Mouche à Miel,' of which she was grand mistress, with the device, taken from the 'Aminta' of Tasso, of '*Picciola, sì, ma fa pure grave le ferite*' (Little, yes; but it makes serious wounds), in allusion to her diminutive figure. This order was solemnly conferred on Madame du Deffand, and the President Henault wrote verses to commemorate the event. Mademoiselle de Launay (afterwards Madame de Staal), lady of honour and private secretary to the Duchess, referring to one of the first visits, writes:—

'We had Madame du Duffand at Sceaux. No one has more wit, or has it more natural. The sparkling fire which animates her pierces to the bottom of every object, makes it come out of its own accord, and gives relief to the simplest lineaments. She possesses in the highest degree the talent of painting character, and her portraits, more vivid than the originals, render these better known than the most intimate commerce with them. She gave me quite a new idea of this kind of writing by showing me a portrait she had made of myself; but a little too much precaution and too much politeness had, contrary to her custom, kept her from the truth. I tried to draw it myself, to show where she was wrong, and gave it her.'

This is the portrait of Madame de Staal, given in her '*Memoirs*,'

moirs,' of which she naïvely said, 'Je ne me suis peinte qu'en buste.'

It would seem that it was not without a good deal of coaxing, and after stipulating for the apartment of her choice, that Madame du Deffand was induced from interval to interval to form one of the established circle at Sceaux:—

'Her Royal Highness,' writes Madame de Staal from Anet, where the Duchess was in the habit of passing part of the summer, 'is infinitely desirous that you should come here. She has been much amused by your recital, and has appeared to me really touched by the proofs of your friendship: she has charged me to give you all sorts of assurances of hers: she is dying to see you, and if it is absolutely impossible for you to come here, she will be delighted to find you at Sceaux. If the bad weather makes your lodging at the little chateau inconvenient, you shall have in preference to all the world that which you wish. . . . But you must show yourself a little more in the day. If your trips to Paris were to become long and frequent, I believe there would be some difficulty in keeping an apartment in the great chateau often empty. . . . If you only appear in the evening and are much at Paris, her Royal Highness will take it very ill of you, if only for the bad example set of disobedience to her will in this place.'

Although she avoided breaking with the Duchess, Madame du Deffand was already far advanced in the formation of a *salon*, which required her to make Paris her set place of residence. In 1742 we find her at a small house in the Rue de Beaune, the house in which Voltaire died, and by an odd coincidence it is he who was foremost in celebrating her suppers in this locality:—

'Formont, vous, et les du Deffand,  
C'est-à-dire les agréments,  
L'esprit, le bon goût, l'éloquence  
Et vous plaisirs, qui valez tant!  
Plaisirs, je vous suivis par goût  
Et les Newton par complaisance.'

The last line is an unkind hit at Madame du Chatelet, who was absorbed in the study of Newton. The death of Madame de Staal, in 1750, made Madame du Deffand's presence more than ever desirable at Sceaux; and from a sense of gratitude for the constant affection shown her by the Duchess, or real sympathy, she was induced to devote several weeks to a kind of existence which Voltaire hardly misdescribed when he wrote, 'Do you know that you were slaves at Sceaux and Anet? yes, slaves in comparison with the true liberty one tastes at Potsdam with a king who has gained five battles.'

We are met by a strange contradiction and confusion of dates—  
when.

when we try to fix the period and circumstances at and under which she removed to the apartment in the convent of Saint Joseph with which the best days of her *salon* are associated. The author of the 'Notice' already quoted says, that 'disgusted by the death of M. de Trémont and that of her husband, with the noise and slavery of society, and straitened in her means, she quitted her hotel and her habits of representation for a modest lodging, where she passed the last thirty years of her life.' Her husband died in 1753, M. de Trémont in 1759, and, as she died in 1780, her thirty years' occupation must have commenced in 1750. M. de Sainte-Aulaire, though more correct in the main, is equally puzzled and puzzling. He says that, probably to escape a little from the slavery of Sceaux, she quitted her small apartment of the Rue de Beaune for a more considerable one in the convent of St. Joseph, Rue Saint-Dominique, which she appears to have made a point of furnishing with a certain elegance, and that her new establishment permitted her to open a *salon*, which soon took rank in the society of Paris:—

'Some years later, in 1753, the death of the Duchess du Maine restored her completely to herself and her friends. Her Monday suppers were soon much in fashion. The good cheer and the conversation attracted people, and this *salon* became one of the centres of the best company. The convent of St. Joseph, now the Ministry of War, should have its place in a history which remains to be written, that of the Salons of Paris. Madame du Deffand inhabited it during twenty-seven years, and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse during ten.'

If she inhabited this apartment during twenty-seven years, she must have removed to it in 1753, instead of some years before. After quoting a letter to her from Madame de Staël, July 1747, expressing doubt at her being reconciled to her apartment of St. Joseph, M. de Lescure continues:—

'This is the first time that there is any question of this installation. It is then in 1747 that, faithful to the usages of the time, which opened to widows of quality (sometimes widows in the lifetime of the husbands) the asylum of the profane part of certain convents, where a woman of tact and position could enjoy at small expense the pleasures of retreat or those of society, Madame du Deffand established herself at the convent of Saint-Joseph.'

This seems tolerably clear, yet, unless she put off the furnishing for two years, it would appear, from another source equally well authenticated, that the installation did not take place till two years later. In a letter dated Constantinople, April 17th, 1749, the Comte des Alleurs, French Ambassador to the Porte, writes: 'I am charmed that you are content with your Saint-Joseph



Joseph lodging: I see you hence in this apartment, admiring the yellow-watered silk, and the flame-coloured bows. I forgive your love of ownership; it is the only mode of liking anything.'

Her income after her husband's death, as she subsequently told Walpole, was 33,000 livres, little more than 1200*l.* a year of our money; but quite sufficient, in her time at Paris, for the establishment she set up—that is, with good management; and by all accounts she was an excellent manager. An important change in her habits is indicated by a letter from Baron Scheffer, dated November 2nd, 1753:—

'It is very true that the plan you have adopted of dining may prove as advantageous for society as for health. One meets at an earlier hour, and naturally enough the people who dine have acquired a tranquillity very agreeable to those with whom they live.'

Rousseau (quoted with full assent by Rogers) justifies his 'goût vif pour les déjeuners,' by the remark, 'C'est le temps de la journée où nous sommes les plus tranquilles, où nous causons le plus à notre aise.' Sydney Smith gave the preference to breakfasts on the ground (open to grave doubt) that no one is conceited before one. It will be remembered that the Parisian dinner rather resembled our luncheon in its hour, absence of formality, and brevity.

During the ten years that Mademoiselle de Lespinasse remained with her, Madame du Deffand commanded the best society of Paris, including all the literary and scientific men of note, with the exception of Marmontel and Thomas,—the constant *habitués* of Madame Geoffrin, and Diderot and Grimm, who remained faithful to Baron d'Holbach. These ten years began in 1754, and, considering the relative position and personal qualities of the two ladies, the wonder is that the connection lasted beyond the first.

Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was the illegitimate daughter of the Comtesse d'Albon. Although she was entered in the parish registers as the legitimate child of a tradesman of Lyons, whose name was given her, the secret and all the circumstances of her birth were well known in the province; and, as she was born after the marriage of her mother, she might have put in a claim to inherit with the legitimate children according to the doctrine 'pater est quem nuptiæ demonstrant.' The fear of her taking this step, which she never so much as meditated at any time, seems to have been the primary motive with the Comte and Comtesse de Vichy for taking her under their protection and giving her a home; the Comte, Madame du Deffand's brother, having married a legitimate daughter of the Comtesse d'Albon. It would seem  
that

that they were content to keep her domesticated with their family, so as to be able to watch over her, and never thought of conciliating her by kindness. She had been four years under their roof, charged with the education of their children, when she attracted the notice of Madame du Deffand, to whom she eagerly unbosomed herself:—

‘She told me that it was impossible for her to remain with M. and Madame de Vichy; that for a long time she had received from them the hardest and most humiliating treatment; that her patience was exhausted; that it was more than a year since she had declared to Madame de Vichy that she wished to leave them; that she could no longer endure the scenes they daily imposed upon her.’

Writing to her friend, M. de Guibert, at a subsequent period, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse says:—

‘There is no misery I have not endured. Some day, my friend, I will narrate to you things that are not found in the romances of Prévost or Richardson.’

To Madame du Deffand, with failing eyes and total blindness impending, the notion naturally occurred that her young friend was the person of all others best fitted for a companion. But on sounding her brother and sister-in-law, she found them strongly opposed to her scheme, and resolute not to part with their *protégée* at the risk of her being encouraged to form hopes or plans inimical to their interests. The Duchesse de Luynes, on being consulted, gave it as her opinion that their opposition was unreasonable; and whilst the negotiation was proceeding, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse settled the matter, so far as living any longer with her so-called protectors was concerned, by taking up her abode in a convent at Lyons. This she quitted in the spring of 1754 for Madame du Deffand’s apartment of St. Joseph, after a correspondence in which she received ample warning touching particular points of conduct; although she could hardly have foreseen the hardships and trials that were in store for her. In April, 1754, Madame du Deffand writes:—

‘I hope, my queen, that I shall never have to repent of what I do for you, and that you would not take the step of coming to me if you had not thoroughly made up your mind, and if you had not decided not to make any attempt . . . Having said this, it only remains for me to speak to you of the joy I should have to see and live with you. Adieu, my queen; pack up your things, and come to make the happiness and consolation of my life: it will not be my fault if it is not reciprocal.

\* \* \* \* \*

‘There is one article on which I must come to an understanding with you: it is, that the least artifice, and even the smallest art that you

you might put into your conduct with me, would be to me insupportable. I am naturally distrustful, and all those in whom I suspect *finesse*, become suspected by me to the point of my no longer placing any confidence in them. I have two intimate friends, Formont and D'Alembert : I am passionately attached to them, less by their agreeability and their friendship than by their extreme truthfulness. . . .

'You must then make up your mind to live with me in the greatest truth and sincerity ; never resort to insinuation or exaggeration : in a word, never lose one of the greatest attractions of youth, which is *naïveté*. You have a great deal of *esprit* ; you have gaiety ; you are capable of sentiments ; with all these qualities you will be charming so long as you give your *naturel* fair play, so long as you are without pretension and without equivocation.'

When all had been arranged at Lyons, Madame du Deffand started for Paris, after announcing her speedy return and future mode of life to D'Alembert :—

'The life I shall lead will suit you, I hope. We shall often dine together *tête-à-tête*, and we shall confirm each other in the resolution not to make our happiness depend on anybody but ourselves. I shall possibly teach you to endure men, and you will teach me to do without them.'

Her mode of doing without them was to collect round her as many of the most distinguished as she could ; and the way of life she actually pursued for a period is correctly described by the author of the 'Notice,' who says that, instead of giving dinners on fixed days, like Madame Geoffrin, she gave *soirées*, beginning at six, occasionally followed by a supper. One of the aphoristic sayings attributed to her was, that 'Suppers were one of the four ends (*fins*) of man.' What are the other three?

Her blindness made day or night indifferent to her. She had formerly been in the habit of sitting up late, but the dawn at least warned her of the necessity of sleep. During the concluding twenty-six years of her life, when night was never ending for her, it was only caprice, whim, or exhaustion that induced her to take to her bed, not to leave it till six in the evening, when she received her visitors. Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was compelled to keep nearly the same hours, it being a part of her regular duty to remain by the bedside of her patroness, reading aloud or conversing, not unfrequently till morning broke. She rose at five in the afternoon, an hour before Madame du Deffand, to prepare for the receptions ; and it was her employment of this hour, rather than any impatience at the painful sacrifice of health and comfort imposed upon her, that caused the final and definitive rupture in 1764.

She had powers of conversation little, if at all, inferior to those of

of the Marquise. She was young, interesting, with a distinguished air and presence, and claims to what many called beauty, till it was impaired by the small-pox. She occupied a little room looking on the court where (suggests M. de Sainte-Aulaire) 'some clerk of the War Office may be now at work, little thinking that during many years the highest notabilities of the last century were in the habit of meeting by appointment every day, between five and six, in his bureau.' We doubt the many years, but it had for some time become the habit of Madame du Deffand's most distinguished friends to pass the hour prior to the opening of her *salon* with Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. 'These,' continues Marmontel, the chief authority for the incident, 'were moments stolen from Madame du Deffand. This special rendezvous was consequently a mystery to her, for it was well foreseen that she would be jealous of it. To listen to her, it was nothing less than a treason. She cried out against it in the loudest terms, accusing this poor girl of seducing away her friends, and vowing that she would no longer nourish this serpent in her bosom.'

But had she not good reason to complain? Was it not something very like a treason? at all events a flagrant breach of the original compact she had insisted upon, an undeniable departure from the line of conduct she had pronounced essential to confidence? Was not this hour a serious encroachment on her rights? Were the friends who came to her after this preliminary interchange of mind, the same as if they had come fresh, with the gloss of novelty on their gossip, their anecdotes, or their wit? Were they equally able to begin and carry on the conversation without any sense of restraint? Madame du Deffand had clearly right upon her side so long as she merely protested against the deceit practised on her; but when she would listen to no excuse, contrition, or promise of amendment, and as good as turned her young friend, now become her rival, into the streets, she placed herself completely in the wrong. More than one violent scene of crimination and re-crimination took place between the ladies; and at the end of one of them, if we may believe La Harpe, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, driven to despair, took sixty grains of opium, which, failing to produce death, threw her into terrible convulsions, which had a lasting effect on her nerves. Under the belief that she was dying, she said to Madame du Deffand, who was weeping at the foot of her bed, 'It is too late, Madame.' Madame remained inexorable, and declined even a parting interview. In a final letter she says:—

'I cannot consent to see you again so soon; and I cannot believe  
that

that it is a sentiment of friendship that makes you wish it. It is impossible to love those by whom one knows oneself to be "detested," "abhorred," &c. &c.; by whom "one's self-love is unceasingly humiliated, crushed," &c. &c. These are your very expressions, and the result of the impressions that you have long been receiving from those whom you call your true friends. They may be so in effect; and I wish with all my heart that they may procure you all the advantages you expect from them—pleasure, fortune, consideration, &c.'

This was meant satirically, but the wish was amply fulfilled. The apartment in the Rue de Belle-Chase, to which Mademoiselle de Lespinasse removed, was furnished for her by the Duchesse de Luxembourg, and could boast a circle of *habitués* only second to that which met at the Convent; in fact, with rare exception, the same persons fluctuated between both. If there was one to whom Madame du Deffand thought she could dictate, it was D'Alembert; but when she imperiously gave him the alternative of breaking with her or Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, he decided without a moment's hesitation for the younger, to whom he afterwards became passionately attached. This embittered the rupture; and on hearing of her death, in 1776, Madame du Deffand's first expression was, 'She should have died fifteen years sooner; I should not then have lost D'Alembert.' The *salon* of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was the only one that came into momentous competition with that of Madame du Deffand, who, when what she thought undue importance was attached to Madame Geoffrin's in her presence, exclaimed: '*Combien de bruit pour une omelette au lard* (What a fuss about a bacon omelette)!'

According to Rochefoucauld, the reason why the majority of women are little moved by friendship is, that it is insipid when they have felt love. It may be because Madame du Deffand was comparatively insensible to the tender passion, and only gave in to it as the fashion or habit of her youth, that she took so ardently to friendship. But eloquently as she expatiates on its charms, she failed to acquire credit for the excess of sensibility to which she lays claims. La Harpe lays down broadly that 'it was difficult to have less sensibility and more egotism.'

Under the title of '*Idee des Liaisons de Paris*,' Grimm reports a pretended dialogue between her and the Count Pont-de-Veyle. She begins:—

"Pont-de-Veyle!" "Madame!" "Where are you?" "At your chimney corner." "With your feet on the hearth, as one is among friends?" "Yes, Madame." "It must be owned that there are few *liaisons* of longer standing than ours." "That is true!" "Yes,

fifty years good; and in this long interval not a cloud, not even the semblance of a difference." "That is what I have always admired." "But, Pont-de-Veyle, may not that be because at bottom we have been always perfectly indifferent to one another?" That may well be, Madame.'

When Pont-de-Veyle died, says La Harpe, 'she came to a large supper party at Madame de Marchais', where I was, and she was condoled with on her loss. "*Hélas! he died this evening at six, otherwise you would not see me here.*" These were her very words, and she supped as usual, that is to say, very well; for she was very *gourmande*.'

M. de Sainte-Aulaire objects that Grimm was not personally acquainted with her, and appeals to the warm exacting tone of her letters. Yet even these are not wanting in indications that she was deficient in tenderness, and commonly made the head do duty for the heart. Thus in the correspondence with the President Henault, when she labours hardest to persuade both him and herself that they are wrapt up in each other, she unconsciously betrays her incapacity for genuine affection; and, although their contemporaries were less charitable on this point, we see no reason to doubt the entire innocence of their *liaison*.

He was forty-five when it commenced. 'The poor President' exclaims Grimm, 'he may have been an agreeable adorer, never a passionate one; no one would do him this injustice.' He said, pleasantly, of his own want of ardour in middle age, that he began to be very glad when he mistook the hour, and arrived too late at a rendezvous. Yet he was too sentimental for Madame du Deffand, who finds fault with him for the one flight of gallantry in his letters with which a woman of fancy and feeling would have been charmed. She is at Forges taking the waters, and he at Paris, when, July 12, 1742, he writes:—

'I went yesterday to *Brutus*: it was well attended. I was confirmed in what I have always thought, that it is the finest piece of Voltaire. Lanoue acted with that intelligence which you do not like, because it does not suppose fire; it is as if when one says that a girl on her preferment plays well on the harpsichord—this is as good as saying that she is not pretty. However, I found no want of fire. I returned to receive my company, which was not numerous, for we were only seven; the Maréchale, her daughter, Madame de Maurepas, Ceresti, Pont-de-Veyle, and myself. Our supper was excellent, and (what will surprise you) we amused ourselves. I own to you, that if, when it was over, I had known where to find you, I should have gone to look for you. *The weather was the finest imaginable, the moon was beautiful, and my garden seemed to long for you.* But, as Polyucte observes, what is the use of talking of these things to hearts that God has not touched?'

She



She replies to this pretty burst in a letter, or rather postscript, in which, after some medical details of the effect of the waters, she says:—

‘I find I am growing thinner, and I see everybody else getting fatter. I should like to hear the answer to the consultations which I begged you to hold with Silva (the Paris doctor). I do not know whether it is one ounce or two of peeled cassia that I am to take, and as I do not sup, at what time I should take it. It is the moonlight, it is certain circumstances, that make you long for me. I am regretted and wished for according to the dispositions to which the beauty of the weather brings your soul; as for me, I long for you everywhere, and I know of no circumstance which could render your presence less agreeable. *The fact is, I have neither temperament nor romance.*’

She had only to go one step farther, and say that she had neither body nor soul. According to her doctrine, it is lack of affection to wish to share a pleasure with a beloved object; and the poet of love was untrue to his vocation when he sang:—

‘Oh! best of delights, as it everywhere is,  
To be near the loved one! What a rapture is his,  
Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide  
O’er the lake of Cashmere, with that One by his side!  
If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,  
Think, think what a heaven she must make of Cashmere!’

The President was not slow to see his advantage, and replied:—

‘You have neither temperament nor romance! I pity you from my soul; and you know as well as another the value of this loss, for I believe I have heard you speak of it. What you call romance in your letter—the memories, the moonlight, the idea of the places where we have seen any one we love, a phase of soul which makes us think more tenderly of them, a *fête*, a fine day, &c., in a word, all that the poets have said upon this subject—it seemed to me that this was by no means ridiculous. But haply it is for my good that you do not like me to have all these follies in my head. Well, be it so. I beg pardon for all the rivulets, past, present, and to come; for their brothers, the birds; for their cousins, the elms; and for their great-grandfathers, the sentiments. There! I stand corrected, and my letters will henceforth be only agreeable to you by all the news I can pick up in the town, and imagine, to amuse you. I resume, then, the historic style, and I will speak no more of myself except in connection with facts.’

He might have added, anticipating the fine remark of Johnson:—‘Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses—whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the scale of thinking beings:’—

‘And

'And hence the charm historic scenes impart;  
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.  
Aërial forms, in Tempe's classic vale,  
Glance through the gloom, and whisper in the gale,  
In wild Vaucluse with love and Laura dwell,  
And watch and weep in Eloïsa's cell.'

It was for want of this faculty of association that she suffered so much from *ennui*, especially after the supply of external impressions was curtailed by blindness. From what an infinity of weariness and querulousness might she not have been saved by a spark of that inward light which irradiated and cheered the solitary and dark but wakeful hours of Milton!

'Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind  
By truth illumined, and by taste refined?  
When age has quenched the eye, and closed the ear,  
Still nerved for action in her native sphere.'

She seems to have become aware of her mistake in trying to pass off the defect of her character as a merit, for directly afterwards she writes:—

'You know, moreover, what I think, what I am, and what are my subjects of quarrel. For example, is it in good faith that you tell me I wish to emancipate myself from gratitude when I appear to doubt of your sentiments? Once for all, do you believe me actuated by such a motive? Oh, no; you see clear as day that when I remark in you a grain of true sentiment, it performs the miracle of the grain of mustard in Scripture: it removes mountains. Rarely do you let me enjoy this illusion, or this truth: but let us drop this, and not trouble my waters. They will really do me good.'

Referring to the pleasure she received from his letters, she tells him that he has '*l'absence délicateuse*;' and he replies:—

'You have never said a better thing than that I have "*l'absence délicateuse*." But all truths are not good to be told. I believe in effect that, if you had to arrange your life, you would divide it into two parts, and that I should have one. Absence is like the Elysian fields, in which all men are equal; or, more correctly speaking, I believe that I should have some advantage, and that it is the true position for recalling one's love in sonnets.'

Having no imagination of the richer kind to vary the expression of such feeling as she possessed, she exercises her ingenuity in inventing subjects of complaint. She resembles Faulkland in the '*Rivals*,' who fancies that his mistress's melancholy is assumed to excite his sympathy, and that her gaiety when he is out of spirits is a proof of her indifference. In letter after letter she goes on refining on sentiment till it is well-nigh

nigh lost in logical distinctions or metaphysical analysis. In a postscript to one of them she adds:—

‘Do not set about correcting yourself in anything. I like you to talk elms, rivulets, sparrows, &c.: it affords me a most agreeable occasion for contradicting you, confounding you, tormenting you: it is, I believe, what most contributes to the salutary operation of the waters.’

How lightly she regarded the tie is shown by La Harpe, when he relates that, having made up her mind, by way of change and for the sake of excitement, to try devotion, she began by setting down the different things she was prepared to renounce, and concluded the list with: ‘As for *rouge* and the President, I will not do them the honour of giving them up.’ Latterly the intimacy became a mere matter of habit, and ceased to be a source of gratification to either. On the 22nd of February, 1769, Voltaire, who detested him, writes to her:—

‘So the President’s watch is out of order? It is the fate of all who live long. . . . I am told that the President declines apace. I am sorry for it, but one must submit to one’s destiny. Pray, tell the shattered President how much I am interested in his amiable soul.’

She writes to Walpole, on the 13th of June, 1790:—

‘Yesterday I dragged the President to a concert. Mademoiselle le Maure was singing. He did not hear her any more than the instruments that accompanied her. He kept asking me every minute if I heard anything. He supposes me deaf as well as blind, and as old as himself: on this last point he is not far wrong.’

Why did she drag him to a concert, except, as he always complained, to ‘tyrannise’ him. He was then eighty-six and she seventy-three. On Sunday, the 25th of November, 1770, she writes:—

‘What I announced in my last letter has come to pass. The President died yesterday at seven in the morning. I felt sure he was dying since Wednesday: he had not on that day, nor since, either suffering or consciousness: never was end more gentle: he became extinct. Madame de Jonsac’s grief has appeared extreme: mine is more moderate. I had so many proofs of his lack of friendship, that I believe I have only lost an acquaintance: however, as this acquaintance was of very long standing, and all the world believed us intimate (except a few who know some of my subjects of complaint), I receive compliments of condolence on every side. It only rests with myself to believe that I am much loved; but I have renounced the pomps and vanities of this world, and you have made me a perfect proselyte: I have all your scepticism as to friendship.’

As Walpole’s proselyte, she had simply renounced one set of vanities

vanities for another, probably a worse; and as for disbelief in friendship, her whole correspondence is based upon an exaggerated notion of its reality. A scene which took place at the President's death-bed may have had something to do with her bitterness of tone:—

'She asked him if he remembered Madame de Castelmoron. The sound of this name roused the President, who replied that he well remembered it. She then asked him if he had loved her more than Madame du Deffand. "What a difference!" exclaimed the dying man. And then he set himself to make the panegyric of Madame de Castelmoron, and always by comparing her excellent qualities with the vices of Madame du Deffand. This dotage lasted half an hour, with everybody listening, without its being possible for Madame du Deffand to silence her panegyrist, or change the conversation. It was the song of the swan.'

Until the rupture with Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, D'Alembert was one of the most intimate and valued of her friends. The correspondence with or relating to him is replete with literary interest; and his letters bear ample testimony to his truthfulness, independence, and self-respect. He had need of these qualities; for, in regard to birth, he lay under the same disadvantage as Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, whilst his person and voice went far to justify the reply to a fanatical admirer who, in the height of his fame, pronounced him to be a god: 'Allons donc! si c'était un Dieu, il commencerait par se faire homme.' There was another depreciating and somewhat profane remark on his personal appearance, which may have suggested Lord Byron's on Curran and Corinne: 'I saw him. (Curran) presented to Madame de Stael at Mackintosh's: it was the grand confluence between the Rhône and the Saône, and they were both so d—d ugly that I could not help wondering how the best intellects of France and Ireland could have taken up respectively such residences.' So long as D'Alembert and Madame du Deffand remained friends, all his literary projects are communicated to her, and his precise state of mind at critical epochs of his career is laid bare:—

'March 10, 1753.—I am now immured for a long time to come, and likely enough for ever, in my sad but very dear and very peaceable geometry. I am quite satisfied with finding a pretext for doing nothing more, in the storm my book has raised against me.\* I have, however, neither attacked nor designated anybody, more than the author of 'Le Méchant' and twenty others, against whom no one has broken out. But there is only luck and ill-luck. I need neither the

\* 'Essai sur les Gens de Lettres.'

friendship of these people, since assuredly I have no wish to ask them for anything, nor their esteem, since I have resolved never to live with them; so I let them do their worst. I have already made 500 livres clear profit by my book; which may mount to 2000 when the impression is sold; but only half has been yet. Adieu, Madame; hasten your return. Do you know this of geometry, that with it one dispenses with a great many things?’

She does not approve of this mode of turning geometry to account, and replies:—

‘I have written to Formont to tell you himself his opinion of your work. He thinks very nearly like me; he finds your ‘Essay on the Great—the Mæcenases,’ &c., a little spun out; but he is enchanted with the style: he suggests that the manner of La Bruyère would have been more suitable, but he agrees that you have not been wrong in not adopting it, because too many have done so. He, like me, would be in despair at your immuring yourself in your geometry. This is all that the pretended *beaux-esprits* and the little authors desire, and what they aim at in declaiming against you. Be philosophic, even to the point of not caring to appear so: let your contempt for men be sincere enough to take from them the hope and the means of annoying you.’

She took an active part in his election to the Academy, in opposition to another great lady, who strenuously exerted herself for Bourdaloue. Formont writes, December 4, 1763:—

‘I am enchanted with the election of D’Alembert; it seemed that he had only to show himself and it was a settled affair. However, you needed all the talents you have for negotiation; but one is not surprised when one reflects that you had to do with the illustrious, the learned D. de Ch. (Duchesse de Chaulnes). . . .

‘Since D’Alembert is very glad to be of the Academy, he must for the present compose works intelligible to the vulgar. He has done enough to be admired by the calculators; it is time for him to think of pleasing the amiable ignoramuses, for whom he is made as much as for the others. I have written to him to-day, and I will write to-morrow to the President.’

The letter of Formont to D’Alembert throws light on the literary and social cabals of the period.

‘She (the Duchesse de Chaulnes) thinks, perhaps, that you are wanting in some qualities which she deems indispensable to a great man. She has said that you were but a child: she believes that even in a seraglio you would drag along an everlasting infancy. I do not believe it, at all events; and I am persuaded that you will come well out of whatever you may undertake, even the compliment you are about to make to the Academy, which appears to me a more difficult operation than that of contenting a Duchess. And these six black balls? Who are those people? Six pious persons apparently, who

are

are frightened at the philosophers; as if Newton had not commented the Apocalypse, and Locke the Epistle to the Galatians!

'Seriously, my dear friend, I am delighted they have done you justice. I am sorry, for the Academy and for the nation, that you have not been elected by acclamation; but that of all France and of all Europe will be an ample recompense.'

In a letter to Madame du Deffand, of December 22, 1752, D'Alembert writes to excuse himself from not dining with her, except when she is not afraid of his tiring her in a *tête-à-tête* :—

'I dine and sup at home every day, or nearly every day, and I find myself the better for this mode of life. I shall see you then when you have nobody, and at hours when I may hope to find you alone; at other times I should meet your President, which would embarrass me, because he would think he had reproaches to make which I do not think I deserve, and because I do not wish to be under the necessity of disobliging him by justifying myself. What you demand of me is impossible, and I can assure you it is impossible since I do not do it for you. In the first place, the preliminary 'Discourse' (to the 'Encyclopædia') has been more than six weeks in print, so I could not insert it if I wished. In the second place, do you honestly think, Madame, that in a work destined to celebrate the great geniuses of the nation, and the works that have really contributed to the progress of letters and science, I ought to speak of the 'Abrégé Chronologique'? It is a useful work, I agree, and convenient enough; but this in truth is all that men of letters think of it; this is all that will be said of it when the President is no more. And when I myself shall be no more, I am anxious not to be reproached with having given excessive eulogies to any one.'

None of her correspondents, except Voltaire, relate current events, some of which now sound strange enough, with more discriminating liveliness :—

'Paris, December, 1752.—I entreat you to spare your eyes: it is a real evil to have weak sight; but it is not an evil, it is sometimes a good, not to see many people. It would be one in truth not to hear all the follies which are committed here, and the billets of confession, and the Archbishop, and the Parliament. We have been much occupied during a fortnight with a sister Perpétue, of the community of Saint Agatha, to whom the Parliament wished the sacraments to be administered, and to whom they were refused by the Archbishop. The temporalities of the Archbishop were under seizure for twenty-four hours. (They would have found it no easy matter to discover his spiritualities.) The King has nullified the seizure, and hindered the convocation of the Peers. The sister Perpétue is better: she has caused the Parliament to be informed that she was no longer in danger, that she was grateful to them for their intentions; and the whole affair has ended in an interchange of compliments.

'We are threatened with another schism on music. People pretend



that I am at the head of the Italian faction; but I have no exclusive taste, and I shall always approve what is agreeable in French music. It is true I believe we are a hundred leagues from the Italians in this article. The Parliament wishes to send them back their Constitution; we should at least take their music in exchange. . . .

'I have already had the honour to tell you that you could keep my letters, and let Formont read them, but he alone; very few have seen them, and you alone have a copy of them. *It is, of all that I have done in my life, the only thing I should wish to subsist when I am no more.*'

In February 1753 he says that the outcry against his book is prodigious, and that it is not so much the evil he has said of the great, as the good he has said of Italian music, that has made him a host of enemies:—

'I fancied one might like, down to puppets inclusively, without doing wrong to anybody; but I deceived myself. A powerful and formidable faction, headed by MM. Géliotte and the President Henault, are going barking from house to house against me. Judge of the impression this has made on me, and how much I should need my stoicism on this occasion if I had not thought I ought to keep it for more important conjunctures.

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'I have made a sufficiently stupid bargain with my publishers: it is, that they shall undertake the cost, and that we shall share the profits. I have as yet received nothing. I will tell you what I get; there is no appearance of its being much, nor any more appearance of my continuing to work in this line. I will do geometry, and read Tacitus. It strikes me that people are very anxious I should be silent, and in truth I demand no better. When my little fortune no longer suffices for my subsistence, I will retire to some place where I can live cheaply. Adieu, Madame. Esteem, as I do, men according to their worth, and nothing will be wanting to your happiness. I hear of Voltaire reconciled with the King of Prussia, and Maupertuis relapsed. *Ma foi*, men are well-nigh mad, beginning with the wise.'

He recurs again and again to his beloved geometry, which his friends are constantly entreating him to give up:—

'If you did but know what a sweet retreat this geometry is to idleness! And then the fools do not read you, and consequently neither blame nor praise; and do you count this advantage for nothing? In any case, I have geometry for a year at the very least. Ah! what fine things I am employed on that nobody will read.'

After stating that he had received only 500 livres out of the 2000 he had expected from his book, he says:—

'With all that, I have more money in prospect than I can spend. How foolish it is to torment oneself for things which do not render one more happy! One had better say at once, "Could I not do without

without it?" And this is the recipe I have long been in the habit of following.'

To Madame du Deffand belongs the saying, sometimes attributed to Voltaire, that the '*L'Esprit des Lois*' of Montesquieu might have been more accurately entitled '*De l'Esprit sur les Lois*;' a saying, perhaps, more pointed than true.\* Montesquieu was one of her correspondents, and the man, with his habits and modes of thought, is depicted in his letters. He was obviously fond of trifling:—

'Château de la Brède, June 15, 1741.—I promised you to write, but what could I tell you that you would care about? Now that I have only sad objects, I occupy myself with reading romances: when I am happier, I shall read the old Chronicles, to temper the good and the evil. But I feel that there is no reading which can replace a quarter of an hour of those suppers which made my delight. . . . Here they talk of nothing but vineyards, and poverty, and lawsuits, and I am happily foolish enough to accuse myself of all that; that is to say, to interest myself in it. But I forget that I am wearying you to death, and that the thing in the world which does you most harm is ennui; and I ought not to kill you, as the Italians kill, by a letter.

'September 12, 1741.—You say, Madame, that nothing is happy, from the angel to the oyster. We must distinguish. The seraphim are not happy: they are too sublime. They are like Voltaire and Maupertuis; and I am persuaded that, there on high, they do their best to get each other into trouble. But you cannot doubt that the cherubim are happy. The oyster is not so unhappy as we: he is swallowed without suspecting it; but as for us, we are told beforehand that we are going to be swallowed, and made aware that we shall be digested eternally. I could speak to you who are *gourmand* of those creatures who have three stomachs: the devil is in it if there is not one good amongst the three. I return to the oyster: he is unhappy when some prolonged disease causes him to become pearl: this is precisely the happiness of ambition.'

It would seem from his next letter (September 13, 1742) that she was already in dread of blindness:—

'I begin with your postscript. You say that you are blind. Do you not see that you and I elsewhere were little rebel spirits condemned to darkness? What ought to console us is, that those who see clearly are not more luminous on that account. . . .

'It is very singular that a lady who has a Wednesday has no news. I will do without it. I am nearly overwhelmed with business: my

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\* 'Madame du Deffand was right in calling his book "*De l'Esprit sur les Lois*." It cannot, I think, be defined better. . . . The author is always thinking, and sets others thinking.'—*Voltaire to the Duc d'Uzès*, September 14, 1752.

brother is dead. I never read a book ; I walk a great deal ; I think often of you. *Je vous aime.\** I present my respects.'

The animated and sustained correspondence with Voltaire did not begin till after the death of the 'divine Emilie,' Madame la Marquise du Chatelet, who died in childbirth at the beginning of September, 1749. The event gave occasion for more than one scandalous story ; and the scene at her death-bed, between her husband, St. Lambert, and Voltaire, as currently told, must be familiar to our readers. Voltaire writes, the 10th of September, 1749 :—

'That unhappy little daughter of whom she was brought to bed, and who has caused her death, did not interest me enough. Hélas ! Madame, we made a joke of this event ; and it is in this unhappy tone that I wrote by her order to her friends. If anything can aggravate the horrible condition in which I am, it would be to have treated with gaiety an adventure the result of which poisons the remainder of my miserable life. I have written to you on her lying-in, and I announce her death. It is to the sensibility of your heart that I have recourse in my despair. They are carrying me to Cirey with M. du Chatelet (the husband). Thence I return to Paris, without knowing what will become of me, and *hoping to rejoin her soon*. Permit me on arriving to have the mournful consolation of speaking of her, and of weeping at your feet for a woman who, with all her weaknesses, *had a respectable soul*.'

He must have been hard pushed for sympathy when he wrote thus, for he was well aware that there was no love lost between the two ladies, and he must certainly have seen the portrait of the dear defunct addressed to herself by Madame du Deffand. The lurking satire is so obvious, that the writer was compared to the surgeon who not only attended a friend carefully during a last illness, but dissected him.

The most interesting of his letters to her are from Prussia and Switzerland. In one dated Potsdam, May 1751, after stating that he had promised the King to remain with him till September, he continues :—

'One must keep one's word with kings, and especially with this one. Besides, he inspires me with so much ardour for work, that if I had not learnt to occupy myself, I should learn it of him. I have never seen a man so laborious. I should blush to be idle, when I see a King who governs four hundred leagues of country all the morning,

\* It is a defect, often remarked, in the French language, that it has only one word for liking and loving. 'J'aime Julie : j'aime un gigot.' The 'Je vous aime, of Montesquieu is untranslatable. He meant something more than liking and less than loving. On the other hand, we have no word for *esprit*.

† Alluding to the *Marquise* of 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.'

and who cultivates letters all the afternoon. There is the secret of avoiding the *ennui* of which you speak; but for that, you should have the phrenzy for work like him, and like me his poor servitor. When new books arrive from Paris, crammed with *esprit* which no one understands, bristling with old saws brushed and rebroidered with new glitter, do you know, Madame, what we do? We do not read them. All the good books of the past age are here; and that is quite right. We re-peruse them to preserve us from the contagion. Take care of yourself; don't eat too much. I foresaw, when you were so ill, that you would live long. Above all, don't get disgusted with life; for taking it all in all, after having long dreamed about it, one finds that there is nothing better.'

The graceful mockery of his style is particularly remarkable in such passages as the following:—

'I only regretted in your eyes, Madame, the loss of your beauty, and I knew you were philosopher enough to console yourself; but if you have lost your sight, I pity you infinitely. I will not propose to you the example of M. de S., blind at twenty, always and even too gay. I agree with you that life is not good for much; we only endure it by dint of an almost invincible instinct which Nature has given us; she has added to this instinct the bottom of Pandora's box, hope.

'It is when this hope absolutely fails us, as when an insupportable melancholy gets possession of us, that one triumphs over the instinct which makes one hug the chains of life, and that one has to leave this badly-built house, which one despairs of repairing. It is what has been done recently by two persons of the country I inhabit. One of these two philosophers was a girl of eighteen, whose head had been turned by the Jesuits, and who, to get rid of them, has gone to another world. It is a course which I shall not adopt, at least so soon, for the reason that I have annuities from two sovereigns, and I should be inconsolable if my death enriched two crowned heads. If, Madame, you have annuities from the King, take great care of yourself; eat little, go to bed early, and you will live a hundred years.'

He is fond of reverting to this topic:—

'If I am not mistaken, I advised you to live to exasperate those who pay you annuities. As for me, it is almost the only pleasure I have left. I picture to myself, when I feel the approach of an indigestion, that two or three princes will inherit from me: then I take courage through pure malice, and I conspire against them with rhubarb and sobriety.'

The critical remarks interspersed in his letters are always suggestive, if not always sound:—

'Do you know Latin? No: this is why you ask me if I like Pope better than Virgil. Ah, Madame, all our modern languages are dry, poor, and without harmony, in comparison with those spoken by our first masters, the Greeks and the Romans: we are but village fiddlers.

fiddles. How, moreover, can you expect me to compare epistles to an epic poem—to the loves of Dido, to the burning of Troy, to the descent of Æneas into hell? I believe the “Essay on Man” by Pope to be the first of didactic poems: but do not let us place him alongside of Virgil. You only know Virgil by translations; but poets cannot be translated. Can one translate music?’

Referring to translations in another place, he says: ‘We translate the English as badly as we fight against them by sea.’

The Duc de Richelieu was so renowned for his successes with the fair sex that, as the highest tribute that could be paid to a woman of sense and virtue, Madame de Flamarens, it was proposed to give her for epitaph: ‘*Elle fut belle : elle aima son mari, et elle résista à Richelieu.*’ What a comment on the morals of her age! In allusion to the Duc’s reputation in this respect, Voltaire, after remarking that he will have a large share of her favour if he takes Port-Mahon, adds: ‘This Isle of Minorca was formerly called the Isle of Venus; it is no more than just that it should surrender to M. de Richelieu.’

Nothing can be better than his remarks on reading, which, he shows, should be sustained and pursued with a given object, to afford either instruction or a relief from *ennui*:—

‘But you, Madame, do you pretend to read as one makes conversation? take up a book as one asks the news, read it, and lay it down? take up another which has no connection with the first, and leave it for a third? In this case you have no great pleasure. To have pleasure, you need a little passion; you need a great object which interests you, a fixed desire of instruction which occupies the soul continually. This is difficult to find, and does not come of its own accord. You are disgusted; you only wish to be amused, I see it well, and amusements are still very rare. If you were fortunate enough to know Italian, you would be sure of a good month of pleasure with Ariosto; you would be transported with joy; you would see the most elegant and the most flowing poetry, ornamented without effort by the most fruitful imagination with which nature has ever gifted man. Every romance becomes insipid alongside of Ariosto; all is flat before him, and, above all, the translation of our Mirabeau.’

In a subsequent letter he says that Ariosto is his god; that all poems weary except his:—

‘I did not like him enough in my youth; I did not know Italian. The Pentateuch and Ariosto now make the charm of my life. But, Madame, if I ever make a tour to Paris, I should prefer you to the Pentateuch.’

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‘A burgomaster of Middlebourg, whom I don’t know, wrote to me a short time since to ask me, as a friend, if there is a God; if, in case there is one, he cares about us; if matter is eternal; if it can think;

think; if the soul is immortal. He begged me to reply by return of post. I receive such letters every week; I lead a pleasant life.'

In January 1764 he writes to tell her that one of her *bons mots* is quoted in the notes of 'La Pucelle.' There is no *bon mot* which has struck deeper root, or to this day is more familiar in men's mouths, although few, perhaps, are acquainted with its history as related by Voltaire. Having occasion to mention Denis (Dionysius), Bishop of Paris, he proceeds to state that the Abbé Heldouin was the first who wrote that this bishop, having been décapitated, carried his head between his arms from Paris to the abbey which bears his name. Crosses were afterwards erected at all the places where the Saint stopped on his way. When the Cardinal de Polignac related this history to Madame du Deffand, and added that Denis had no trouble in carrying his head except to the first station, she replied: 'I can well believe it; in affairs of this kind, Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.'\*

The germ of a famous saying of Voltaire's may be found in his letter to her of November 21, 1766:—

'The juridical assassination of Calas, and the murder of the Chevalier de la Barre, have not done honour to the Velches in foreign countries. Your nation is divided into two species: the one of idle monkeys who mock at every thing, and the other of tigers who tear. The more progress reason makes on one side, the more on the other does fanaticism grind its teeth.'

His moral sense was neither strong nor discriminating, notwithstanding his burning hatred of bigotry and persecution, or he would hardly have been seduced by any amount of flattery or cajolery into making light of the crimes by which the Empress Catherine won her way to the throne:—

'There is a woman who is founding a great reputation, the Semiramis of the North, who marches fifty thousand men into Poland to establish toleration and liberty of conscience. It is a unique thing in this world's history, and, I warrant you, will go far. I boast of being a little in her good graces. I am her knight towards and against all. I know well that she is reproached with some trifles on the subject of her husband, but these are family matters with which I do not meddle; and besides, it is not bad to have a fault to repair; this engages her to make great efforts to force the public to esteem and admiration; and assuredly her wretched fellow of a husband would not have done any of the great things my Catherine is doing every day.'

\* 'La Pucelle,' note to canto i.



Madame du Deffand does not appear to have been quite as much revolted by the tone of this letter as she should have been, for she mentions it to the Duchesse de Choiseul as a very agreeable one, and it was left to the Duchesse to expose its fallacies and bad taste :—

‘What! Voltaire finds something to laugh at in an assassination! And what an assassination! That of a sovereign by his subject! that of a husband by his wife! This woman conspires against her husband and her sovereign, deprives him of his empire and his life in the cruellest manner, and usurps the throne over her own son; and Voltaire calls these things family quarrels!’

Voltaire could never get Madame du Deffand to go completely along with him in his religious (or anti-religious) flights, although he himself stopped short of the conclusions at which the leading freethinkers of Paris had arrived. They said of him, ‘c’est un bigot; il est déiste.’ But there was one remark of hers on which he was able to fix as indicating her unfortunate state of mind on such subjects :—

“The things which cannot be known to us are not necessary to us.” Great *mot*, Madame; great truth! and, what is more, very consolatory.’

Notwithstanding her sceptical turn, Madame du Deffand took part against the philosophers, who regarded her with fear and suspicion. There are numerous traces of their ill-will in the correspondence between Voltaire and D’Alembert; and Voltaire, at the very period when we should have supposed him the most attached of her friends, indulges in the grossest abuse. Writing to D’Alembert, March 3, 1766, and referring to a report of his own marriage to Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, he says :—

‘I live actually in the same house with her, where there are besides ten other lodgers; this it is which has occasioned the current report. I have, moreover, no doubt of its being confirmed by Madame du Deffand, to whom, it is said, you write fine letters (*I do not know why*). She knows well that there is no marriage; but she wishes to have it believed that there is something else. An old and infamous *catin* like her does not believe in virtuous women: happily she is known and believed as she merits.’

On July 2, 1770, D’Alembert writes from Paris to Voltaire, in Switzerland :—

‘I know, my dear master, that people write to you from Paris (to try to poison your pleasure) that it is not to the author of “*La Henriade*,” of “*Zaire*,” &c., that we raise this monument, but to the destroyer of religion. Do not believe this calumny. And to prove to you and to all France how atrocious it is, it is easy to engrave on the  
statue

statue the titles of your principal works. Rest sure that Madame du Deffand, who has written you this atrocity, is much less your friend than we are: that she reads and applauds the writings of Fréron; and that she cites from them with praise the malicious things aimed at you. I have more than once been witness of this. Do not then believe the malicious things she writes to you.'

The hollowness of feeling that underlies the warm professions of friendship in this correspondence is absolutely repulsive. But there is one striking exception. The letters of the Duchesse de Choiseul bear internal testimony to her solid worth and truth of character; and they are not less remarkable for their range and variety than for their good sense. There is a novel by Emile Souvestre, entitled, '*Les Réprouvés*,' in which all the warm-hearted people come to grief, and the cold-hearted calculating monopolize all the honours and riches of this world. But the balance is restored in the next, when, all hearts being laid bare, in those of the prosperous appears a serpent, and in those of the reprobates (*les réprouvés*) a star. Madame de Choiseul had some such theory in her mind when she wrote:—

'You are right, the cold hearts are *réprouvés*. I don't know whether they will burn in the other world, but I am sure they are frozen in this: they are dead before they are born. Life is in the fire: youth burns for pleasure; sensitive hearts for love; the ambitious for glory; the virtuous for honour, for what is good—that good by which we enjoy and make others enjoy. Those who in any walk whatever have acquired celebrity, those who from the remote ages have transmitted their names to our time, were all animated with this divine fire: it extends existence in the present; it perpetuates it in ages to come. Those whose names are dead to posterity, were dead already for their contemporaries.'

Yet examples abound of names and reputations fully alive to contemporaries which are now a dead letter except to what Mr. Carlyle calls the Dryasdusts. She continues:—

'Don't believe, then, these cold souls and narrow minds, who tell us that the best spirits of antiquity are those who are not known to us, for the very reason that they are unknown: they make goodness passive; it is the goodness of fools; it consists in not doing harm; but the true goodness is the result of all the virtues, and the active virtues, because they all tend to produce good. Let people say what they will, one is still more celebrated by the good than by the evil which one does to mankind. The first divinities on earth have been the first benefactors of humanity.'

This, it will be remembered, was the subject of Lord Melbourne's prize essay at Cambridge, and there still remains much to be said on both sides.

Horace

Horace Walpole's acquaintance with Madame du Deffand began in 1765, and his first impression was far from favourable. He writes to Seymour Conway from Paris, October 6, 1765 :—

'There are two or three houses where I go quite at my ease, am never asked to touch a card or hold dissertations. Nay, I don't pay homage to their authors. Every woman has one or two planted in her house, and God knows how they water them. The old President Henault is the pagod at Madame du Deffand's, an old blind debauchee of wit, where I supped last night. The President is very near deaf, and much nearer superannuated. He sits at table by the mistress of the house, who formerly was his. She inquires after every dish on the table, is told who has eaten of which, and then bawls the bill of fare of every individual into the President's ears. In short, every mouthful is proclaimed, and so is every blunder I make against grammar.'

In a letter of November 14, 1765, he speaks much in the same tone of her and her society ; but, soon after, on December 2, he writes to Selwyn :—

'In return for your kind line by Mr. Beauclerk, I send you a whole letter ; but I was in your debt before for making over Madame du Deffand to me, who is delicious ; that is, as often as I can get her fifty years back. But she is as eager about what happens every day as I am about the last century. I sup there twice a week, and bear all her dull company for the sake of the Regent.'

Selwyn, who passed a good deal of his time at Paris, was the connecting link between the best French and English society. He introduced Gibbon to Madame de Geoffrin, as well as Walpole to Madame du Deffand, who speaks thus of him in a letter to Crawford, February 13, 1767 :—

'I am far from thinking Mr. Selwyn stupid, but he is often in the clouds. Nothing strikes or rouses him but ridicule, and he catches it on the wing. He has grace and finesse in what he says, but he does not understand continuous conversation ; he is absent, indifferent ; he would be frequently *ennuyé*, without a very good recipe which he has against *ennui* ; it is, to fall asleep when he likes. It is a talent that I much envy him ; if I had it, I should make great use of it. He is malicious (*malin*), without being wicked (*méchant*) ; he is officious, polite ; besides his Lord March, he loves nothing. One would be at a loss to form any tie with him ; but one is glad to meet him, to be in the same room with him, although one has nothing to say to him.'

In reference to Selwyn's habit of dozing in society, Gilly Williams writes :—

'We hear of your falling asleep standing at the old President's, and knocking him and three other old women into the fire. Are these things true? . . . Cannot we get you an hospital in this island, where

where you can pass your evenings with some sensible matrons? And if they are not quite blind, they may have some natural infirmity equivalent to it.'

About the same time (1766) Lord March writes to Selwyn to say that Lady Hertford made a thousand enquiries about him; 'asked how long you intended to stay (at Paris), and hoped you would soon be tired of blind women, old Presidents, and Premiers (the Duc de Choiseul).'

To return to Walpole: in a letter to Gray, dated Paris, January 25, 1766, after a lively sketch of Madame Geoffrin, he proceeds:—

'Her great enemy, Madame du Deffand, is now very old and stone-blind, but retains all her vivacity, wit, memory, judgment, passions, and agreeableness. She goes to operas, plays, suppers, and Versailles; gives suppers twice a week; has everything new read to her; makes new songs and epigrams, aye, admirably, and remembers every one that has been made these fourscore years. She corresponds with Voltaire, dictates charming letters to him, contradicts him, is no bigot to him or anybody, and laughs at both the clergy and the philosophers. In a dispute, into which she easily falls, she is very warm, and yet scarce ever in the wrong. Her judgment on every subject is as just as possible; *on every point of conduct as wrong as possible*; for she is all love and hatred, passionate for her friends to enthusiasm, still anxious to be loved, I don't mean by lovers, and a vehement enemy, but openly.

'As she can have no amusement but conversation, the least solitude and *ennui* are insupportable to her, and put her into the power of several worthless people, who eat her suppers when they can eat nobody's of higher rank, wink to one another, and laugh at her; hate her because she has forty times more parts, and venture to hate her because she is not rich.'

In a letter to Crawford, March 6, 1776, after speaking of her as the most generous friendly being upon earth, he says:—

'I converse with Mesdames de Mirepoix, Boufflers, and Luxembourg, that I may not love Madame du Deffand too much, and yet they do but make me love her the more. But don't love, pray don't love me. Old folks are but old women, who love their last lovers as much as they did their first. I should still be liable to believe you, and I am not at all of Madame du Deffand's opinion, that one might as well be dead as not love somebody. I think one had better be dead than love anybody. Let us compromise this matter; you shall love her, since she likes to be loved, and I will be the confidant. We will do anything we can to please her. I can go no farther. I have taken the veil, and would not break my vow for the world.'

Whenever he talks of going to Paris, it is to see his charming,  
his

his dear old blind woman ; and his fondness for her society was a topic of pleasantry amongst his friends.

‘My Lady Shelburne has taken a house here (Twickenham), and it has produced a *bon mot* from Mrs. Clive. You know my Lady Suffolk is *deaf*, and I have talked much of a charming old passion I have at Paris who is *blind*. “Well,” said the Clive, “if the new Countess is but *lame*, I shall have no chance of ever seeing you.”’

He was close on fifty, and Madame du Deffand seventy, when their correspondence began ; and considering that she had never seen him, one would have thought that it might have been established and sustained upon a rational footing, undisturbed by suspicion, distrust or irritability on either side. But he was morbidly sensitive to ridicule, and she had grown into the confirmed habit of exaggerating sentiment till it became ridiculous. There is a French proverb : ‘*En amour trop n’est jamais assez.*’ She acted as if this was equally true of friendship, which, under her treatment, became as she advanced in years more absorbing, more unreasonable, more exacting than love. Yet this was not owing to the warmth, but rather to the coldness of her heart, which required a succession of stimulants to quicken its action and prevent her blood from stagnating. We are reminded of Madame de Stael’s German Baron, who jumped over the chairs and tables ‘*pour se faire vif.*’ She spoke from sorrowful experience when she told Walpole that one might as well be dead as not love somebody. This incapacity for loving was her curse, the source and origin of her constant longing for excitement, of her ever-present sense of the wearing wasting monotony of life.

Struck by the fondness of Madame de Genlis for the infant Pamela, she said, ‘Then you love this child very much?’ ‘Yes, Madame.’ ‘That is very fortunate ; I have never been able to love anything.’ Yet she is as eloquent, in the gushing strain, on the affections, as if her whole soul was made up of tenderness, and she rings the changes on fancied neglect till she has well-nigh driven Walpole mad. In refining and expatiating on her own wounded sensibility, in reproducing it in every imaginable shape, she displays a command of language, a fertility of resource, an abundance of illustration, that recal Petrarch’s sonnets and Tennyson’s ‘*In Memoriam.*’

‘I fancied the other day,’ she writes to Walpole, ‘that I was in a garden, of which you were the gardener ; that, seeing the approach of winter, you had torn up all the flowers you thought out of season, although there were some not yet quite faded—as violets, daisies, &c.—and that you had left only a certain flower, which has neither odour nor colour, called *immortelle*, because it never fades. It is the emblem

emblem of my soul, from which results a great privation of thoughts and imagination, but where there remains a great constancy, esteem, and attachment.'

This was not at all in his way, and he accuses her of writing like a Portuguese nun. Felton Hervey had jocularly given out that he himself was in love with her, and she with Walpole. On hearing this, Walpole is furious, and writes in a tone the severity of which may be guessed from her reply.

'My friend, my only friend, in God's name let us make peace. I had rather believe you mad than unjust. Be neither one nor the other. If I was wrong, I would own it, and you would forgive me. But in truth I am not guilty; I never speak of you. Your English who are satisfied with me, think to show their gratitude by speaking of my esteem for you. Those who love you, think they give you pleasure: those who do not love you, seek to annoy you, if they see that this displeases you; but I am sure that good Hervey thought he was doing wonders. I forgive him, despite of the evil he has done me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'When I receive a severe letter from you, full of reproaches, suspicions, of coldness, I am wretched for eight days; and when at the end of this term I receive one still more cross, I lose my head altogether.'

Ten days afterwards, April 14, 1770, she writes:—

'I am as satisfied with the letter I have just received, as a *pendu* would be to obtain his pardon; but the cord has hurt my neck, and if I had not received prompt relief, it was all over with me. Let us forget the past. I had rather be thought guilty, than risk troubling the peace afresh. I am well with everybody.'

It inevitably results from the peculiar character of their friendship, that the prospect of meeting is clouded with apprehension, and seems, on the whole, to afford her more pain than pleasure. She promises him that her first care will be to banish every topic that might ruffle his tranquillity, to make no allusion to the past, and not enter into explanations which would be equally useless and fatiguing.

'I will not make you sit up late: you shall fix the hour of supper, and have the entire regulation of my conduct during all the days you can give me. On your side, I earnestly entreat you not to let me see any fear or distrust; and let there be between us neither complaints, nor reproaches, nor restraint, nor embarrassment; so that I may really during some weeks be happy and taste pleasure. Prepare yourself to find me much aged: it is not of the exterior that I speak; that signifies nothing: it is of the soul, which is much depressed. If you reanimate it, you will perform a miracle.'

This



This was in June 1771, when she was seventy-five. A few months before, she had written:—

‘It is singular that at my age there are so many things which appear new to me, and which cause much surprise. It is in truth a pity that I have so little time left to profit by them. Perhaps I should not utilise them as I imagine; and if I was not a dupe in certain respects, I should be so in others. I have been so up to the present time, through too much confidence; I should become so through too much distrust. But what is sure is that I have acquired a fund of the deepest contempt for mankind. I do not except the women: quite the contrary; I find them much worse than the men. It would be very pleasing to have a friend to whom one could confide all one’s observations, all one’s remarks, but it is impossible. . . .

‘When I think of all the people I know, even those with whom I live daily, that are called my friends, there are none, men or women, who have the slightest spark of sentiment for me, nor I for them: there are some of those whom I see the most frequently, in whom I discover a jealousy, an envy, the effects of which I am unceasingly occupied in counteracting. Their vanity, their pretensions, make most people unsociable. Am I wrong in thinking it a misfortune to be born? You suffice, however, to prevent me from being miserable; but mark well the kind of happiness I owe to you, and with how many crosses it is accompanied.’

A Judge of the old school (Littledale), when a leading counsel pressed the adjournment of the Court on account of the lateness of the hour, replied: ‘Why, Mr. —, we must be *somewhere*.’ The remark was pregnant with meaning, whether the legal dignitary saw it or not. There are few who, at given hours or intervals, have not wished to be nowhere; or whom the necessity of being somewhere has not led into difficulty or harm. ‘How happy one would be,’ exclaims Madame du Deffand, ‘if one could throw off oneself as one can throw off others! but one is perforce with oneself, and very little in accord with oneself.’ In other words, one must always be somewhere; and no human being ever suffered more from this law of nature than this remarkable woman, because, highly gifted as she was with every intellectual quality, and surrounded by troops of what (as the world goes) might fairly be termed friends, she wanted both faith and heart.

Walpole should have made a more ample allowance for her weakness; but that he was not fairly chargeable with the unhappiness she laid to the charge of his coldness or unkindness, is made evident by the fact of her victimising Crawford much in the same manner. It was the prayer of the poet—

‘That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,  
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.’

But

But moonlight, clear steady moonlight, was too calm, soothing, composing, for her. She would have preferred it struggling through clouds, and relieved by occasional flashes of lightning or other indications of a storm. The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love. Improving upon this maxim, she acted as if the quarrels of friends were the soul, the essence, the charm, the mainstay of friendship. At all events there must be an uncertainty and a misunderstanding, or rather a constant succession of misunderstandings, or the interest was at an end. With her, the sentiment was so purely factitious, that it might be compared to whipt sillabub or manufactured champagne, which is nothing without the froth. She was in her element when she could write to a friend as she wrote to Crawford from Paris, March 8, 1766:—

‘To say the truth, I do not know in what tone I shall write to you. I do not know what I think. I know still less what ought to be said. I do not know if I am content with your letter: I do not know if its date and all it contains are really true. I do not know what is the opinion you have of me. I do not know if it is not a constraint and an effort for you to write to me: I do not know whether you would not be glad never to hear more of me. I do not know whether it is not your design never to return here. I do not know whether I ought not to forget you. I do not know whether I ought not to take literally what Mr. Walpole says to me about friendship. Finally, I do not know how I stand with you: I only know that you say very flattering things to me, and that they have more the air of politeness than of friendship.’

Continuing in this strain till she has worked herself into a flurried conviction that they are never to meet again, she continues:—

‘I ought to have expected it; I ought to be prepared for it; and it is not your fault nor Mr. Walpole’s if I have deceived myself. I shall soon lose him: I will not permit myself to be angry at it. I will no longer permit myself any examination, any distinction, any preference, any sentiment. All that only serves to make one unhappy; and what, moreover, is peculiar to me, it makes me ridiculous. I wish, say you, lovers, and passionate ones, in my friends. Ah, my God, what thoughts! what ideas! How have I been able to give rise to them? Such is my state of mind, Monsieur: judge of what I can say.’

In her next letter to him, June 1766, she is a little more reasonable:—

‘You will always be my little Crawford, behave as you may. First, because I love you, and I love you because I esteem you, and because I believe you love me when you remember me, which, in

truth, very rarely comes to pass. Secondly, because you have induced me to love Mr. Walpole, with whom I get on very well, notwithstanding all the hard things and atrocious affronts with which he fills his letters. One page transports me with fury, and all of a sudden another makes me burst with laughter. No one has ever been more original; no one resembles him. . . .

'You are going to Scotland, then? I pity you. I know all the power of *ennui*, and the impossibility of surmounting it; but you must not think, my dear Sir, that it is better to ruin oneself than to feel wearied with oneself, unless one is resolved to hang oneself instead of dying of hunger. You have a very bad head. What is to be done for it? I know nothing about it. I wish you could fall desperately in love with a reasonable woman. I see but this remedy for you. You love play to madness, without loving money. You would be fully capable of engaging in affairs whilst detesting them. You have all the *esprit* one can have, without any curiosity, without any desire to know anything: in a word, were it not for Lord Ossory, to whom I suppose you are still attached, I should be under serious apprehension lest you should be found in the Thames or hanging from a tree.'

It was the current belief at the time, that he was one of the most devoted adorers of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

M. de Lescure, forming rather an undue estimate of the comparative merit of the letters to Walpole, remarks:—

'Madame du Deffand only begins to think when she begins to feel. It is her affection for Walpole which has awakened in her the passion, the eloquence, the style, all the qualities that the President Henault had allowed to sleep. This tardy and senile love—which is the only emotion, the only drama, of her existence—has inspired, one may say, the genius of Madame du Deffand. Before, it was a woman of a great *esprit*. After, it is a great writer.'

A great writer (if a great writer at all) only in the sense in which Madame de Sévigné was a great writer; that is, a great letter writer. There was one marked analogy between these two ladies: an ill-requited attachment—an exaggerated, almost morbid, sentiment—was the main source of inspiration in each. In the one case, the rock from which the waters were to come was struck by the cold unsympathising daughter: in the other, by the harsh fastidious warmth-repelling friend.

Madame du Deffand's style has never attracted a tithe of the enthusiastic admiration lavished on her predecessor in the same line; and her fame mainly rests on the tradition of her conversational powers, and on her association with the master-spirits of her age. It is their letters, even more than her own, that give value and interest to the seven volumes of Correspondence now before us. But hers abound in spirited narrative and apt illustration;

tration; they are light without being superficial; above all, they are easy, natural, and unstudied. Where she appears to have taken pains, and to have had something resembling a literary aspiration, was in the portraits which she drew of her friends; but, as these were intended to be shown (indeed, were generally addressed) to the sitters, they are probably more remarkable for grace of expression and delicacy of touch than for truth. Amongst the many similar portraits of herself by contemporaries, that from the pen of the President Henault is the most worthy of attention, because no one knew her better, and because it was not meant to see the light in his lifetime.

'The heart, upright, noble, and generous, unceasingly occupied in being useful and in imagining the means—how many people, and considerable people, had reason to say it! the intellect sound, an agreeable imagination, a gaiety which made her young again (I speak of later times, for she had once a charming face), the mind accomplished, and taking no pride in anything of all this at the age when she only thought of diverting herself. It were much to be wished that what she has written should not be lost: Madame de Sévigné would not be the only one to cite.'

She composed songs, and sang them. In a letter to Walpole, dated March 10, 1771, when she was seventy-five, she describes a supper given by the King of Sweden (Charles XI., then at Paris) and apparently to her:—

'I found with the King the two Duchesses (d'Aiguillon, *mère* and *régnante*), and MM. de Sestain and de Creuz. The King busied himself with getting me a good arm-chair, and made me change that in which they had placed me for a more convenient one. He would fain have had a tub.\* The big Duchess set to singing the song I had made on my tub, telling the King that it was of my composition. . . We supped: after supper they spoke of the Chevalier de Bouffers. They made me sing *L'Ambassade*; and then Madame d'Aiguillon told the King to ask me for the song of "The Philosophers;" after which she whispered him that it was by me; and the King, she, and all the company cried out as one does at the end of a new play, The Author, the Author, the Author. The party broke up at midnight. I cannot tell you how kind Madame d'Aiguillon was, and all the care she took to bring me out.'

Her longing for society increased with her years. 'Que la chère soit bonne,' was her repeated injunction to her cook; 'j'ai besoin de monde plus que jamais.' On the 15th November, 1777, she writes to Crawford:—

'As if it was not enough to be blind, I have now the dread of

\* Tonneau, the name given by her to an easy-chair of peculiar construction which she occupied at home.

becoming deaf. I have seen the Abbé de Saint-Julien : you may take for granted that he said all he could imagine to console me, but faith and hope are not my principal virtues.'

June 2, 1778, to Madame de Choiseul :—

'Picture to yourself, dear grandmama, that, to extreme old age, and to blindness, is added deafness. . . . It is too many miseries at once : I have not the courage to support them. In this situation the death of Voltaire has made, I own, little impression on me, and I am not in a condition to relate any circumstance of it.'

Still she bore up gallantly, and her deafness must have been slight, for on October 8, 1779, she writes to Walpole, that she has been reading (i.e., having read to her) the 'Théâtres' of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, remarking that she finds the last 'greatly inferior, not at all worthy to rank with the two others : all his personages are no other than himself.' In the same letter she congratulates Walpole on having refurnished his house, and asks jocularly whether, if she were to come to England, he could take her in.

She died on September 23rd, 1780. What she said of the President's mode of dying was true of her own. She went out, or became extinguished, like a lamp, without pain or consciousness, showing at no time any apprehension of death. Her religious state has been questioned. La Harpe, speaking of a spiritual director who had been in attendance on her, says that, 'be his qualifications what they might, she did not keep him six months. The ascetic language of these pious intercommunications was not in the tone of her ordinary conversation, nor in harmony with her soul. So, when the *curé* of Saint-Sulpice came to see her in her last illness, she said, 'Monsieur le Curé, you will be satisfied with me ; but spare me three things : no questions, no reasons, no sermons.' This is partially confirmed by Wiart, her private secretary, in a letter to Walpole, giving a detailed account of her last illness and death. She was buried, he states, in the Church of Saint-Sulpice, her parish, according to her request.

'But they would not suffer any marks of distinction to be paid to her. *These gentlemen were not perfectly satisfied.* However, her Curé saw her every day, and had even commenced her confession, when she lost her head and was not able to receive the sacraments ; but M. le Curé behaved admirably. He did not believe her end so near.'

The master-passion strong in death was never more strikingly exemplified than in her. Her last words were as characteristic as the 'More Light' of Goethe, the 'Aber' (But) of Frederic Schlegel, the 'Give Dayrolles a chair' of Chesterfield, or the  
'Life

'Life is a poor vanity' of Locke. They were 'Vous m'aimez donc?' addressed in a mixed tone of surprise and incredulity to the secretary, who knelt dissolved in tears at her bedside. She died doubting the existence, the bare possibility, of the feeling or faculty which helps, more than any other, to expand the heart, to refine the intellect, to soften and sweeten life, to grace and elevate humanity!

ART. VI.—1. *The Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on Public Business.* 1878.

2. *The House of Commons—Illustrations of its History and Practice.* (A new and revised edition.) By Reginald F. D. Palgrave, the Clerk Assistant of the House of Commons. London, 1878.

IN the simple 'antique' days when Englishmen were renowned for steady common sense rather than for fitful sentiment, and ventured to call a spade a spade without the prelude of a general profession of philanthropy, and when our countrymen were still bold enough to call the pot black without guarding that statement by a full and ample apology to the rest of the *batterie de cuisine*—a combination of the disaffected harbouring a design to nullify the due effects of the Queen's Writ, to defeat the purpose of the Legislature, and to insult the people of the United Kingdom in the persons of their representatives in Parliament, would have been described as a mischievous conspiracy. Could it have been conceived that such a confederacy would have the least prospect of achieving success, our ancestors would not have rested content with merely denouncing it by its true name, but would have defeated their practices by bringing the offenders to sudden justice. And however novel might have been the form of the offence, it would have been dealt with under the known principles of the Constitution with calmness, but with vigour. But in our time, not only has such a scheme been conceived, it has been executed. The design, brooded over in the dark, has been hatched in the daylight. After being dimly hinted at in the secret councils of the Fenian Society, it has been proclaimed openly at a hundred public meetings, and boasted of even within the Palace of Westminster. The plan of turning the consultations of Parliament for the safety, honour, and welfare of our Sovereign and her dominions, into senseless wrangling, and perverting its endeavours to settle all things on the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and



and piety may be established among us, into a dull discreditable farce, has already been carried on for the best part of two Sessions. Nor is there any security that this burlesque of Parliamentary Government may not be repeated with weary iteration for another hundred nights.

In times not long ago, the House of Commons set more value on its time, held a higher opinion of its usefulness, was more conscious of its dignity, and knew better how to set a restraint on the follies of the few who have ever essayed obstinately to resist its wishes. Now a small cabal of such persons seems to enjoy a perfect immunity, as if protected by the charm of some magic ring. They appear endowed with a sort of divine right of doing harm, which is accompanied by a delightful notoriety akin (in vulgar minds) to fame: while if some one, overbold and out of season, actuated by some old-fashioned hankering for useful work, hints at censure, the rebuke must be couched in terms as obscure as the lines of a modern epic, and the homœopathic dose of blame must be administered to the honourable delinquents in a large spoonful of the honey of flattery—for that which from an Obstructor is but a choleric word, is from any other member flat breach of order; and the House seems to have adopted the notion of some Oriental races, that whatever has the appearance of proceeding from mental derangement must be treated with reverence, as coming not of the human will, but of divine inspiration. Proudly once we were wont to court comparison with the national assemblies of other countries, and to contrast the quiet and practical temper of our House of Commons with the vapourings of excited Frenchmen in the Chamber of Deputies, or the rowdiness of certain professional politicians in the American House of Representatives; and now is it not just a little sad to hear those, whose silent example used to guide the House, exclaim that, not at Board, nor vestry, nor political party gathering, have they observed so unpractical a spirit, or such disorderly conduct as is now tolerated at St. Stephen's, and express their regret that they still retain the honour (once the proudest for which an Englishman could strive) of a seat in the House of Commons? Alas, it is but simple matter of history that these sentiments have found frequent utterance in either lobby through the months of April and May.

We suspect that the critical position of affairs in the East had a good deal to do with the *laissez-aller* policy of Sir Stafford Northcote at the commencement of the Session. At that juncture Cabinet Councils were held almost daily, and with his best powers of observation bent on the war-cloud brooding over Constantinople, it would be ungenerous to  
censure

censure severely a little inattention to the weather warnings of the storm brewing at home. While, however, we are bound in fairness to keep in mind the complicated and weighty business which absorbed the best energies of the Government, yet, considering the large staff at the service of the Treasury, might not some one have been spared to glance through certain Irish newspapers, and keep the Leader of the House instructed in the machinations of the Obstructive party?

Not only were the events of last Session fresh in the memory of all to suggest precaution, but the leaders of the Irish malcontents proclaimed a new device; and, although motives of prudence might prevent them from making it known at full, still they could announce that it would put an end to the House of Commons, and yet not bring any one of the band within the reach of punishment. This discreet reticence was not strictly respected by their delighted comrades, and the character of the new scheme had been bruited about before the meeting of Parliament.

St. Patrick once promised this peculiar reward to a generous Irish chieftain, who at the moment of extreme peril had saved him from an ambush of his heathen fellow-countrymen, that in life he should never betray a friend, and that he should die peaceably in his bed. Rare and blessed privileges in the golden days of old Ireland, as yet unsullied by the footprint of the Norman invader! Time has set the seal of truth to the disclosures divulged by the impatience of the Irreconcilables, but these gentlemen, though they betrayed the secret of their chiefs, will nevertheless secure the other half of St. Patrick's blessing, and die peaceably in their beds. Nor will fear of the law cause their leaders the loss of one wink of the precious sleep, of which they delight to deprive so many members of the House.

The troubles of great empires have often been foretold by some inspired teacher, and the doom of the House of Commons might seem to be a subject not unworthy of the exercise of the prophetic gift. We find accordingly an ancient text in which our present trial is distinctly foreshewn.

Upwards of twenty years ago, when the estimates, though less full than at present, were already so overcrowded with items that they distracted rather than informed all but the most habituated eyes, it was proposed to refer them to a Select Committee for examination in detail. Mr. Disraeli, on the 19th of June, 1857, with wonderful sagacity gave the following warning to the Committee of Supply:—

Under our Party Constitution, the Ministers of the Crown were the Select Committee of the House of Commons, and those who would refer such questions to a Select Committee were only endeavouring to take

take the work out of the hands of the Government. With regard to the Estimates a very great change had taken place within the last two or three years in the form of drawing them up. There was the appearance of a great deal of information being imparted to the House of Commons, and the House accepted that as an evidence of its increased authority. Now he thought the House should view the information with considerable suspicion. In old days a vote was asked, say the 100,000*l.* for Palaces; the Minister who prepared that vote was supposed to be master of the subject; he explained it if necessary, and the House if satisfied granted that sum on *his* responsibility. If any details required explanation he could be reckoned on to give it. The Commons, after hearing his statement with the advantage of cross-examination, were able to form an opinion, and if they were satisfied that his general and aggregate estimate ought to be sustained, then they passed it. Now the fault of the present system was that they had in one vote too many items. It was perfectly absurd to fill up the vote with details of every miserable item, as if the Minister could not, for example, be charged, without the interference of the House, with the responsibility of a water-closet. But under the present system the matter might become serious as regarded the public business. *Any four men might by the forms of the House bring its business to a close. Any four men could by the forms of the House make a dissolution of Parliament absolutely necessary.* And if there was not sufficient good sense in the country to insure that these four men would never be returned again, they might destroy the British Constitution at any time. Suppose they were to lay down as one of the great principles of our Parliamentary Constitution that they should go into the minute details of every vote. Every one would, of course, be entitled to require an explanation of the most minute particulars, and in such a case he wanted to know how business was to be carried on. The Minister, who ought to be responsible, required a certain amount to maintain Her Majesty's Palaces; and if he was a Minister who deserved their confidence, and his position implied that he did, they must suppose that he would not propose a sum for the purpose without making himself master of the business. With him then ought to rest the responsibility; but, if the Members of that House were to enlarge on the vote in detail, they would introduce into public business, and into the conduct of the affairs of this great nation, principles which they did not adopt in the management of their own establishments, and which if they did, they would get no servant to carry out, or at the best such a servant as would not be worth keeping in any establishment.

To-day this Scripture has been fulfilled; and, though we would not lightly incur the suspicion of scepticism, may we venture to suggest it is possible that in this case, as in some others, the prophecy has brought about its own accomplishment? May not Mr. Parnell's persevering industry in seeking occasion against us have been rewarded by lighting on this instructive page of

Hansard?

Hansard? May he not thence have conceived the idea, which he communicated to those of his supporters, from whom he received the mandate to carry his cruel design into effect? Perillus was the first to writhe within the brazen bull; Cardinal La Balue was the first to be cramped between the bars of the narrow cage his subtle ingenuity had devised; and so the Government of Lord Beaconsfield is the victim of the ingenious engine sketched out by his vigilant foresight.

This, then, was the mighty secret, this the dread weapon which was to overcome the House of Commons. Once before in our history it had occurred to a great genius what inestimable benefits might be secured for the people of these islands by the destruction of Parliament. But Guy Fawkes was merciful, if resolute. A flash—a sound—his beneficent purpose was accomplished, and no one would have endured unnecessary suffering; but by the ingenious method of the modern deliverer the torture inflicted is to be exquisite and prolonged, the destruction lingering and painful, as well as complete; the House is to be slowly bored to death.

This is to be the mode of applying the fatal engine: Every detail of every vote in Committee of Supply is to be analysed, discussed, and opposed. Now, the Army, Navy and Civil Service Estimates, according to recent practice, form together three goodly volumes, each of them an inch thick, and the pages are crowded with countless items under every kind of sub-head, and these are explained by ample notes in the smallest print. Therefore debate upon the supplies for the current year might easily be carried on, without any breach of order, into the middle of the next century. Let a few determined mischief-makers so desire it, and no moment could ever again be spared for any other kind of business than the passing of Supply. Morning and evening the House would endeavour to execute its allotted task 'mid mocking cries of 'Progress,' where no advance would ever be vouchsafed. Nor would there be any hope of respite or glimpse of comfort, even in the approach of the 12th of August. Still to toil on against ever accumulating arrears, while the public service languished and ceased for want of money, and the whole machinery of government was brought to a deadlock! What were the labours of Sisypheus or of the Danäides to this? Living poets might see the tortures of the lower world endured on the hither side of the Styx.

Such being the plan of campaign to which our ancient adversaries were committed, what were the preparations for the defence?

It is with a smile we have heard the Chancellor of the Exchequer

Exchequer accused of belonging to the war party. How was our Leader making ready for his encounter with this little knot of determined rebels? He had resolved (at least in principle) to take the violent step of moving for a Select Committee on Public Business to consider if anything could be done. But lest that should seem too venturesome, the old rules—the peace establishment, in short, of defence—were first to come under review. The examination of modern weapons of precision apt for the present exigency was deferred until they should be wanted for instant use, and the new tactics of the Obstructors were not to be discussed at all.

In the happy days of common sense to which our yearning eyes look back, forewarned was forearmed, and to know betimes the exact designs of the adversary was to take the field with the battle half won. Irresolution ever invites attack; and the offensive was brilliantly assumed by the Whip of the Irish party, who sent in a requisition that Mr. Parnell should be appointed a member of the Committee. So modest a request could not reasonably be refused, and the chief of the Russian torpedo Brigade was (so to say) handed courteously to a chair at the council of war held in the state cabin of the British admiral. This was indeed a master-stroke of daring. We should like to have been there to see Her Majesty's Obstructor-General enter the Committee-room and make his bow to the too confiding Chairman, Her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer.

After the famous plot of the 5th of November we have no doubt the House of Commons appointed a Committee, but we never heard that Guy Fawkes was appointed as an assessor to serve upon it, any more than that when he came before a court of justice to be tried for his crime, he was invited to take a seat on the bench beside the judge. It would, indeed, have been a sight to arouse unquenchable laughter among the immortal gods, to have watched Guy Fawkes cross-examining the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees as to the reality of the gunpowder plot; but to have heard the audacious leader of the Obstructors call on the dignitaries of the House to make clear to his apprehension what *they* meant by 'obstruction,' seems to us to be quite as ridiculous, and scarcely less inconsistent with the honour of the House.

It is not wonderful that the occasional moderation shown by the Obstructors in the early days of the Session should have been attributed by many to the commanding position to which their leader had attained; but he was good enough to give another interpretation to his conduct. Quoting apparently from a speech of Mr. Secretary Hardy, Mr. Parnell said he had been told

told that the strong arm of the House, if lifted in impatience, would brush him and his friends aside, but, if raised in wrath, could grind them to powder; and that he had determined to be very cautious lest he should bring himself within the reach of formal censure.

Lord Cranbrook (snatched from the evil to come, and translated to a purer atmosphere) if, from his seat in the blissful Chamber, he ever casts a look down at the troubled scene below, must have the delight of his repose augmented by a reminiscence of conscious usefulness (for we suppose even Peers are not altogether oblivious of deeds done in this nether sphere of toil and trouble) in having interposed for a brief interval between those who were but lately his fellow creatures and their arch-tormentor. However that may be, there was a hush before the storm. The provocation of blocking every measure on the Order Book was not at once renewed. We suspect shrewdly this caution was akin to cunning. Why exasperate every member whose name was on the back of a Bill, at a moment when the watchword was moderation?

Again, so long as the Eastern Question was under discussion, concerning which the House was not in a humour to stand trifling, senseless talk and dilatory motions were eschewed. Mr. Secretary Cross was even allowed to pass the Factory and Workshops Bill, which, although mainly a measure of consolidation, long seemed likely to be the only Government Bill of any importance destined to become law this year. But presently followed Mr. O'Donnell's statement about the private life of the late Lord Leitrim, which covered his memory with wounds a thousand times more cruel than any that the dastardly assassins inflicted on the defenceless old man; when accusations were forced into the unwilling ears of the House, confessedly founded on nothing like evidence, but fitted together out of a collection of newspaper articles, all composed almost before the battered corpse had had time to grow cold, yet relating to events the latest of which, by the admission of the writers, must have taken place, if ever, upwards of eighteen years ago. The late Lord Leitrim's tenants have formally contradicted everything definite in these written slanders; but, had they been true, the facts would have been no less disgraceful to those who patiently submitted to such wrongs than to the doer of them. These charges would have laid the utterer open to the penalties of the law of libel if made anywhere but under the protection of Parliamentary privilege. Under that shelter he was safe from all censure other than that which the honourable House to which he belonged might deem it proper to inflict. And the Great Assembly was silent.

After



After this the Obstructors might hope that nothing they could do would provoke the present House of Commons to active resentment. They might address the Ministers of the Crown as Ministers have never before been addressed; they might resist the Chair; they might move to report the Chairman of Committees for persisting in doing his duty; and, after all, march home with flying colours.

Of a truth 'the gods creep on with feet of wool long ere with iron hand they punish men,' and if the House pretends to surpass even divine patience, it should be conscious of adequate power of redress, if not, of punishment. The Obstructors, like the Russians, intend to push on until they are stopped. Will not immunity and success such as theirs, surely invite a host of imitators eager to win a seat in Parliament by yet more extravagant agitation, and by out-bidding the leaders of to-day with fresh schemes of opposition, by the side of which the present will seem moderate and tame? Does this fear sound extravagant? Read certain addresses at the recent election for Middlesborough, and it will be seen that the game is begun. Besides, experience already shows that no candidate is too bad for some electors!

Meantime events on the continent seemed imminent, which would force us into a mighty struggle against the triumphant armies of the Czar. England's hour of difficulty was nigh, even at the doors. Were not rapid cruisers being bought up by Russia in Germany and the United States? Were not the Fenians of America preparing an inroad into Canada?

The impatience of the disaffected in Ireland rose to the height: why delay the promised blow which was to paralyse the House of Commons? Wherever it had been possible, the arts of intimidation had been employed through the Fenian press to constrain Irish members to support the Obstructors. Clearly the hour for action had come, and yet the Obstructors hung back. It was easy to promise in Ireland in the autumn. It was more difficult to perform at Westminster in the spring. The foreign policy and the military precautions of the Government had been discussed and voted upon. About these the House was in earnest. It was not till after Easter, when the monotonous duty of voting the customary Civil Service Estimates had thinned the House, that at last the train was fired; and what happened? Nothing very terrible or new, only something inconceivably tiresome and indecorous. In the first three nights in Supply the Committee was only allowed to grant just eight votes each night. Now there are 144 votes in the Civil Service Estimates, so that at that rate it would take nine weeks to complete that branch of the Services, making, however, no allowance for legitimate discussion on  
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important votes, such, for example, as those for Education, which always lead to an interesting review of the progress of elementary teaching, and offer an opportunity for many useful suggestions.

However, with patience and perseverance even at this low rate of speed, the House might hope to end its labours in mid-October; so our tormentors gave a few more turns of the screw, and for the next three nights the Committee was only permitted to take three votes a night. This was said to be the regulation allowance for the future; and at this rate the House would have to sit for six months more on end, merely to complete this one division of the estimates. But the mildest Chancellor of the Exchequer turns if you cut off his supplies; and the Members of the Committee on Public Business were at last acquainted by the Chairman with his plan for dealing with obstruction. No sooner had the Leader of the House appealed to it for aid, and asked for continuous morning sittings, than he received the support he sought. No sooner had the Committee settled to its task, than 'Presto!' what a change! Wonderful to relate, nineteen votes were taken the very next night in Supply. The Obstructors, thoroughly alarmed, fell back on their old plan of lulling the Committee to sleep again, and so forty-five votes were passed in the two remaining sittings before the Whitsuntide recess, and the House absolutely acknowledged by a humble and grateful cheer this gracious permission to resume its old habits of business. We hope we have said enough to explain, even to those not intimately acquainted with the procedure of the House, the new method of pursuing the old ends of obstruction, and have made manifest from what hotbeds of disaffection that rank weed derives its support, and the pressing need of some touch of the pruning-knife to prevent the overshadowing growth choking the life out of all useful plants.

We ventured last January to forecast, that the idea of contracting the rules of debate, until they formed a net so close that the most adroit and slippery Obstructor could not twist through them, would have to be abandoned, as at once inconvenient and hopeless. But it does seem strange that after two years' study of the phenomena of obstruction, the best opinion should still be divided between two methods of treatment. It was long the sanguine hope of many, that Obstructors would be best managed on principles similar to those which have been found so successful in dealing with the milder forms of lunacy in Belgium. Instead of herding the afflicted creatures together, where the nervous irritability of each re-acts on the other, each patient is put out to board separately, in a family of his own rank in life, where he is treated exactly like the rest of the circle, and no notice whatever is taken  
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of his eccentricities. He usually begins by smashing the windows, upsetting the crockery, and indulging in every variety of mischief; but he is not reprovcd. Not the slightest observation rewards his activity. The window remains shattered. If a fragment large enough survives, his dinner is served to him on the broken plate, just as if nothing uncommon had happened. Usually the patient bursts into floods of the bitter tears of disappointment, when all his efforts attract no attention. Still the kind treatment continues. By degrees he quiets down, and settles into the habits of the family. It becomes safe to mend the windows, and give him a new plate. An excellent system, most promising in mild cases, and to be adopted whenever it can be carried out at a reasonable cost. But in applying the system to the unruly in Parliament, the analogy fails. First, because the irrational fit is sustained by the approbation of foolish persons out of doors and the irritation of the company within. Secondly, because Imperial time is more precious, and difficult to replace, than plates and panes of glass. The system, in fact, is too costly, and the ratepayers will not long submit to the expense. They will be inclined to get rid of their sentimental guardians, and elect a more practical board.

It remains then to consider some system of restraint. Several suggestions have been offered, but we propose only to notice two, one made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the other by Mr. Raikes. Both are of the mildest character, and aim rather at providing a simple process of procedure than at confiding any excessive powers to the Chair. On all hands there has been a just anxiety to preserve intact three of the best recognised principles of Parliamentary procedure: namely, to maintain the impartiality of the Chair above the reach of suspicion; not to inflict any considerable penalty in hot blood, but only after an adjournment; to make every sentence the act of the House or Committee, not that of the Speaker or of the Government of the day. The Speaker has not eyes to see nor ears to hear, save as directed by the House. All the authority he exercises, whether by written rule or by immemorial usage, is derived from the House. He is its mouthpiece, its servant, its most honoured member, but not its master. His ambition is to enjoy the confidence of the House individually and collectively. So anxious is he to appear absolutely impartial, that, though necessarily chosen from one of the great parties in the State, we believe we are accurate in saying, that no one of the three most recent occupants of the Chair has ever entered the political club of his party after accepting his high office. Within the House he is the counsellor, the oracle, whom all may consult—in whom all  
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may have confidence. It is desirable therefore that every sentence of punishment, though pronounced by the Speaker, should be imposed by a resolution and be the act of the House.

We now proceed to state the two proposals, and we naturally give precedence to that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has acted as the Chairman of the Committee on Public Business. It will be observed that no words limit the application of this Rule to cases of wilful disorder or systematic obstruction, though no doubt that is intended, and should, we think, be expressed. The resolution as submitted to the Committee runs thus:—

“That any member who has been twice formally declared by the Speaker, or by the Chairman of the Committee of the Whole House (during the same sitting of the House or of the Committee), to be out of order, or to be abusing the Rules of the House, shall stand suspended from his duties as a member during the remainder of that day’s sitting of the House.”

The alternative proposal of Mr. Raikes refers specially to proceedings in Committee, but of course is applicable, *mutatis mutandis*, to those in the House. It is as follows:—

“In case of obstruction arising, any member present may “take notice,” that is to say, he may rise in his place, and, without making a motion, draw the attention of the Chair to the fact that the Honourable Member for — is obstructing the business of this Committee. Such notice being taken, the Chairman is to exercise a discretion whether or not to call upon the member inculpated for a vindication of his conduct. The time allowed for such vindication to be limited to five minutes. After which the Chairman is again to exercise a discretion whether or not to propose the question, “That the Honourable Member for — be not further heard.” On which question a vote is to be taken forthwith without amendment or debate.”

The safeguards of the double discretion entrusted to the Chair are designed in the first case to prevent the Obstructor ‘taking notice’ for the purposes of his craft; in the second, to check any arbitrary proceedings on the part of an irritated majority. We will examine in detail both proposals under the light of the principles just set forth. The idea of the Chancellor seems to be derived from a regulation common to all Continental Parliaments, at least those of the Latin race, where it is frequently put in force without any evil results. This rule makes it the duty of the Chair, whenever any member shall twice in the same sitting have been declared out of order for infringing the rules of debate, to interrupt the member so offending the third time, and to call on the next speaker who may wish to address the House. This rule, however, was not originally directed against a class of offences  
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akin to obstruction, but against impediments of quite a different character. For an instance we will cite the experience of united Italy. A great number of very clever young advocates were returned to the early Parliaments of that kingdom. These eager spirits, full of emulation, richly gifted with the Southern faculty of improvisation, competed against each other, and endeavoured to raise their reputation at the Bar by taking every opportunity of making exhaustive and exhausting forensic speeches in the Chamber. The rule has worked most successfully, and was recently renewed when the Standing Orders of the Italian Parliament underwent revision. By it the erring member is merely 'put to silence' during the debate, without any more formal process than a call to order from the Chair. It inflicts on him no incapacity, no disqualification. The result of the Italian rule and that of Mr. Raikes are identical, but in Italy the action is more simple and rapid, because the application is vested in the Chair, not in the vote of the Committee. On the other hand, the Chancellor's resolution suspends the Obstructor for the night. For that period he becomes a 'stranger,' and forfeits his right to sit in the House, a result we think more efficacious, and more commensurate with his offence against the authority of Parliament. The objection, that by this process some penalty, though very slight, is imposed by the act of the Chair, and inflicted forthwith, seems hardly valid, where it is so limited in duration, and is prescribed by a Resolution of the House. It is indeed not punishment at all, but an effectual enforcement of Order, rendered absolutely necessary by conduct unprecedented hitherto, but now quite common in the House. Whenever the Resolution is enforced in Committee, we think it should be specially reported by the Chairman, when he leaves the Chair at the close of the sitting of the Committee, otherwise the House would have no cognizance that the offending member has been suspended.

After careful consideration, the Committee preferred the method proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but introduced into his plan four very important modifications. We proceed to give the resolution in the terms in which it finally became the recommendation of the Committee:—

'That whenever any Member shall have been named by the Speaker, or by the Chairman of a Committee of the whole House, as disregarding the authority of the Chair, or abusing the Rules of the House, by persistently and wilfully obstructing the business of the House or otherwise, the Speaker or Chairman may, after the Member named shall, if he desire it, have been heard in explanation for a period of time not exceeding 10 minutes, put the question, no amend-  
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ment or debate being allowed, "That such Member be suspended from the service of the House during the remainder of that day's sitting."

First, we notice that the amended Rule defines the class of offences against which it is directed—a change, which we have said, was desirable. Next, that it does not require that the Speaker shall have twice formally declared the offender to be out of order, before the new method is applied. This we consider also an improvement, as, in its first form, the rule seemed to guarantee impunity to any and every Obstructor who should be content with only two gross offences in each sitting. We are glad to see the old practice recognised of 'naming to the House,' by which the Chair, when compelled thereto by outrageous disobedience, can at once divest the rebel of the immunities of the honourable member for 'Dash' and turn him into plain Mr. Blank. It will be remembered that the notorious Mr. Wilkes once asked the Speaker what would happen if he were named to the House. The Speaker replied, 'Heaven only knew what would happen.' Meaning thereby that the consequences would not rest in him, but in the will of the House, whose all unworthy minister he was, and the House might expel, imprison, or pardon Mr. Wilkes according to its high pleasure. It will be observed that by the other changes made in the Chancellor's proposal, two features of Mr. Raikes's plan are introduced into the Resolution of the Committee; namely, the right of the person implicated to a reply, and the discretion left to the Chair to stay proceedings. These, however suitable in their original connection, appear to us entirely incongruous in their new place. Let us attain to a clear view of the circumstances with which we have to deal. The House, by appointing a Committee to recommend an appropriate and easy method of procedure, has taken formal notice of the perpetual repetition of a fresh and particular class of offences; and, if it adopt this recommendation of the Committee, will directly enjoin on Mr. Speaker a special process of enforcing order in anticipation of a renewal of such offences. Mr. Speaker's action then will be strictly ministerial. He will remain still the mouthpiece of the will of the House, the executive officer enforcing its discipline. Why, then, encumber the procedure by giving the offender, taken red-handed in his offence, an absolute right of explanation for ten minutes? It is against all analogy of other calls to order in debate, and of carrying out the other rules of the House. For example, when the Speaker, according to order, stops debate at ten minutes to seven at a morning sitting, or puts the original question forthwith after the previous question has been carried, there is



no appeal nor explanation allowed. Consider the great inconvenience that must arise if, when the Speaker carries out the express wish of the House, a member in contumacy should question the application of the Rule, and impugn the conduct of the Chair.

The new Rule is directed not against doubtful but flagrant disorder, not against occasional but habitual defiance. It does not begin to operate until after the Speaker has exhausted warning and rebuke. Is it, then, consistent with common sense to countenance a specious and insincere apology, tendered not to the actual witnesses of the misconduct only, but to the great number of members who avoid the fatigues of obstruction, and are drawn into the House only when some excitement attracts them from study in the library or relaxation on the terrace? Is not this proposition a striking instance of that predominance of feeling over judgment, and of that strange self-mistrust, which numbs the vigour of the House? Wilful and persistent obstruction, forsooth, lay in his way, and he trod upon it by mistake. Poor fellow, do let him tell us all about it! Similar objections avail against the discretion (forced on the Speaker by the word 'may' in the amended Resolution) to stay further proceedings after the defence has been delivered. Would not the mere existence of such a discretion seem to hint a suspicion, or, at all events, imply a possibility, of overhaste or unfairness in the Chair, just as that vested right of exculpation would suggest a probability of harshness in the working of the rule? Is this respectful to Mr. Speaker, or consonant with the dignity of Parliament? Against which of the other Rules of the House is there any right to show cause why it should not be enforced? These proceedings should not be begun at all, unless the House is prepared to push them straight through to their proper conclusion.

If the House accepts the principle of the recommendation of the Committee, and entrusts to the Chair the initiative in the repression of obstruction, it should do so frankly and entirely, within the narrow and jealous limits of the regulation it will have deliberately prescribed.

Has not the feeling of the Committee, while examining the details of so many cross propositions, been for a moment misled by a false analogy? Of course when a Member has been formally charged with some misconduct in a set speech, and the accuser submits a motion to the decision of the House, reason and justice alike require that the accused should be heard in his defence before judgment is passed; and such has been the invariable practice of Parliament. But this is not a case of the

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incrimination of one Member by another, but of the enforcement of order by the Chair.

It seems hardly necessary to reinforce this reasoning, if sound, by pointing out the lessons derived from modern experience in this class of explanations, permissible under that old machinery which, as being too cumbrous and slow, the new process has been devised to supersede. In recent examples, such opportunity of so-called explanation has furnished occasion for more exaggerated breaches of order, for subterfuge, and for further waste of time, never for contrite apology.

Of these evils the Committee was evidently conscious when it limited the length of these speeches to ten minutes. But the worst evil of all would be to inaugurate an appeal against the authority of Mr. Speaker, which is none other than that of the House; and we trust that, when the recommendation of the Committee comes on for consideration, these blots in the new procedure may be removed by the wisdom of the House.

With these corrections, this process for the protection of genuine discussion might be usefully sanctioned; but we greatly fear that the new Rule will still be found inadequate to maintain order in debate, unless supplemented by more stringent measures after the same offender has been twice dealt with under its provisions. It is only through the dread of something worse following, that it will exercise a salutary influence. Else what is to prevent each Obstructor showing his dexterity by skating on very thin ice? and if by ill luck he should fall in, another might succeed him, and so waste quite enough time to spoil the usefulness of the night. The restrictive consequences of the Resolution end with the sitting; so next day they would mount the merry-go-round again, and keep up their notoriety at the expense of the credit of Parliament. Moreover, we deprecate condemning the Chair to a daily struggle against open disobedience. Miss Betsy Trotwood, throned in her wonted seat in her orderly chamber, was a stately, awe-inspiring presence; but after the august lady had plunged into the daily skirmish whenever the faithful Janet took notice of the presence of donkeys, she ceased to inspire reverence, and the impudent urchins hourly renewed their trespass. It would not be just to impose such duties as matter of routine on Mr. Speaker. At present, the acknowledged strength of the Obstructive party amounts on paper to some nine—its active army of offence only to five; but already auxiliary forces hover about the field. A little more encouragement, a little more vacillation, and the ascendancy of the House over its members may be lost, not to be restored without recourse to measures which may well appal the lovers of free  
discussion,

discussion, such as have never been exercised except in the worst times of the Long Parliament and of the Stuarts. Our recommendation is that any person who may twice come under the condemnation of the new Rule should be proceeded against by resolution at four o'clock, after due notice given. The mover of this censure should impugn the whole conduct of the Member implicated. Then would be the appropriate occasion to call on him for such explanation as he could offer, before the House proceeded, without further debate, to impose an appropriate punishment. That penalty should be suspension from the service of the House for some fixed period, and for such further time until he shall have given assurance to the House that he will not so offend again. If anything less than this be tried, or too short a suspension be fixed, what is to prevent the friends of the offender from proposing his name to serve as a member on every Select Committee to be appointed, and by this, and a dozen other devices, further wasting the time of the House until his recall? After all, are these proposals anything more than sticks to be used for beating about the bush? Would it not be better to push on bravely to the lair of the boar and put an end to his depredations on the public time? Must we delay our attack till women have all their rights and an Atalanta comes to our aid? If this wanton destruction of legislation for two years is so light a mischief, let the House vote double supplies in a lump sum, and take a holiday till the general election of 1881. That would at any rate economize discredit. But so varied are the wants of our modern civilization, so great is the need of improved administration, so many are the conflicts of interest which it produces, that, toil Parliament never so wisely and well, it is difficult to provide fast enough easy means for the just settlement of conflicting rights. If, then, justice delayed is justice denied, why palter with duty any longer? It would be easy, though somewhat tedious, to show that every class is suffering some inconvenience, has been deprived of some facility in the transaction of the business of life, by the action of these obstinate offenders. More than nine-tenths of the Irish representatives utterly repudiate their devices. The scions of the old Irish race, the O'Reillys, the O'Conors, the O'Donoghues, will have nothing to do with this little knot of Obstructors who scarcely count a genuine Irishman among them. Truly there is a Scotchman and a Fleming who have adopted Irish aliases for the purposes of political adventure, but the Saxon derivation of other names betrays the descendant of the Saxon interloper. Do not the old Irish families represent the true Irish party? These do not wish to alienate the House of Commons; these do not advocate out-

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of-doors revenge and retaliation, or threaten to proceed from obstruction to destruction. These ask only for what they deem to be suitable government and equal religious privileges, which they hope can be obtained peaceably, and, in the present temper of English opinion, promptly, for Ireland. These do not act so as wantonly to revive the old mood of suspicion and dislike of everything Irish. Would it not be better for the House to endeavour to satisfy them, instead of shrinking before their reckless rivals, who receive the support of the Fenian agitator and of the apologist of agrarian crime?

The first vigorous effort brought us at once to a delicious oasis in the monotonous waste. Contrast with the fruitless tract through which we had been wearily plodding, the busy halt under the palms during the month of June. Take, as a single example of the value to the country of well-spent time, the interesting discussion on Explosions in Mines of Friday evening, the 21st of that month, when after only three hours and a half of debate, during which several Members gave the House the accumulated experience of a lifetime, and no one spoke who had not bestowed careful attention on the practical working of the law, Mr. Secretary Cross was able to announce to the House, with the approval of both sides, a course which it is anticipated may lead to a great diminution in the number of those awful catastrophes which have cast such mournful shadows over the life of all those engaged in mining industry.

This oasis, which we so suddenly attained, broadens on our closer view, and, if it be not in truth on the outer boundaries of civilized life, it is at least protected country wherein the crafty Bedouin no longer dares to harass the caravan. Since the Government have introduced into the House of Lords a Bill appropriating a million out of the surplus funds of the Irish Church to the advancement of Intermediate Education in Ireland, it is feared that this measure might suffer in an indiscriminate massacre, and the Irish Representatives have put the utmost pressure on their wild adherents to keep them quiet for the time—so that there is a good chance that this enforced suspension of hostilities may last for the few remaining weeks of the Session, unless, indeed, the armistice, as has happened before, is suddenly denounced in a tantrum on some arbitrary taking of offence. While we welcome every endeavour to satisfy the rational desires of the Irish people, the precarious repose of the moment should not set the watchfulness of the House to sleep. Regarded in the light of blackmail, or as a sop to Cerberus, a million sterling is a morsel to provoke appetite, and even the Irish Church surplus will not often furnish forth a  
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perfect feast. The House should recollect that a large Danegelt ever drew fresh hordes of rovers 'swarming o'er the Northern Sea.'

We reverence the respect with which the House guards the rights of minorities, the jealousy with which it watches the slightest apparent infringement of the rights of free discussion. But do not let religion degenerate into superstition, lest the very objects of faith be lost. These men for two years have almost deprived Great Britain of Parliamentary government. That has been their aim. How many Scotch questions, we ask, have been properly discussed these two Sessions? How many English and Irish measures have been indefinitely postponed?

Minorities have a right to offer a prolonged resistance by fair arguments against any change of the law, so long as there remains a reasonable chance of converting the House and the country to the justice of their views; but the Obstructors oppose not one particular new measure, but any and every Bill indiscriminately, and endeavour to bring the mere routine of parliamentary government to a standstill. It would be preposterous to describe their rambling words as argument. It is the liberty of reckless railing, not that of reasonable speech, which is being respected by the unwillingness of the House to act.

It will now be our more agreeable duty to examine the recommendations of the Committee for providing increased facilities for the conduct of business, and to offer incidentally some remarks on the difficulties of Parliamentary government in the present day.

We hail with great satisfaction what we would venture to call the new traffic arrangements, which we anticipate will greatly relieve the block of measures, and enable bill and motion to defile much more easily through the avenues of the Order Book. The appropriation of Monday to the unimpeded consideration of the Estimates, and the relegation to Friday of miscellaneous amendments on Supply, will be most useful. Not only will the House have the advantage of knowing with certainty the subject appointed to be considered, but it will further secure that of learning the Ministerial scheme at the earliest moment. Much misconception will be saved, and criticism and suggestion will both be addressed to an actual, and not, as heretofore, to a conjectural policy. Supply will proceed evenly through the Session, and, votes on account being no longer necessary, there will be a saving of time and labour, as well as a simplification of the accounts. We wish that the principle of the classification of business could be carried further, and that amendments on Supply on Friday had been

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reserved for motions calling in question the conduct of the Administration or of the Courts of Justice, so as to secure frequent opportunity for examining any real grievance of a personal character, and also for informal conversations on matters of interest suddenly arising. While we recognize the practical difficulty of drawing these distinctions, we think the plan might be tried as an experiment for a Session or two, as the trial could not inflict damage on any one. Tuesday should be dedicated, as now, at the commencement of the session, to formal resolutions, and to the introduction of bills of principle, as opposed to bills of machinery. The latter could be introduced on any day, as the House could not express an opinion on their merits until the printed copies had been perused; but the proposal to make, from the 1st of June, Tuesday an order night for private members, placing first those bills which have reached the most advanced stage, will enable the measures least opposed to become law in the current Session, and leave the course free for others in the following year.

We do not anticipate either gain or loss from the application of the four weeks' limit to the postponement of orders of the day. The ballot decides now, and will decide if the plan is accepted; only under the new rule the decision, instead of coming from a single cast of the die, will be the result of several.

The proposal to restore the practice, long obsolete in the Lower House, of negating the Committee in the case of Consolidation Bills would undoubtedly quicken the tedious process which forms the indispensable preliminary to any codification of the Law. However, we shrewdly suspect that the House will be found to be too jealous for this course to find general acceptance whenever the slightest amendment is mixed up with the consolidation, and it appears a pity to consolidate without admitting acknowledged improvements in the new statute. This practice might be essayed on the annual Bill for the Continuance of Expiring Laws. However, the suggestion seems unobjectionable, to give a qualified precedence over private members' bills to consolidation bills, and to bills founded on the report of a Select Committee; but, as consolidation bills are almost always promoted by Government, we are afraid they will still be sacrificed, as heretofore, to more pressing, or, at least, more popular measures, or fall victims to the midnight noose of the obstructive Thug. This thought brings us back to the consideration of the 12.30 rule; that plausible, but profligate, advocate of early closing, who keeps the back-door open till four, nay, even ten, in the morning to Irish customers longing to discuss intoxicating liquors; that specious tyrant who  
consents,



consents, while the Speaker is held, till dawn broadens into day, bound to the chair, to be riddled, like another St. Sebastian, by all the arrows of debate.

Every reasonable member must cordially support the principle that no fresh opposed business should be begun after half-past twelve; but to apply this principle with effect, the House must put more faith in freedom of action, less in artificial fetters. Reasonable hours will never be kept so long as the Government abdicates its guiding functions, and trusts in dead mechanical rules for the direction and control of the order of business, instead of discharging those functions itself by a living hand. If the Leader of the House would set his face against late sittings, and use his majority firmly and indifferently to carry the adjournment of every debate whenever genuine and sincere discussion shall arise after midnight, then, and not till then, will working members share in those comforts secured to half-timers by the 12.30 rule. We know what pressure independent members are exercising on the Government to make this hard-and-fast rule a Standing Order. We acknowledge its attractiveness, and admit the charm of possessing the power of putting a 'stopper' against perhaps the only bill disliked by our constituents, and then, instead of having to sit up night after night on the bare chance of its being brought on, to be free to start off home after the Government division, perhaps looking in at Lady Mary's brilliant assembly on the way, and still getting to bed at such a comfortable hour as best conduces to preserve wealth, wisdom, and health. No one desires to make the service of the House an intolerable slavery; and we wish to secure the proposed good, without inflicting on any one the burdens and injustice imposed by the fixed rule.

The course we would venture to recommend is, that whenever the Government has been made aware, either by the state of the notice paper or by direct intimation, that the provisions of a bill will be extensively criticized, it should not countenance the discussion being continued, much less begun, after half-past twelve, but should regularly support a motion for adjournment. Were this course thoroughly understood, responsible members would not dare to encounter the disfavour of the House, by trying to slip important measures forward a stage. At present, owing to the flagrant abuse by the Obstructors of the 12.30 rule, the greatest sympathy is felt for any member who will still face the annoyance of attempting legislation, and almost anything is thought fair. Another illustration of how submission to obstructive tyranny is demoralizing the House. We will give one instance only of the hardships inflicted under this rule.

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rule. It happened before obstruction was discovered, and had been made a patent invention. Moreover, it is neither an imaginary nor a solitary case. A few Sessions ago, a bill which had occupied several days in committee, and had again been carefully scrutinized and revised on report, was put down for third reading. One member, still dissatisfied, put on a 'stopper' before Whitsuntide, and shortly after started for the Continent. The bill being blocked under the 12.30 rule, could not be taken until within ten days of the end of the Session, when it was read a third time without a word of comment, but of course, the Lords refused for want of time to enter on its examination. Surely the later stages of a bill should be exempted from this veto, and such despotic authority should not be entrusted to less than twenty members. Having so recently drawn attention to the indirect mischief the Rule causes, by providing a further temptation and inducement to obstructers to talk out the main Government business of the night, so as to prevent any other subject from being reached before half-past twelve, and thus impeding the free action of the House, we will say no more on this subject, but only put on record our conviction, that there has been no diminution this Session of this injurious practice of talking out, although it has been much more subtly carried on, and express our satisfaction that the Committee has not given way to temptation, but has declined to recommend that the Rule be made a Standing Order. It remains to be seen whether the House, at the very moment when it is striving to shake off the shackles of its tyrants, will yield, nay, thrust back this scourge into their disengaged hand.

The recommendation, to apply to the mover of dilatory motions in Committee the rules applicable in the House, is sound in principle. We wish something had been undertaken to improve the quality, as well as to augment the quantity, of the work turned out. We had hoped that Sir Erskine May's carefully thought-out plan for the regular appointment of grand committees, consisting each of twenty permanent members, besides specialists to be added according to the occasion, to examine the details of Administrative bills, and, as it were, found a school and tradition of treating parallel questions by similar machinery, would have received careful consideration from the Committee, and so might have been accepted in due time by the House. But we fear this hope must be once more deferred. It will be observed that the attention of the Committee has been almost exclusively confined to recommendations for the mitigation of the evils of a crowded Order-book. But alas, of what avail are the most perfect traffic arrangements, so long as directors and shareholders are content  
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to look on while a gang, disguised as servants of the company, misuse the signals, obstruct the line, and send train after train into the ditch? Some members ask naïvely, 'What constitutes obstruction?' Does it matter the how much or the how little? whether it be a broken sleeper or a heap of rubbish which throws off the carriages?—there lies the wreck, and there is no doubt who has maliciously caused the calamity. Contempts of Court have not to be proved, because they are done under the eye of the Judge, who decides on the guilt as well as inflicts the penalty. Had all these things happened at the antipodes, and not under their very eyes, the perplexity of diffident members would be excusable. The mere presence of a knot of unscrupulous men, in so mixed an assembly as the thrice-reformed House of Commons, would not constitute a serious danger, but for the unsuspected incapacity to resist their dictation. The want of wit or will to cope with disorder would be a serious matter. What is the secret of this apparent apathy? Last Session it was said, 'Give the Obstructors rope enough.' How many miles are sufficient? 'Let public opinion out of doors ripen.' Public opinion is waxing over-ripe and is turning sour. Looking back at so many wasted hours, we seem to hear again the frightful whisper, that obstruction has been fostered by the passive connivance of an assembly insensible to insult, and indifferent to the transaction of public business. Can there be aught but calumny in the rumour, that there is a timid satisfaction among the Tories at this delay in the remedy of practical grievances, because the longer practical improvements are postponed, the later occasion will be found for agitating in favour of speculative organic change, whilst miscalled Liberals rejoice that the glory of no useful administrative reforms will gild the era of Conservative ascendancy? We would rather find a less damaging explanation of this inaction in the absorbing interest with which every phase of the development of the drama in the East has been intently watched by the representatives of the British nation. The coarse comedy of this under-plot may be some distraction from the stronger emotions, aroused by the main action of the great historic play; but if the House of Commons is to be in the future, as it has been in the past, the very heart of the Empire, it must respond to the manly feelings of a spirited people. Our imperial race expects something of the art of command in its councillors, and England is weary of the burlesque of seeing Mr. Parnell strut

'like an Emperor,  
Lord of the pulse that is lord of her life.'

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- ART. VII.—1. *Denkwürdigkeiten meiner Zeit, oder Beiträge zur Geschichte des letzten Viertels des 18. und des Anfangs des 19. Jahrhunderts.* Von C. W. v. Dohm. Lemgo und Hannover, 1814–19.
2. *Geschichte des Osmanischen Reiches in Europa.* Von J. W. Zinkeisen. Gotha, 1857.
3. *Geschichte des russischen Staates.* Von Dr. Ernst Herrmann. Gotha, 1860.
4. *Joseph und Katharina von Russland. Ihr Briefwechsel.* Herausgegeben von Alfred Ritter von Arneth. Wien, 1869.
5. *Maria Theresia's letzte Regierungszeit.* Von Alfred Ritter von Arneth. Wien, 1876–77.
6. *Die deutschen Mächte und der Fürstenbund.* Von Leopold von Ranke. Leipzig, 1871.
7. *Aus der Zeit Friedrichs des Grossen und Friedrich Wilhelms III.* Von Max Duncker. Leipzig, 1876.
8. *Friedrich der Grosse. Friedrich Wilhelm der Vierte. Zwei Biographien.* Von Leopold von Ranke. Leipzig, 1878.

'YOU know,' said the Czar Nicholas—speaking of the moribund Ottoman Empire to Sir Hamilton Seymour in 1853—'you know the dreams and plans in which the Empress Catherine was in the habit of indulging: these were handed down to our time; but while I inherited immense territorial possessions, I did not inherit those visions—those intentions, if you like to call them so.' Not long afterwards, the publication of Catherine's correspondence with the Emperor Joseph revealed the details of these plans, of which, judging from his own overtures to the British envoy, her grandson had made himself master. After the lapse of a generation, another British envoy was solemnly assured by the Emperor Alexander II., that the current story of Catherine's Oriental aspirations was a mere fable, which ascribed to his ancestor ideas altogether foreign to her mind. One Czar having thus categorically denied that which another Czar had distinctly affirmed, and the chief depository of the traditions of the Romanoffs having rejected the evidence of authentic texts, a statement of the designs in question may not be out of place.

The works named above furnish ample materials for a narrative of Catherine's Eastern policy, and of the wars and transactions in which her ambition involved herself, her rivals, and her allies. Her so-called Dacian and Greek projects were first fully and authentically made known to the European public by Dohm, a clerk in the Prussian Foreign Office under Frederick the Great and Frederick William II., whose access to papers and persons

persons enabled him to produce an account which may still perhaps be quoted as the best general sketch of the subject. His picture of Catherine's plans was completely justified by the reports, subsequently published, of Sir James Harris, afterwards Lord Malmesbury, and by the documents discovered in the public and royal archives of Berlin by Herrmann and Zinkeisen, who also partly lifted the veil which had obscured the negotiations known to have been carried on between the Czarina and the Emperor Joseph for the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. The curiosity felt in respect to that dark business was completely gratified when Herr von Arneth published the text of the Imperial letters in question. The diplomatic moves of Austria, Prussia, and France, at the date which concerns us, may be tolerably well gathered from the works of Zinkeisen and Herrmann, taken in connection with Arneth's admirably impartial book on Maria Theresa, and Duncker's useful though incomplete essay on Frederick's seizure of West-Preussen. None of these writers are Dryasdusts. Zinkeisen does not disdain personal descriptions and incidents, and he is not unobservant of the decencies of style and arrangement incumbent on the historic artist. The philosophical illustration of the topic was reserved for Ranke, whose terse and selective manner of handling facts, and his fresco-like method of broad generalisation, always open up fresh points of view.

It is now beyond dispute that, at an early period of her reign, the 'Semiramis of the North' began to revolve in her capacious mind schemes of European domination, Ottoman conquest, and Byzantine reconstruction, which for their grandeur her fabulous Babylonian namesake need not have disdained. Plans of partition were in that age no new schemes. Cromwell had replied to Charles Gustavus of Sweden, the greatest of all proficients in that line, who proposed to the Protector to cut up Denmark, that the days when it was allowable to destroy entire monarchies were gone. Yet both in his time, and in the following century, the pigeon-holes of half the Foreign Offices in Europe were full of plots for national annihilation, drawn up by adventurers, diplomatists, and ministers of State. Next to Poland, the details of whose partition had been written on paper more than a hundred years before the final catastrophe occurred, Turkey had always been a favourite patient with the Patkuls, Alberonis, and Choiseuls. The origin of most of the earlier projects of the sort, especially of those which came from Vienna and Rome, is of course to be found in that genuine terror of the Turks, which was felt in Europe up to the conclusion of the 'Holy War,' and of which some shadows still seem to survive in German popular sayings

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sayings and traditions. Other schemes were inspired by the mere passion of spoliation; as, for instance, one concocted in the reign of Louis XIII. by the *Sieur de Breves*, who passed twenty-two years in French diplomatic employment at Constantinople, and printed 'A short Discourse of sure means for destroying and ruining the Ottoman Monarchy.' It seems that the famous *Père Joseph* tried to make Richelieu take the Turks seriously in hand, an attempt frustrated by the Cardinal's loyalty to the system of Francis I. and Henry IV., for whom a close friendship with the Porte was always a fundamental diplomatic axiom. The same drift appears in the correspondence of Sir Thomas Roe, whose '*delenda est Carthago*' recurs, in a scarcely-veiled form, almost with the regularity of the '*prætereā censeo*' of old Cato. His meaning is clear, when he laments the disunion that hinders the accord of the princes of Christendom, although '30,000 soldiours would march unfought with to the gates of Constantinople.'

In Catherine's time, any bookseller's shop in Germany could supply an admirable plan for abolishing the Turks, signed, on the title-page at least, by a leading European statesman. Some years before her accession, there appeared in Frankfort and Leipzig a pamphlet on the solution of European difficulties, purporting to be 'The famous Cardinal Alberoni's proposals' for a partition of the Ottoman Empire. The Kaiser was to surrender the Low Countries and his Italian possessions, and to compensate himself by the seizure of the Porte's territory in Europe up to the Black Sea and the Balkans. The Duke of Gottorp was to be King of Roumelia, Macedonia, Greece, and Albania, and to have his capital in Constantinople. The Turk was to be beguiled of Cyprus, as Brabantio would have said, in favour of the Duke of Savoy, who was to be a member of a new Italian Confederation. England would take Smyrna and Crete. Prussia was to annex Eubœa, while Tunis, Tripoli, and Algiers fell respectively to Spain, Portugal, and France. Russia was to be satisfied with Azov and the Crimea. Holland was to receive Aleppo and Rhodes, where her energies might be less wasted than, as theretofore, on Java and the Cape. Completely anticipating the bag-and-baggage theory propounded a century and a half later, the pamphlet insisted on a comprehensive measure of Ottoman deportation. The Turks were to be carried bodily out of Europe and landed elsewhere. Cardinal Alberoni, or the bold projector who assumed his name, was very sensible that these beneficent territorial rectifications would be toughly resisted by the victims, who were accordingly to be overpowered by a general European crusade. The armament of the new  
Godfrey



Godfrey de Bouillon or Dandolo was accurately set by him at 370,000 men of all arms and 100 ships of war, to be furnished by the Powers, including the Grand Master of St. John of Jerusalem, who was to come off with barren honour, and the Swiss Cantons, whose troops were to receive double pay.

The Cardinal's way of spoiling the Ottomans would scarcely have suited Catherine, who is said by our Prussian authority, Dohm, to have received her inspirations in this matter from a German source. Her husband, Peter III., had recalled from banishment the venerable Marshal Münnich, who, after winning for the Empress Anna Ivanovna a series of splendid victories over the Turks, had finally, in the course of the revolutions of the Empire, been sent to Siberia for twenty years of that old age which he had hoped, in reward of his services, to spend as the sovereign of an independent Moldavian State. Returned to Europe, and restored to court favour, the 'Eugene of the North' poured into Catherine's ear, in almost daily interviews, the plans for a destruction of the Turkish Empire which even in exile had been his perpetual dream. He told her how glorious her name would be, if she resumed the grand purpose so stedfastly held in view by Peter, and half executed by Anna Ivanovna, when the defeat of her Austrian allies led to the disgraceful peace of Belgrade, and imposed on her the surrender of so many Turkish trophies of Münnich's skill. Such at least was the statement made by the Marshal, before his death, to the German geographer Büsching, who does not describe the old man as being in his dotage, or as palpably playing at brag. We assume, then, as not improbable, that Münnich may have partly prompted the plans described below, which were attributed at the time, though not on strong evidence, to Catherine's lover, Potemkin. That Münnich had a thorough German love of prospective calculations of the kind supposed, appears plainly from the evidence of his own journals. Taking, as an instance amongst many, his Memoir in reply to Chancellor Ostermann's objections to Anna Ivanovna's declaration of war against the Porte, we find him advising the means for the retention of the Crimea when conquered, and expounding the advantages of the possession of that peninsula, from which unrivalled coign of military vantage Russia would by degrees plant her foot on the Kuban and Kabarda territories on the east, in Bessarabia, Moldavia, and Wallachia on the west.

Catherine's subversive projects must have ripened somewhat early in her reign. For, previously to the outbreak of her first war with the Porte, the Chancellor Panin stated to Count Solms, Frederick's representative at the Russian Court, that the existing

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difficulties with Poland and Turkey would be best settled by a triple alliance, which, besides undertaking the partition of Poland, should effect the expulsion of the Turks from Europe. This was a considerable advance on the ideas current in the reign of Anna Ivanovna, who would have been satisfied with the annexation of the Crimea and Kuban, and the establishment of Wallachia and Moldavia as independent principalities under Russian protection. This last proposal was revived by the Emperor Nicholas in his conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour, when, however, the Czar threw Servia and Bulgaria into the lot which was to pass under Russia's ægis. The self-denial of Nicholas, who said he wanted nothing for himself, did not surpass that of Catherine, who, said Panin, having already more territory than she could govern, only required a frontier fortress or so. In Panin's mouth talk of this kind was significant of settled purpose; for, unlike Potemkin, the Count was no visionary, and, besides, had a decided personal dislike of all these novelties. It is, however, to be noticed that Catherine had not yet fully risen to the height of her great argument; she was prepared, according to Panin, to admit a somewhat base tempering of her scheme by the erection of a small Ottoman republic, of which Constantinople, with its immediate neighbourhood, was to be the seat.

By a curious parallelism of chances, in Catherine's first Turkish war, as in that of Anna Ivanovna, the trigger was prematurely drawn by the troubles of Poland. Like her predecessor, Catherine was engaged in thrusting by force of arms upon the Polish people a king who was not of their choice, the difference being that Stanislaus Poniatowsky was the Czarina's discarded lover, whom, when condemned as no longer fit for his erotic duties, she desired to pension off with a decent appanage. The country was overrun with Russian troops, and under these circumstances it was certain that one of those incidents of Scythian tumult, which were constantly happening on the marches of Poland, Russia, and Crim Tartary, would sooner or later occur. Some partisans of the Catholic or national faction, known as the Confederation of Bar, were pursued by a squadron of Cossacks of the irresponsible sort, acting with regular troops, to the border village of Balta, which the Cossacks entered and sacked, committing various other appropriate offences. Half the village belonged to the Khan of the Crimea, who thereupon transmitted to the Porte a complaint of this violation of his frontier. Another incident of the previous war was next repeated. The Confederates of Bar had received the moral support of the Sultan, who now came forward as the champion of Polish liberty and independence,

dence, which Russia in several treaties with Turkey was pledged to respect. But those treaties had not been renewed by the peace of Belgrade, so that the Sultan's position was technically weak, and he would, on all grounds, have been finally disposed to accept Catherine's explanations of her policy, and her excuses for this untoward event, but for the intervention of M. de Vergennes, then Ambassador to the Porte, and afterwards French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who persuaded the Sultan to send a declaration of war to St. Petersburg.

Although Catherine's arrangements for solving the Turkish problem were not yet ripe, her armies were as successful as if she had chosen her own time, thanks, in part, to certain precautions which she had previously taken in view of the eventual struggle. A faint prelude to the Russian nineteenth-century way of dealing with Turkey had already been heard in the reign of Peter, who made some abortive attempts to rouse the Greeks and Albanians to arms, addressing the Greeks in particular in a proclamation calculated by its dialect and syntax to make Plato or Xenophon turn in their graves with rage. Catherine was the first to discover and apply the complete modern method. Long before peace was disturbed, she engaged the services of a Macedonian Hellene, one Papazolis, who sowed the seeds of insurrection in the Porte's Christian provinces, especially in the Peloponnesus, where he arranged a revolt calculated to raise up 100,000 combatants, of whom the Mainots were to form the nucleus. Moldavia, Wallachia, Servia, and Montenegro, were overrun by other Russian emissaries. The *mise en scène* of the war included a detail which usefully illustrates the present anxiety of Russia to provide Montenegro with the outlets on the Adriatic so notoriously required for the very large commercial movements of that country. Guns and powder were landed on the coast by Prince Dolgorouky for the use of the Montenegrins, who, as soon as hostilities commenced, broke into Albania, Bosnia, and Herzegovina.

After some preliminary bungling before Choczim, not very dissimilar to the impotent experiments in strategy witnessed last year before Plevna and on the Lom, which caused the great Frederick to describe the war as the contest of the one-eyed and the blind, the Russians fought their way into Moldavia and Wallachia, and, after five campaigns, imposed on the Turks the peace of Kainardji, signed by the Grand Vizier to save his army from capitulation, after he had been blockaded in the lines of Shumla. The second year of the war included the naval victory of Tchesme, won by a Russian fleet from the Baltic, whose unexpected attempt to revive, by another road, the mari-

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time enterprises of the ancient principality of Kiev against Byzantium caused a profound impression throughout Europe, and was immortalized by Gibbon in a special paragraph of the 'Decline and Fall.' This grand operation was foreign, both in conception and execution. The despatch of the fleet from Cronstadt to the Mediterranean was suggested by a Venetian nobleman; and the Russian Lepanto was won chiefly by three Englishmen—Elphinstone, Greig, and Dugdale.

If cosmopolitan influences were so largely present in the outburst and conduct of the war, they were equally perceptible in the conclusion of the peace. That Catherine refrained from exacting from Turkey at Kainardji the territorial concessions commensurate with the military situation at the close of her fifth campaign, was the consequence of a collision between two principles, which a Muscovite publicist has recently called by the peculiarly appropriate names of Russia's 'idealism' and 'loyalty to duty' and the 'naked materialism of European society.' After the Seven Years' War, Russia's old alliance with Austria, the fruit of the friendship of Elizabeth and Maria Theresa, was superseded by an intimate connection between St. Petersburg and Berlin, the result of the personal necessities of Frederick, whose alarm for the consequences of a resumption of hostilities by Austria had induced him, in violation of his natural sympathies for France, to purchase Russian goodwill by the signature of a treaty for reciprocal offence and defence. This connection it was the object of the Court of Vienna to control, and, if possible, to break up. Austria's anxieties on that side were aggravated by the development of the Russian intervention in Poland, itself the precursor of still graver alarms of a nature not previously felt in Vienna. Maria Theresa's son and co-regent, Joseph, and her acute minister, Kaunitz, had discovered that it was time for Austria, abandoning a policy founded on the dangers and terrors of a former day, to consider whether clouds from a new quarter were not gathering on her frontier, and whether in her hereditary enemy, the Sultan, she would not now find her natural ally. As the Turkish war proceeded, and Catherine's larger aims were developed, the King of the Romans and the Minister recognised the necessity of an immediate Austrian change of front.

Joseph's ideas are best presented in his own words:—

'If the Russians force the Danube, the time will have arrived for us to occupy that river with a body of troops, so as to cut off the Russian line of communication and force them to a rapid retreat, in which their army may be destroyed. . . . If the Russians threaten and take Constantinople by sea, and so menace the whole Turkish Empire,

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then it will be better for us to occupy those provinces of Turkey which have a value for Austria, than to let them fall into the hands of Russia.'

The doubts, which may have hampered Imperialist policy of late, arose in double force in presence of the complications of 1770. The ideas of Joseph and Kaunitz could hardly emerge from the condition of *pia desideria*, so long as there was an uncertainty as to the course which Prussia might probably pursue. Joseph undertook the work, too delicate to be effected by ordinary diplomatic manipulation, of sounding 'the ogre of Potsdam;' and with that view he contrived to bring about, though not without some difficulty, a meeting between himself and Frederick at Neisse, in Silesia, which was followed by a return visit by that monarch to the King of the Romans at Neustadt, in Bohemia. These famous interviews excited at the time almost more anxiety, and led to the dissemination of more numerous fables, than the meetings of the late Emperor Napoleon with the various European potentates. At Neisse the august personages chiefly beat about the bush, discussing the battle of Bethoron, the phalanx of Epaminondas, and the fugues of Bach, vaguely asserting general propositions about the state of Poland, and trying to fathom each other's secret wishes and designs. At Neustadt the King of the Romans spoke out more plainly, and told Frederick that Austrian forbearance in respect to Russia's proceedings on the Danube had its limits, and that the Empress-Queen would not suffer the destruction of Turkey, or even permit Catherine to make any important territorial changes. Frederick's language indicated his recognition of the altered conditions of the Turkish problem, and his dislike of the situation to which his engagements to Catherine tied him. He said to Kaunitz: 'This infernal Turkish war alarms and disturbs me. I should be in despair to be involved in a new conflict with you, and I feel that if the Russians cross the Danube, you could scarcely remain quiet spectators of the incident and of further eventualities.'

To Joseph's hints that Prussia should adopt a vigorous policy Frederick was deaf; but he agreed to sound Catherine on her willingness to accept his mediation and that of Austria in her Turkish war. Catherine would give no positive reply, but said that she had ordered Romanzov to treat directly with the Turks, and she went on fencing meanwhile with Frederick's brother, Prince Henry, then on a mission to St. Petersburg, asking him on one occasion if he advised her 'to pass the Rubicon.' At length the Czarina affected to be ready for mediation. Her terms were—Azov, the independence of the Crimea, the independence of Moldavia and Wallachia, or their sequestration for

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for twenty-five years, with an island in the Archipelago, and other minor advantages. Frederick's reply was, that such propositions were monstrous, and that they must have been made in order to bring on a war with Austria; on reading them, he observed, he felt as if horns were growing out of his head. And, wrote the King to his brother, if they were not essentially modified, he should throw the whole business up and leave these gentry to their fate. He would suggest, as the extreme of concession to be obtained from the Turks, that Catherine might keep Azov. It was preposterous to suppose that Austria and the Italians would stand an island in the Archipelago being converted into Russian soil.

Catherine now affected to tone down her pretensions. Her assumed moderation did not satisfy Kaunitz, who argued that the Czarina's mind was irrevocably set on the retention of Azov, Oczakov, and certain districts on the shore of the Black Sea, and on the establishment of the independence of the Crimea. If her schemes were not opposed, observed the Austrian Minister, she would 'utterly imperil not only Constantinople, but the very existence of the Turkish Empire, and lay the foundations of such overwhelming Russian power by sea and land, that nothing would be able to resist her.' Curious as the fact may sound in 1878, the fears of Kaunitz were aggravated by the growing intimacy of the Cabinets of St. Petersburg and London. The Continent, he thought, was menaced by a new and dangerous maritime confederacy, whose united fleets would sweep in triumph from the Dardanelles to the Sound.

Those who are initiated into the present conditions of European diplomacy may suspect irony in the statement, but it is a fact that European ambassadors a hundred years ago were constantly acquainted, not only with the niceties of cookery, court gossip, and ombre, but also with the politics, history, and languages of the countries where they were appointed to reside. A brilliant example of this class was Thugut, the Imperial representative in Turkey, thanks to whose contrivance and tact the Porte undertook to pay a large subsidy in ready cash, and to allow a rectification of the Imperial territory in Wallachia, in exchange for the promise of an eventual Austrian interference against Russia, as a first step towards which a mobilisation of Austrian troops would shortly be put in hand. While the Cabinet of Vienna was preparing to carry out this scheme, Frederick was pushing on a negociation of another sort. As the destruction of Turkey was to Alberoni (or the writer who assumed his name), so was the partition of Poland to Frederick—the salve wherewith to heal Europe's bleeding wounds. The priority of infamy in that



nefarious transaction may be assigned to various individuals, according as we fix our attention on the suggestors or the actual executants of the *finis Poloniae*. The general list of the perpetrators, direct and indirect, of that execrable crime, includes the names of Charles Gustavus X. of Sweden, Peter the Great, Patkul, Augustus the Strong of Saxony and Poland, Choiseul, Frederick, and Catherine. The subject has not yet been discussed with the ability, or even with the industry, which it ought to attract. Our own provisional verdict would be, that in the last stage of the affair Frederick was the most active and most responsible of the royal culprits. However this may have been, it is certain that the partition was negotiated between Catherine and Henry; that Maria Theresa acceded with a reluctance very imperfectly expressed in her protest as current in the ordinary books; and that Frederick, though glad to have realized, in the annexation of West-Prussen, his dream of recovering the long-lost territory of the Teutonic order, was yet largely influenced by his desire to create a diversion which should prevent the collision of the Imperial Courts. His system succeeded. The threats of Austrian intervention would hardly have deterred Catherine from taking her full pound of flesh; but the bait of Poland, proffered to compensate her disappointment in Moldavia and Wallachia, caused her to moderate, or at any rate to postpone, her designs. Like Atalanta in the race, she stooped to gather the golden spoil, and thus was diverted from her immediate aim.

Austria, meanwhile, had suddenly 'turned her back upon herself' by tearing up Thugut's treaty, and sending the troops, which were to have protected the Sultan against Russia, to seize the Turkish district of the Bukowina, on the plea of its ancient dependence on Transylvania. This extraordinary operation, though amicably admitted by the Porte, marked the approach of a fresh revolution in the ideas of the Cabinet of Vienna. Joseph and Kaunitz were now returning to the view of Eugene, who had recommended the seizure of Moldavia and Wallachia, and other Turkish territory on the right bank of the Save and Danube. But this was a collateral object of Hapsburg policy, not the main design, which was revealed when, three years after these events, the Bavarian family line became extinct, and the Kaiser proceeded to annex Lower Bavaria and parts of the Upper Palatinate. The so-called 'Potato War' between Prussia and Austria ensued,—a somewhat Platonic conflict, terminated in 1779 by the peace of Teschen, in which Joseph abandoned great part of his pretensions; a result due in no small degree to Catherine's energetic declarations on Frederick's side. The situation left after this peace imposed on Joseph the necessity of paying effective

effective court to Catherine, who was now reported to be again dreaming, under Potemkin's instigation, of the destruction of Turkey. Universal astonishment followed, when it was known that the Kaiser, *alias* 'Graf von Falkenstein,' had gone to pay his respects to the Czarina at Mohilev in Poland. According to reports current at the time, Catherine talked openly to the Count of her Turkish project, which he dismissed as 'a capital plan if we two were the only people in Europe.' From Joseph's letters to his mother, to whom his visit to the Czarina was an abomination, we know that Catherine touched but lightly on her reigning idea. At first she completely shirked it. When she reminded the Count of his claims on the papal capital, he replied that the conquest of Constantinople, her Rome, would be easier for her to compass than that of the Holy City for him. On this she excused her remark, and declared that she had no thought of conquests. But, as Joseph noticed, her thoughts were full of the coming Oriental monarchy, although she assured him that she would not interfere with the Turks, but would quietly await their attacks.

The Count now proceeded to St. Petersburg, in order to study the local personages and affairs, and, in particular, to make acquaintance with the reigning favourite, Potemkin. The lover and the Count made many dexterous attempts to feel each other's pulse, Joseph discovering in the end that, although the Czarina would not wink at Austrian annexations in Germany or Poland, she desired his active help for her projected war with Turkey. Mutual territorial guarantees and other points were somewhat vaguely considered, but without definite diplomatic result, as Joseph declined to contract any obligations during his stay in the Russian capital. Soon afterwards he returned to Vienna, leaving the further discussion of these matters to his Minister, Cobenzl.

On Count Falkenstein's arrival at Mohilev, he had complained to the Czarina of certain misapprehensions of his conduct which he thought were entertained by Frederick. She answered that the old man did not matter; he lived apart in Potsdam, and did not know what was going on. If she could have read a despatch which Frederick received about Christmas, 1780, from Count Görtz, the Prussian Envoy at her Court, she would have perceived that the King was well enough informed about her own proceedings.

The Minister began by saying that, at the commencement of the year, he had heard rumours of a scheme projected by the Czarina, which sounded so extraordinary, incredible, and fabulous, that he had not dared to name it to his Majesty. But  
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he could keep silence no longer, and must describe in detail the Czarina's so-called Grecian project. Before the birth of her second grandson (Constantine, son of Paul), wrote the Minister, the Empress had revived the old idea of the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and the elevation of a Russian prince to the Imperial Greek throne. If Paul's child chanced to be a boy, the Byzantine empire was to be his, and he was to be called Constantine. The Czarina had kept this idea very secret, so as at first not to speak of it, even to Paul, except in such an enigmatical way that he did not understand her meaning. Paul's want of comprehension enraged his mother, who expressed to him her disgust at his incapacity for taking in elevated ideas! Upon this she took measures for the execution of her plan. The first thing was to send for six nurses from the Archipelago, who were to suckle the King of the Greeks with real Hellenic milk; the next, to arrange for the child's baptism with special Greek rites.

Unfortunately—the Prussian diplomatist went on to explain—the lactic functions of the representatives of Helen and Aspasia turned out to be deranged, so that the infant Constantine had, after all, to be fed with the milk of a mere Cossack cow. At this Catherine was furious; she countermanded the Hellenic baptism, and cancelled a medal which had been struck in honour of the auspicious event. The whole scheme now passed for being given up: but, though the courtiers laughed in their sleeves, an inner circle of the initiated knew that the Czarina had by no means abandoned her plan. An indication of this fact was seen in the circumstance, that an artist was ordered to paint the portrait of the little Constantine, who was taken holding a flag with the familiar device of his great namesake—*in hoc signo vinces.*

On learning these amazing proceedings, Görtz had proceeded to ask the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs what they meant. Panin was obliged to confess that there was no mistake about the Czarina's intentions, but the realization of such chimeras was, he said, totally out of the question; for one thing, there was not a Russian in existence who would not oppose them. The sole exception was Potemkin, who perhaps might be suspected of being capable of encouraging astounding projects like this for his own personal benefit. On the whole, said Panin, it would be better if his Excellency did not write on the subject to Berlin, for fear the King of Prussia might know too much of Russia's weak side.

The envoy could afterwards report that the Empress was consoling herself for the ill reception which her scheme met at home,

home, especially from Paul and Panin, by the thought that it was 'too sublime to be comprehended by the common vulgar,' and that, as it was 'one of the grandest which ever existed, she hoped, by carrying it out, to surpass all the great men of past ages.' As a useful instalment of her purpose, she printed a Greek alphabet and primer, 30,000 copies of which were distributed in the Russian military schools. The little Constantine had already, so sarcastic courtiers alleged, evinced a remarkable fondness for the Greek tongue, in which, by help of the new 'Delphin classic' and his association with some Greek cadets as playmates, the Czarina hoped he would soon become proficient. The Imperial mint had also to contribute to the progress of the affair. Medals were secretly shown, one of which displayed the chief mosque of Constantinople shivered by lightning, with the Czarina's designation as 'Propugnatrix Fidei.' Her numismatic recreations provoked Frederick to the sneer, 'The execution of a project as chimerical and difficult as that of the Greek empire will not be facilitated by means of medals.'

From these ridiculous depths the 'light vanity, insatiable cormorant,' of Catherine could soar to the sublimest heights of autocratic insolence. By an irony of history, the babe Constantine, who grew up to be the most ferocious of the Romanoffs, and, as the oppressor of Poland, to be known as one of the worst tyrants of the West, received at the font the symbolical title of 'Star of the East.' Finding the father, Paul, *trop borné pour de grandes choses*, and irritated at his resistance to her plans, Catherine sent him to travel, it being enjoined on him to take the incognito of 'Count of the North.' The objections which were ventured, that the assumption of this style by the heir to the Russian empire was likely to offend the other Northern monarchs, she indignantly repelled. 'Do I not own, forsooth, the greatest part of the North?' said the Baltic Semiramis: 'that which the others hold is a poor trifle, which it depends on myself alone to possess whenever I wish.'

A German historian of a past school, and, as we think, a school to be lamented—we mean Von Raumer—rejoiced to believe that all the diplomatists in St. Petersburg, except Görtz, were ignorant of these facts, especially the King of Prussia's mortal enemy, the English Minister, Sir James Harris. That diplomatist, however, had written to his Government on the subject several months before the date of the first of the communications of which we have just given the substance, and he even appears to have himself conversed with Catherine about her hobby. Sir James Harris wrote:—

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'She has been chimerical enough to christen the new-born Grand Duke, Constantine; to give him a Greek nurse, whose name was Helen; and to talk in her private society of placing him on the throne of the Eastern Empire. In the meantime, she is building a town at Czarco-Zelo, to be called Constantingrod.'

In another despatch he says:—

'The present reigning idea (and it carries away all others) is the establishing a new empire in the East, at Athens or Constantinople. The Empress discoursed a long while the other day on the ancient Greeks; of their alacrity and the superiority of their genius, and the same character being still extant in the modern ones; and of the possibility of their again becoming the first people, if properly assisted and seconded.'

The Empress, he said, appealed to him as the son of that eminent scholar, the author of 'Hermes,' whose predilections for the Greeks she hoped the envoy had inherited. Harris was not troubled with sympathies on either side of the question, but he pointed out to his official superiors that his knowledge of this weakness of the Czarina would enable him to tickle her with good effect, and that Great Britain could easily make a show of approving her plans, without running any danger of becoming involved in an 'unpleasant transaction.'

Sir James Harris ascribed the authorship of the Grecian project to Potemkin. The favourite was undoubtedly at this moment the prime supporter of the Czarina's subversive schemes, which, as we have seen, were scorned by Paul, and were resisted with a certain limited efficacy by Panin. Of the two antagonists—the minister and the lover—the character and motives of the former have sometimes been regarded with the most abhorrence. Perhaps between Potemkin, the brigand of civilization, the upstart and insolent slave of personal pride and ambition, the degraded tool of sceptred vanity and lust, who, when the infamous vortex of his greed had absorbed such donations in money, titles, and lands, as no sovereign had ever showered on a subject before, urged on his mistress to adventures likely to raise him to still giddier pinnacles of power and gain,—between this Potemkin and the cold and oily Panin, the miserable recipient of a Potsdam pension, it is not for history to choose.

We are now brought to circumstances of another sort, which had their influence on the development of the Grecian project. The fervent prayers to the present Czar, from a clique of professors and politicians amongst ourselves, that he would smite the Turk utterly, had a precedent, if these accomplished persons had only known it, in the flatteries and exhortations  
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which poured in on Catherine from different parts of Europe, and especially from France, in respect to her Turkish schemes. At the head of her adulators was Voltaire, who, in his 'Tocsin des Rois' and his correspondence with the Empress, was more Cossack than the Cossacks. He urged Catherine to give effect to Peter's great ideas, and to make Constantinople the capital of her vast empire, so that the savages who despised art and imprisoned women might be utterly rooted out. The coming peace must be of no common order: the Turks must perish, their 'empire in Europe must be destroyed, and they must be banished to Asia for ever.' The insurrection of the Morea, the Russian victories of Scio and Tchesme, and other similar incidents of Catherine's first war with Turkey, were received at Ferney with an enthusiasm like that excited in certain mansions here by the arrival of the news of the catastrophes of Plevna and the Shipka and the signature of the peace of San Stefano. Athens and Sparta, wrote Voltaire to Catherine, would again be the cities of Miltiades and Pausanias, whose descendants must receive their liberty from Catherine at a performance of Olympic games. Old wretch as he was, he would creep to Byzantium to see his divinity receive the homage of the East. The patriarch of Ferney was more sanguine than Catherine, who wrote to him after Tchesme: 'Pour la prise de Constantinople je ne la crois pas si prochaine: cependant il ne faut désespérer de rien.' Somewhat later her language was more hopeful; 'encore un peu de ce bonheur dont nous avons vu des essais et l'histoire des Turcs pourra fournir un nouveau sujet de tragédie pour les siècles futurs.' And again, 'Bientôt il sera temps que j'aille étudier le grec dans quelque université.'

The results of the war grievously disappointed Voltaire, who protested against the peace of Kainardji as a lame conclusion of a great enterprise. In a last 'animam meam liberavi,' he strongly exhorted his Imperial friend not to desert the Greeks, and uttered the hope that his misguided expectations might be realized at the close of another war.

Looking to Voltaire's language on this matter, when he was addressing not the Czarina, but the European public, the doubt arises, whether his actual opinions did not run precisely counter to the sentiments just quoted. In his 'Life of Charles XII.,' and elsewhere in his works, he was lavish of expressions which gave rise to Gibbon's complaint, that Voltaire preferred the Turks to the Christians. Probably the valuable sable pelisse which Catherine sent him in return for the title of 'Semiramis of the North,' and on which to his dying hour he set such store, suggested to him this second version of 'écrasez l'infame.'

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Voltaire's views, whether real or affected, were shared by learned men in numbers. One of the most eminent characters of an intellectual type rarely seen now, which usefully combined diplomacy and learning, was the academician and ambassador Choiseul Gouffier. In the Preface to the once famous '*Voyage pittoresque de la Grèce*,' that scholar gave his support to Catherine's schemes of Ottoman annihilation, recommending her, however, not to embody Greece in Russia, but to set up an independent Greek republic, of which, he thought, the European Powers would approve. Another Philoruss was Volney, who longed for the day when Turkey should furnish him with an additional Meditation on the Ruins and Revolutions of Empires. Some of his arguments on the Muscovite behalf have a very familiar sound. Russia, he said, was not to be feared; her extension would be her weakness, and Austria would be a sufficient guardian of the balance of power in the East.

Returning to Sir James Harris, we find that envoy receiving from London, two years after the date of the correspondence quoted, the news that Catherine had signed an alliance with Joseph for the dismemberment of Turkey. Lord Stormont's despatch was admirable as a prophecy, but was by no means history. We have said that after the Kaiser's departure from St. Petersburg it was the task of Cobenzl to work out the alliance vaguely discussed by Catherine and Joseph, one obstacle to which was removed by the death of Maria Theresa in the autumn of 1780. Cobenzl's attempts to obtain Russian countenance for Austria's dynastic and diplomatic objects were not successful: perhaps they suggested Joseph's remark to Catherine, '*Que les Ministres gâtaient toujours les affaires.*' A correspondence personally conducted by the sovereigns by letter led to a more positive result. Promises declared to have the force of an official treaty were exchanged, which bound Joseph to admonish the Turks (against whom Catherine kept alleging grave charges of breaches of the Treaty of Kainardji) to keep more closely to their engagements. He also undertook to march to Catherine's help, in case the Porte proceeded to actual war and to an invasion of Russian territory.

If the Kaiser set little store by her equivalent promise, he was well served by her guarantee of the Pragmatic Sanction and of Austrian territorial integrity, and he might be glad to think that he had at last entangled her in that close connection with himself, into which, as incompatible with her Prussian alliance, the Empress had so long refused to be drawn. His ends had not been obtained without lavish expenditure of the only means whereby persuasion could take hold of Catherine. There were two things with which the Empress to her dying day could never

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be satiated. One of them was flattery, which she liked to take, not in the form of occasional and delicate insinuation, but in an unbroken, vulgar, drenching downpour. Within the lowest known depths of adulation a lower deep had to be opened when Catherine was approached. On this occasion Joseph, himself a great lover and frequent victim of incense, completely broke the censor, as the French idiom runs, on his royal sister's nose. 'But,' as he wrote to Kaunitz, 'what can you do but tickle, with a woman so spoiled by fortune, so vilely toadied by all Europe, who cares for nothing but herself, and for Russia no more than I do?' And he went on to say, 'Il faut déjà heurler avec les loups : pourvu que le bien se fasse, il importe peu sous laquelle on l'obtient.'

Like Lord Stormont, the King of Prussia received exaggerated accounts of this preliminary understanding. They could not much mislead the admirable instincts and experience of a prince, whose policy rested not on despatches but on wisdom generated, as Burke said of Cromwell, 'in the cabinet of his capacious mind.' He wrote to his nephew, the Duke of Brunswick: 'The elements will shortly arrange themselves according to their greater or lesser weight. Russia will attack the Porte, and means nothing less than to conclude peace in Constantinople. The Kaiser shows himself very hot on Bosnia, Servia, and Belgrade.' And he adds, after a contemptuous mention of Catherine, as a fantastical woman with a head full of chimeras and stuff, 'The Empress will begin the open war; the Cæsar of the Avars will negotiate with the Turks. I think it will turn out so. A little patience, and we shall see extraordinary scenes. Solomon did not know the world properly: no end of new follies are reserved for our grandchildren.' Frederick's fine scent had not failed him. A week before the date of the letter which contained these remarks, Catherine had given Joseph a broad hint of the plans she was revolving in her mind. Alluding to the Pope's approaching journey to Vienna, she says, she hopes the Holy Father will 'bring you the keys of Rome, and propose to you to expel the enemies of the Christian name from Europe; in which case I beg of you earnestly to count on your ally.' Joseph's immediate disclaimer of crusading aspirations did not discourage the Empress, who shortly reverted to her project, pointing out how excellent it was, and, in particular, how 'advantageous to all the Powers.'

Soon afterwards the course of events in the Crimea, of which we shall speak separately, suggested to Catherine fresh complaints against Turkey. The Porte, according to her account, had been troubling the water in that peninsula (lately rendered independent by the peace of Kainardji), and she must take steps for  
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guarding her menaced frontiers. Rebels seemed to be endangering the independence of the new Tartar State, which she must assert by going to the help of Khan Schahin, who had asked for her countenance. As the affair was likely to produce differences between herself and the Porte, she desired, conformably to the tenor of the alliance recently concluded, to come to an understanding with Joseph on the principles of the conduct which they should jointly pursue. If the Kaiser was less reluctant than before to discuss the eventualities at which she was driving, it was because he again hoped, by seeming condescension to her Eastern policy, to involve her in his own German and European schemes. These included the formation of an alliance between Austria, France, and Russia, under cover of which Joseph might revert to the Austrian plan for ceding the Netherlands to France in exchange for acquisitions in Bavaria and Würtemberg, to which Frederick had offered such efficacious resistance. The Turkish question, which was Catherine's sole object, being now a mere parenthesis for Joseph, he responded to her new overtures by a proposal for a great military demonstration on the Russian frontier, whereby Frederick would be kept in check during the operations which the common interests of the Imperial Courts might oblige them to take against the Porte. Joseph was as vague on the subject of a remnant of sixty or eighty thousand Austrian troops eventually available for a Turkish campaign, as he was precise about the armies to be arrayed against 'the ogre of Potsdam' from Bohemia to Livonia. His notions of European improvement and Prussian intimidation were altogether out of Catherine's line, and she declared that whereas 'the ogre' would infallibly reply to the smallest military movement on their side by a mobilisation, she would guarantee his keeping neutral, provided he were let alone and not made nervous about Austrian designs on Silesia.

After the correspondence between the sovereigns had slackened for a while, Catherine came to Joseph with a proposal for a secret convention, in view of the acquisitions of Ottoman territory proper for Austria and Russia to make, in case they were involved in war with the Sultan. But Hapsburg reminiscences of war with Turkey were by no means of a reassuring kind. Not to go back to the days of Sobieski and Hunyadyi, men who were only in middle age had seen the Austrian armies completely beaten by the Turks, and six commanders of corps driven out of the field. These recent facts had made their mark in Vienna, so that Catherine, beside baiting her hook in the way which we shall see, thought it desirable to impress Joseph with a sense of the weakness of the intended victim. She now described

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described Turkey as the prey of calamities capable of destroying the most powerful empires. The Pachas, she said, pay a mere nominal obedience to the Sultan, whose authority they are eager to throw off, in order to prevent the confiscation of their property for his benefit. The Christians, who are in the same predicament, are five times as numerous as the Ottomans. Their commerce is destroyed by monopolies and vexations of every kind; the prevalence of brigandage has driven the country people into the towns, where their presence increases confusion and raises prices. Military discipline is at an end. The Janissaries have taken to business, and can hardly be got to leave their shops; the troops do not join the army when ordered; the provinces seldom pay tribute; the Divan is full of speculators, abler to amass wealth than to remedy the vices of a crumbling Government, whose only resources are in the Koran.

After this statistical preface, Catherine proceeded to unveil her most intimate ideas touching the conquest and reconstruction of Turkey. No longer beating about the bush, she proposed that Bessarabia and Moldavia and Wallachia should form an independent Dacian State, under an hereditary sovereign. The Turks were to be expelled from Europe, and her grandson Constantine was to be a monarch of a new Byzantine Empire. For herself, Russia would, of course, take next to nothing. 'Dans ce moment-ci,' wrote the Empress, anticipating language which recurred a century later,—'at this moment' we only want Oczakov and its district, with, say, an island or so in the Archipelago, 'for the safety and facility of trade' of our subjects. In face of these territorial rectifications, Austria would evidently require some corresponding advantage, and it was Catherine's object to keep Joseph's equivalent within the narrowest limits. In order, therefore, that her ally might only demand a minimum of compensation, she informed him that he was entitled to none. Nevertheless, she said, although Austria has not the same claim on Turkish territory that Russia has, her personal friendship for the Kaiser would induce her to make 'the sacrifice' which might be requisite in this respect.

It is interesting to study Catherine's Dacian and Greek projects in her own words, which confirm the accounts to which reference has been already made:—

'Fermement persuadée par cette confiance, que, si nos succès dans cette guerre nous mettaient en état de pouvoir délivrer l'Europe de l'ennemi du nom chrétien en le chassant de Constantinople, V. M. I. ne me refuserait pas son assistance pour le rétablissement de l'ancienne monarchie grecque sur les débris et la chute du gouvernement barbare qui y domine, sous condition expresse de ma part de conserver cette monarchie

monarchie renouvelée dans une entière indépendance de la mienne, en y plaçant le cadet de mes petits-fils, le Grand Duc Constantin, lequel s'engagerait dans le même temps de ne jamais rien prétendre sur la monarchie russe, ces deux empires ne pouvant et ne devant jamais être réunis sur une même tête. . . . Ce nouvel empire grec pourrait être borné par la Mer noire du côté de la Russie : ses bornes du côté des États de V. M. I. dépendraient des acquisitions qu'elle aura faites ou stipulées à la chute du gouvernement barbare, et enfin le Danube fixerait les limites de la Dacie et de l'empire grec. Les îles de l'Archipel resteront aussi sous la puissance de cet empire renouvelé.'

Catherine was now a little more explicit as to the acquisitions which her ally on his side was to make. He might hope not only for certain rectifications of the Austrian land frontier, but also for 'some establishments in the Mediterranean.' According to the French ambassador and academician, Choiseul Gouffier, then resident at the Russian Court, the Empress intended to seat her lover Potemkin on this 'independent' Dacian throne. But Dacia was the particular slice of the Ottoman territory on which Joseph's heart was most set, so that the chances of an understanding as to the division of the booty were small. Replying to the Empress, that the realization of these ideas was evidently subject to the fortunes of war, he distinctly required for himself Choczim, Moldavia and Wallachia to the Aluta, Nicopolis, Orsova, Widdin, and Belgrade, whence his line of annexation would run to the Gulf of Drina on the Adriatic, whose shores he proposed to subject to a thorough historic restoration. Without going so far as to take up Catherine's previous suggestions that he should direct his ambition to Italy, perhaps on Rome, he now claimed Dalmatia, Istria, and the other Venetian possessions on *terra firma*, with the adjacent islands, proposing that the Republic should resume instead her ancient rule over the Morea, Candia, Cyprus, and other Hellenic islands. But, as the Kaiser acutely remarked, in all these discussions one thing had been forgotten. No thought had been taken of the Cabinet of Versailles, which, if possible, must be bribed to assist, or at any rate to stand aloof, during the assumed annihilation of Turkey. The notion that French policy might be drawn from its traditional groove by territorial temptations in the East, had occurred a century before to Leibnitz, who had dedicated to the King of France a pamphlet, inspired by the hope that the ambition of Louis might, under proper stimulus, be diverted from the Rhine and Whaal to the Nile. The philosopher's '*Consilium Ægypticum*,' which was afterwards falsely saddled with the responsibility of Buonaparte's invasion, may have suggested to Joseph or Kaunitz the remark

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of the former to Catherine, that the neutrality of France might in the present instance be secured if she were offered 'des convenances sur les possessions actuelles de la Porte, dont l'Égypte surtout ferait l'objet principal.'

Catherine was highly dissatisfied with what she called Joseph's 'idées d'arrondissements,' and with his way of tracing the 'limits prescribed at the expense of the enemy of Christianity.' She was determined to keep the Morea and Archipelago for her Hellenic kingdom, and she warned Joseph not to frighten the Venetians. Her Imperial ally, all the while, was rather playing with her scheme than contemplating serious action. In his opinion and that of Kaunitz, the conquest of Turkey on the scale proposed would be no easy matter. The Ottomans, they thought, however degenerate, were full of enthusiasm, and might be expected to make a desperate defence. Russia was building on the co-operation of the Porte's Greek subjects; but the Greeks were a wretched race, and, moreover, were extremely distrustful of their protectress, who had urged them to revolt in the last war and then left them to shift for themselves. Besides, the Russian army and finances were rotten, so that the lion's part of the work would probably devolve upon Austria, but not a fair equivalent of the booty.

Actuated by these views, and irritated by Catherine's reception of his counter-demands, Joseph was disposed to let the whole negociation drop. Observing to Kaunitz that the Empress wanted to dupe him, but that her bait was offered to the wrong fish, he submitted to his Minister the draft of a letter to his ally, which expressed in sarcastic and biting hints his suspicions and disgust. Persuaded by the Minister to modify certain offensive passages, he maintained the essence of his letter, which was tantamount to a refusal to entertain the Czarina's plans. His original promises to her, he begged her to note, only referred to the case of a war forced upon her by the Turks, of which there was now no question, the circumstances now in view being of a character altogether different. Catherine's reply indicated the disappointment natural to a royal woman, whose vanity had not permitted her to contemplate the possibility of so complete a diplomatic defeat. Her Parthian arrow launched at Joseph, at the close of this phase of their correspondence, was tipped with the unction which both monarchs imagined themselves to be able to employ with exclusive effect. She had put forward her scheme, she said, 'ne doutant pas que comme César il n'y aurait guère d'intervalle entre l'acceptation et l'exécution d'un projet utile, grande, et digne de César.' Such flatteries could not conceal her irritation, which suggested Joseph's observation to Kaunitz, 'Il y a beaucoup



beaucoup d'aigreur, mais cela ne pouvait être autrement ; elle ne peut pourtant rien d'essentiel.'

The march of events in the Crimea contradicted Cæsar's assertion of the Czarina's impotence. Abandoning the fantastic elements of her policy, she showed herself perfectly competent to achieve the essentials which he supposed to be beyond her grasp. Before long her correspondent was informed that she was going to act by herself, as the time was no longer suitable for the realization of the large schemes previously discussed by them, in view of 'the good of their respective monarchies.' On April 8th, 1783, the day after the date of the letter which contained these expressions, Catherine published a manifesto announcing and excusing the annexation of the Crimea. According to her assurances to Joseph, her hand had been forced by a curious series of incidents over which she had no control ; the principal being the perfidious seizure by the Turks of Taman on the Straits of Kertch, when in the midst of the general confusion the Khan Schahin Gherai, without entering into any concert with the Russian authorities, had unexpectedly abdicated in her favour. The Imperial historian forgot to explain that the Khan's charge for abdication was 100,000 roubles, and that the perfidy of the Turks in entering the island of Taman was a far paler offence than her own prolonged occupation of the Crimea, in flat violation of the independence and neutrality so recently guaranteed by treaty to the Tartar state. Her manifesto is curious, as indicating the measure which she took of the potentialities of European credulity : 'As the Tartars are incapable of enjoying the blessings of peace, the Empress is obliged to take the Crimea, Kuban, and the island of Taman under her sovereignty, for the restoration of order in the peninsula, to secure her own State, and to obtain some compensation for her expenditure of above 12,000,000 roubles, expended for the good of the Tartars.' To promote the last-named object a Russian army passed the lines of Perecop, and extorted at the point of the sword the oaths of homage due to the new ruler, an operation described by herself to her Viennese friend by the singular euphemism of a perfectly tranquil occupation of the territories annexed ; while the good of the Tartars, as we shall see, was further promoted by Suvarov and the younger Potemkin, who, when a violent insurrection against the foreign yoke broke out over the Crimea, gave a lesson in havoc and massacre which would have rejoiced the heart of Timur or Zinghis Khan.

The Turkish war, as we have seen, was set in motion by France, who had only her own objects in view. In 1773—a year,

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year, that is, before the signature of the peace of Kainardji—the Duc d'Aiguillon began to prepare a naval diversion in favour of the Sultan. A French squadron left Toulon, but was quickly ordered to return, lest the contemplated movement should lead to a rupture with Russia's faithful, almost humble, ally, Great Britain. The Minister's sympathies and hesitations descended to his successor, M. de Vergennes, whose desire to maintain the traditional system of France in the East was checked by considerations of prudence suggested by the American struggle, and by the war raging between the Bourbon Courts and Great Britain. His disdain for the dreams of philosophy, in which Catherine's French correspondents indulged, at one time took the shape of a decision to send Volney to the Bastille, where he might amend his visions of the Ruins of Empires. Volney, however, escaped refutation by a *lettre de cachet*, and was answered by an inspired pamphlet from the pen of the archæologist and diplomatist Peyssonel, who, writing with solid local knowledge, dwelt on the ruin which would overtake the blooming French trade of the Levant, now so largely privileged in franchises and tariffs, if the Dardanelles and Bosphorus changed hands, arguing besides that the bag-and-baggage trick would not be found so easy to perform. France could not then follow all her bent, but she instigated the signature of a treaty between Spain and the Porte, believed to include the condition, suggested by the remembrance of Tchesme, that the ships of the Sultan's enemies should not be suffered to pass the Straits of Gibraltar. Soon the rumours afloat touching the design of the Imperial Courts caused M. de Vergennes to move Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette to exert their personal influence at Vienna to hinder Austrian encouragement of Russian usurpations in the East. Unable to respond satisfactorily to this appeal, Joseph admitted that his engagements to Catherine might bring him to act defensively with respect to the Porte. M. de Vergennes thought he knew what that implied: defensive measures against the Turks meant driving them out of Europe. This project, argued the Minister, was not to be tolerated. The balance of power would be upset, France would be injured, and, if she suffered such doings, would be the accomplice of all the injustice and misfortunes which would overwhelm the world. As Joseph would not yield to French pressure (though the reserves and evasions of his correspondence with Catherine may have been influenced thereby), M. de Vergennes then took a high tone at St. Petersburg, where angry words were exchanged with the representative of France on the subject of the projected annexation of the Crimea. But the sense of exhaustion consequent on the

efforts of the war with England, as well as the disturbed political state of the kingdom, inspired cautious counsels, and France could not venture to move alone. However, M. de Vergennes proposed to Louis to try whether a remedy could be found at Berlin. In accordance with the Minister's views, Frederick was now sounded as to his willingness to urge Joseph to join Prussia and France in a requisition to Catherine that she would not attack the Turks, or, in particular, infringe the independence of the Crimea as established by her own acts in 1774 and 1779. If it came to the worst, said Vergennes, Russia might be allowed to keep the Crimea and Kuban; but in such case, added the Minister, anticipating the ideas of 1856, she must revive her undertaking not to maintain a navy in the Euxine and the Sea of Azov. Should Joseph persist in helping to plunder Turkey, Prussia and France might use force, or perhaps look for compensation in Poland and the Austrian Netherlands. A serious Austrian and Russian attempt to destroy the Ottoman Empire outright must be met by war, which, according to a vague hint of Vergennes, France, if no allies were forthcoming, might not improbably be disposed to undertake alone.

There was something in these proposals to attract Frederick, the current of whose instincts always ran in favour of France, in which Power he saw his natural ally. Nevertheless he could not be brought to participate in the plans of Vergennes. In the first place, he did not believe that the dangers to the Porte were imminent or great: the Turks would not be driven out of Europe except after a desperate struggle, in which, judging from the last war, it was by no means certain that the Russians would be up to the mark. A more selfish feeling suggested to him that no harm would be done if Austrian and Russian ambition exploded on the Danube instead of on the Rhine: when they had wasted their strength on the Turks, they would have to come to Prussia in humble style. A pithy minute written by Frederick at the time of the seizure of the Crimea, at the bottom of a letter from Hertzberg respecting Catherine's official announcement of her new alliance with Joseph, betrays the egotistical temper in which he regarded all these proceedings. His words were: '*Nous voilà congédiez de la Cour de Pétersbourg.*' Hertzberg himself was by no means ill disposed towards the idea of an independent Byzantine monarchy, with Constantinople for its capital, and so organized as to give full play to the religious aspirations of the Christian creeds. This pleasing spiritual prospect was nursed by the late king, Frederick William IV. It would hardly have contributed to turn his ancestor from his final determination to decline the proposals of Vergennes, which, he thought, might compromise

compromise him with Catherine, and would bring Prussia, after all, no material advantage from France.

The annexation of the Crimea was confirmed by the Treaty of Constantinople of January 1784. No escape offering, France reluctantly advised the Porte to submit, supported by the enthusiastic and dictatorial arguments of the British representative. Not long before, a foreign diplomatist had written: 'The English Ambassador at Constantinople is, so to speak, the "Chargé d'Affaires of Russia."' In this case our envoy's intrusive eagerness for the completion of Catherine's usurpation and the Sultan's loss, disgusted even the Russians themselves. Frederick's representative, Gaffron, was ordered to intimate vaguely to the Porte that they ought to do their utmost to obtain French support, and that, if prepared for another war with Russia, resistance might not be their worst game. Gaffron was afterwards accused by Catherine of going far beyond this. To please her the unfortunate diplomatist was recalled from his post, exposed to a long interrogatory, and, after the fact of his obedience to his instructions had been fully established, imprisoned in Spandau, where he lingered till the accession of Frederick William II., when the injustice of the greatest of Prussian kings was redressed by the worst of them.

The proceedings in the Crimea, to which allusions have been made, deserve separate notice. The fall of the Khanate is one of the bloodiest events of an age full of political tragedies and crimes. Known to the ancients as the Tauric Chersonese, the name of the peninsula had from the first something of a sanguinary sound, as marking the scene of the inhuman priesthood of Iphigenia, whose gloomy story, just a century ago, had acquired a fresh interest for the cultivated public of Germany and France, from its presentation in two masterpieces of theatrical art—the fine drama of Goethe, and the still finer opera of Glück. The remote position of the Chersonese, thought by Homer to lie in darkness outside the ocean stream and beyond the warming rays of Helios, did not prevent its receiving successive currents of Dorian, Athenian, and Genoese civilisation, and successive waves of Goth, Hun, Turk, and finally Russian devastation. A strange instinct had led Mahomet II. to hurry from the conquest of Constantinople, to seize the peninsula so fatally connected with the fortunes of his house. The Ottoman rule of the Crimea was imposed with that loose rein by which, as Burke said, the Sultan had to govern, so as to govern at all. Turkish garrisons were admitted into certain Tartar towns; the administration was left to local hands; the Porte named the Khan, keeping its choice to the family of Gherai, which could show an unquestionable

pedigree up to Zinghis. According to some accounts, the Crimea in the eighteenth century was a home of nomad innocence and bliss, like the Scythian paradise to which Jupiter in the *Odyssey* averts his eyes from the carnage before Troy. A primitive race of traders and shepherds, long separated from the bloody traditions of Karizm and Jagatai, sedentary in neat towns and villages, or wandering with numerous flocks over the face of the peninsula, lived happily under the patriarchal government of venerable chiefs, who set examples of virtue, dispensed justice and hospitality, and accumulated commercial or pastoral wealth. Such a picture evidently owes many touches to the belief in the 'noble savage' proper to the disciples of Rousseau, and it might be easily darkened by the mention of some of the evil traits and habits charged on the Turk subjects of the Mongol representatives of the Ottoman Padishah.

Whatever the virtues or faults of the Tartars, the ambition of Catherine and Potemkin brought on the peninsula undeserved miseries of bloodshed, oppression, and deportation. Tempted by the vines and corn that fringe the margin of the blue Euxine, by the myrtles, olives, and almonds of Tschatyr Dag, and by the opportunity of the spacious harbours of Sevastopol, Balaclava, and Aktiar, so well placed both for commerce and war, 'the brood of winter' had long marked the Crimea for their own. We should do injustice to Catherine if we failed to observe the forethought and contrivance shown in the various stages of the process whereby this convenient stepping-stone towards Constantinople fell into her hands. The Treaty of Kainardji had severed the tie between the Sultan and his Tartar subjects, establishing the Crimea as an independent State, in whose concerns neither Russia nor Turkey was on any pretext to mix. But the Russian occupation anterior to that settlement had produced consequences from which neither Russians nor Turks, even if bent more piously than usual on the observance of promises, could altogether escape. For two rival parties had arisen amongst the Tartars, a patriotic and a foreign one, headed by a succession of Khans and anti-Khans, who were elected, bolstered up, and pulled down, by Ottoman and Russian influence or arms.

Not to mount too high in a bewildering series of rulers, the knowledge of whose names, dates, and doings is not worth remembering, it is sufficient to say that two years after the peace of Kainardji we find, as legitimate or Ottoman Khan, one Dewlet Gherai; as intrusive or anti-Khan, Schahin Gherai, a nominee of Catherine and of the Tartar foreign faction. Backed by Russian troops, Schahin dethroned Dewlet, who fled to Constantinople,

stantinople, where the claims and complaints of the rivals came before the Divan. The Beys, Ulemas, and Agas, deputed by Schahin to plead his cause, professed to vouch for the legality of his election, which, they declared, had been perfectly free, and by no means due, as the national party pretended, to the countenance and threats of the Russian troops. Hereupon certain acute Turks replied, that their own documents proved the whole thing to have been a sham. There was nothing Mohammedan about them. The whole twang of the letter announcing the so-called election of the anti-Khan, the assumption with which Schahin asked the mere blessing of the Khalif instead of the investiture prescribed by law, proved the document to be an emanation from the Russian military mind. Therefore, said the Reis Effendi to Catherine's representative, 'Let your troops withdraw from the Crimea, and a new election be made, with which neither Russia nor Turkey shall interfere.'

But Catherine would by no means abandon her man, who, having lived for some years at her Court and having served in the Preobrajensky regiment of her Guard, might well be trusted to Russianize his Tartars. According to an adjutant of Frederick, who visited the Crimea, the anti-Khan was a particularly wise and enlightened person, full of the genius wanted for the conversion of vagabond and superstitious tribes into a civilized nation. Fashionable Russian opinion was less favourable to Schahin, who was called in St. Petersburg a respectable blundering donkey; Panin, in particular, describing him as 'an ass and a wretch,' not worth the fuss he caused. Judging from his behaviour as ruler, he must have been a kind of Tartar Catherine or Joseph—a royal radical, bent on premature reforms, which could not be enforced without gross tyranny, or without leading to the edge of revolution.

All Schahin's proceedings, actual or reported, were utterly obnoxious to the untutored Turanian mind. Scorning the traditional methods of Tartar locomotion, he drove about the Crimea in a six-horse Parisian coach; and, no longer satisfied with kvass, horse-hams, and caviar, he had his table served by a Russian cook. He tried to supersede the patriarchal government of Asia by an administration of the European military type; he increased taxation, and threatened to turn Christian with all his Tartars. Furthermore, he surrounded himself with a large body-guard, and, in order to be in proximity to the Russians who were stationed at Kertch and Yenikale, he moved the royal residence from Baktasherai to Kaffa, where the contempt of the Tartars was excited by his European furniture, liveries, and silver plate. Kaunitz and M. de Vergennes must have known whose influence



was in play, when they heard that the infant nomads were learning French and other foreign tongues, and that Schahin was taking measures for the translation of the great French 'Encyclopédie' into the Tartar vernacular, in order that the highly-educated local Turanian population might indulge the desire so acutely felt in the Crimea for intellectual communings with D'Alembert and Voltaire! In her own practice, let us observe, Catherine turned out to be a considerable backslider from this philosophical ideal, for, after the annexation of the Crimea, she contented herself with printing and distributing to the Tartars a fine edition of the Koran.

The anger of the Tartars was chiefly roused by the anti-Khan's military innovations. One day, when he appeared on parade with a Russian general at his side and the Czarina's order of St. Andrew on his breast, and commanded the soldiers to put on some brand-new Russian uniforms, the men refused to obey, fired on their sovereign, and broke out into open mutiny, the precursor of a general insurrection. Schahin was saved from popular vengeance by the Russians, who made a terrible butchery of the Tartars, which was only a prelude to a more elaborate massacre perpetrated soon afterwards on the supporters of Selim Gherai, another anti-Khan, whom the Porte, or the national party, set up in opposition to Schahin. This additional anti-Khan was obliged to fly. The Russians now expelled the Tartars wholesale; 75,000 Greeks and Armenians being also driven from the Crimea and sent to colonize Cherson and the territory between the Don and the Bug, where most of them perished utterly.

A general submission to Schahin followed, and the Porte, which wisely treated the whole business as a mere 'auxiliary war of Tartars,' under the advice of France and of Frederick, confirmed and extended, in the Treaty of Ainali-Kawak (signed with Russia in 1779), the previous stipulations for the independence of the Crimea. Schahin was now invested by the Porte with the turban, pelisse, and sword, which symbolized the spiritual dignity reserved to the Sultan to confer. But the previous cycle of events recurred. Schahin's oppressions, crimes, and follies knew no bounds. Fresh commotions broke out, upon which the Russians called in Behadir, brother to Schahin, and set him up as third or extra anti-Khan against their own man. The Crimea was thus rapidly approaching some of the conditions of a constitutional State, for three parties were struggling for the mastery, each seemingly headed by a representative of the popular will. Under Russian advice, Schahin now fled, when, Catherine having given orders that the extra anti-Khan

Khan of her choice should not be recognized, Schahin was restored for the last time by Russian troops. Behadir was again brought forward for a moment, and Schahin, being held in duress by his allies, was compelled to sign his abdication in the Czarina's favour, a step arranged through the instrumentality of the son of a German barber.

Thus ended the independence of the Tauric Chersonese. Before Schahin's temporary restoration, the Russians had deliberately weighed the alternatives of an entire destruction of the Tartars and of their wholesale deportation to Siberia. The method actually selected was a sort of compound of both forms of extermination. The peninsula and the adjacent provinces were plundered and devastated, till there was little left to pillage or destroy, and 30,000 Tartar prisoners, men, women and children, were butchered by the Russian soldiery in cold blood. The ruin of the Crimea was consummated under the administration of Potemkin, who, for his share in these glorious deeds, was afterwards dignified in classical style with the appellation of 'the Taurian.' The paradise of Tschatyr Dag, the blooming groves of Orianda, became a howling waste: of 1400 towns and villages, there was hardly one which was not laid in ashes: the people fled from the oppressions and exactions of Potemkin into Asiatic Turkey, until a wretched remnant of 17,000 Tartars was all that was left of the hordes, which in their palmy days had been able to put nearly 200,000 horsemen into the field.

Had our space allowed us, we should have spoken of the further correspondence of the two sovereigns, told the picturesque story of Joseph's second visit to Catherine, and narrated their joint war against Turkey, in which Frederick William II., renouncing the neutral attitude of his great predecessor, made a stand against Russian usurpation. We should also have shown how England, silent under Whig leadership, or subservient to Russia, during the transactions above described, inaugurated under the younger Pitt a worthy national policy in Oriental affairs.

Without a knowledge of these events there can be no adequate appreciation of Catherine's political character, on which indeed every verdict must be taken as provisional, pending the completion of the vast history of Soloviev, and the further progress of those documentary and biographical collections which do so much honour to enterprise and research at Moscow. There is, however, no risk in pointing out, that Catherine was the first of her line to conceive, and to instal as a national object, that system of unremitting Russian crusade against Turkey, which has proved so permanent and so dangerous a disturber of Europe's

Europe's diplomatic repose. Her towering ambition transformed the latent aims of the houses of Rurik and Romanof into a conscious and systematic resolve for the destruction of a neighbouring Empire, for the conquest of the metropolis whose palaces and treasures had excited Slav cupidity nine hundred years before. Catherine's projects may have included some chimerical elements, but they cannot be called the mere 'jumbled rubbish of a dream.' Transferred from the languid hands of the Sultan and the Hospodars to the keeping of Constantine and Potemkin, the Christians of the Byzantine empire and of the Principalities would doubtless have found that, like the subjects of Rehoboam, they had exchanged the chastisement of whips for that of scorpions. But the modern Greece and Dacia, once founded, might well have existed on the terms designed by Catherine. Further, seeing that Frederick was not disposed to interfere, that Joseph was the perpetual slave of feverish and fluctuating impulse, that France and England were held to neutrality or alliance, there was no risk of a European concert to oppose Catherine; while, if Austria finally fell in with her schemes, the problem would become a simple one of military strength and resistance. Catherine's conquests in her first war, which gave Russia access to the Black Sea and prepared the annexation of the Crimea, brought her such territorial and commercial advantages, and rights of intervention in Turkey, as neither Peter nor Anna Ivanovna had aspired to obtain. In her second war, the reasonable hopes of the Imperial Courts were frustrated by accidents and conjunctures not to be foreseen, and beyond the control of prudence and contrivance. We may not then rank amongst the fools of 'vaulting ambition' the great Princess whose example has never ceased to inflame the councils of her adopted country; whose spirit guides them now!

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ART. VIII.—1. *The Military Forces of the Crown; their Administration and Government.* By Charles M. Clode. London, 1869.

2. *Liberty in the East and West.* By the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M.P., 'Nineteenth Century,' June, 1878.

3. *The Movement of Indian Troops.* Debates in Parliament, 'Times,' May 21st to May 24th, 1878.

4. *The Mutiny Acts, 1689 to 1878.*

**W**HEN the intelligence reached this country, that seven thousand Indian troops had been despatched from Bombay to Malta, the feeling of the people of England was not one

one of outraged liberty. Some surprise may have been felt and expressed at the novelty of the expedient, but the predominant sentiment was approbation of a measure which seemed to promote England, by a scratch of the pen, to the rank of a great military power. Hitherto we had possessed, by common assent, the command of the seas; our extensive commerce and almost inexhaustible wealth provided us with resources such as no other nation could boast; but the paucity of our army appeared to render it difficult for us to assert with authoritative voice an equal right with the other European Powers to the settlement of purely Continental questions. When, however, the full meaning of the step was understood, and the imagination, fired by the suggestion, filled up the background of this small expeditionary force with the vision of two hundred and forty millions of fellow-subjects ready to send forward vast multitudes of fighting men to do battle in the Imperial cause, the military structure of the Empire was, in the popular fancy, placed upon new foundations. Our army, no longer limited to the number that a country, active in almost every branch of commercial enterprise and private industry, could spare from its redundant population, seemed capable on emergency of indefinite expansion. A vast recruiting-field—a region whose population is double that of Russia and Germany together—was ready to supply our wants. There seemed no limit to the reinforcements which we might draw from this source, except such as we might impose upon ourselves from considerations of financial prudence. This was the view taken by the unlearned.

It was reserved for the constitutional lawyers of the Opposition to discover in this movement of troops an insidious attack upon the liberties of the people, an encroachment upon the privileges of Parliament, and an act of injustice towards the Indian subjects of the Queen. They employed their leisure in furbishing up the weapons of an almost obsolete warfare, and in preparation for a battle which was to be fought with almost the same amount of earnestness as the Eglinton tournament. On the meeting of Parliament, therefore, after the Easter recess, the Government was confronted by a formidable Opposition. But in both Houses the question of the political expediency of the measure was laid aside, and the several speakers proposed to confine themselves within the limits of the Constitutional question. This course was, under the circumstances, obviously the proper one to pursue; and we have nothing to say against the Parliamentary tactics of the Opposition, except that they might with convenience have postponed their attack until such time as the entire measure in every phase—legal, financial and

and political—was ripe for discussion and final decision. We are not, however, bound by any obligation to maintain silence on the subject of the political bearings of the question, and we therefore propose to touch upon that topic presently. But previously to doing so, we wish to clear the ground by disposing of the legal and constitutional question; and then, having satisfied our readers, as we hope to do, that no illegal or unconstitutional act has been committed, we shall enter upon the discussion of the ulterior question with the greater confidence.

Before an act can be characterized as illegal, it is necessary to show that some statute has been contravened, or that the common law, which we hold as sacred as any statute, has been violated. If, without expressly transgressing either of these limits, a political measure is an evasion of the law, written or unwritten, or contrary to its spirit, or fraught with manifestly dangerous consequences to the safety of the State, then it is rightly termed unconstitutional. There is a wide difference between these and an act which is merely unprecedented or irregular; it may be 'novel,' or 'of much importance;' but if it has not a tendency 'to endanger the established laws,' it takes rank at once in a different category.\* It may prove on examination to have been necessary or expedient, and is then, fittingly, the subject of *ex post facto* ratification: even if the development of events prove it to have been ill-judged, the penalty to be paid by its authors is that which attends incompetency, not crime. The question whether it is to be approved and ratified, or condemned and repudiated, must depend on an enquiry into all the attendant circumstances of the case; in other words, it involves the consideration of political expediency.

The expenditure of public money by the Government without the previous sanction of Parliament, expressed either by an Act, or by a vote in Committee, is in all cases irregular; but it does not follow that it is to be condemned. On the contrary, it has always been customary for the Government of the country in urgent cases to act upon its own responsibility in this matter, and to apply to Parliament afterwards for its sanction of the expenditure. We can quote no authority of greater weight on financial questions than Mr. Gladstone, who thus speaks on the subject with no uncertain utterance:—

'If a sudden emergency did arise, the Government must know their duty too well to wait for a vote of this House. No Government worthy of its place but would, upon a sudden emergency, give the

\* Mr. Hallam defines an *unconstitutional*, as distinguished from an *illegal* act, to be 'a novelty of much importance, tending to endanger the established laws.'—*Constitutional History*, vol. iii. p. 106.

orders which the circumstances of the time might demand, and then come down, at the earliest moment in their power, to ask the concurrence of the House in what they had done. Undoubtedly that is the principle on which all Governments have acted in this country, a principle which has never been challenged.\*

This was the language which he employed a few months since in opposing the grant of 6,000,000*l.*, but it is equally applicable to the defence of the measure under discussion. If that measure had been forbidden by our laws or constitution, there was an end of it, and nothing could subsequently justify what was illegal in its inception; but if it was not illegal, the mere expenditure of money, without the previous consent of Parliament, did not make it so, and the urgency of the case is the apology for the irregularity. The financial question is thus interwoven with that of political expediency. The justification of the Government in this particular depends on the conclusion at which we arrive upon the latter point, and should find no place in the primary consideration of the legality, or constitutional propriety, of the Act in question.

In order to recal to the minds of our readers the exact issues that were raised in Parliament, we give the notices of motion of Lord Selborne in the Lords, and the Marquis of Hartington in the Commons:—

*Lord Selborne.*—To call attention to the question, whether the Indian troops excepted from the vote recited in the preamble to the Mutiny Act can, consistently with Constitutional law, be employed during time of peace elsewhere than in Her Majesty's Indian Possessions without the previous consent of Parliament.†

*Marquis of Hartington.*—Military Forces of the Crown.—That, by the Constitution of this Realm, no Forces may be raised or kept by the Crown in time of peace, without the consent of Parliament, within any part of the Dominions of the Crown, excepting only such Forces as may be actually serving within Her Majesty's Indian Possessions.‡

To the latter resolution an amendment was proposed by Sir M. Hicks-Beach, which suggested the propriety of postponing, under the existing circumstances, the discussion of the policy of the measure.

Now, these are to be regarded merely as formal pleadings introductory to the concrete question—Is the movement of Native Indian troops to Malta constitutional? And we expressly disclaim any desire to rest our argument upon such an

\* Hansard, 'Parl. Debates,' vol. 237, p. 1370.

† Minutes of Proceedings in the House of Lords, 16th May, 1878.

‡ Votes and Proceedings of the House of Commons, 20th May, 1878.



unsubstantial basis as criticism of the form in which the motions were brought forward. But it is curious and instructive to observe that these propositions, the result, no doubt, of careful deliberation, express perfectly different views as to the limitation of the Prerogative. According to Lord Selborne, certain Indian troops cannot be employed outside the frontier of India; the resolution of Lord Hartington extends to all forces of the Crown, but is limited geographically to the maintenance of such forces within her Majesty's dominions. They may both be true or both false; but they are, at least, different, if not inconsistent. From the same state of facts diverse canons of legality have been extracted. We expect almost the same uniformity from law as from nature; but here the same saturated solution has crystallized in two different systems, and has presented to the astonished enquirer forms of considerable divergence.

The provision in the Bill of Rights affecting this question runs thus:—‘That the raising or keeping a standing army within the kingdom in time of peace, unless it be with the consent of Parliament, is against law.’ This is the only enactment in the Statute-book expressly defining the law on the subject; for the provision in Magna Charta, relied on with some confidence by Mr. Gladstone, has reference only to the employment of foreign mercenaries, and does not touch the question of an army of subjects. We may, therefore, rest satisfied that, if this particular case does not fall within the prohibitory words of the Bill of Rights, the written law at least has not been contravened. In order, then, that Malta may be forbidden ground, the meaning of the word ‘kingdom’ must be so widely extended as to embrace all the after-acquired possessions of the Crown. In 1689 the kingdom of England was almost co-extensive with the British Empire: it meant nothing more to the legislators of that day than—

‘This precious stone, set in the silver sea,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.’

Unless we endow them with prophetic vision of their country's coming greatness, we can scarcely attribute to them the intention of legislating for India, Malta, and possibly still unoccupied tracts. This clause of the Bill of Rights has always been recited in the Mutiny Act, and Parliament has put its own authoritative construction on the words ‘the kingdom,’ by altering them, after the union with Ireland, to ‘the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.’ Nothing could furnish stronger proof of their previous territorial limitation. If this country had consisted of a continental tract, and a contiguous province

had

had been added to the kingdom by cession or conquest, subsequently to the passing of a Bill of Rights, we should have no hesitation in conceding that the law contained in such a statute would extend without express re-enactment to the ceded or conquered province; but England's insular position distinguishes her at once from such a hypothetical case, and it would require much stronger reasons than exist here to force the Bill of Rights across the seas. If we would escape narrow and false conclusions, we must not rest on too strict an interpretation of words; we must enter into the minds of the speakers, in order that by informing ourselves of the various influences which surrounded them, we may be able to understand the real meaning of the message which they have sent down to posterity. What, then, was the intention of the Reformers of 1688 in legislating against a standing army? It was, mainly, to 'secure the Rights and Liberties of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons' from being invaded and overpowered by military force. This was a purpose localized in England, and having no possible application to distant dependencies. No doubt there were such matters as billeting of troops and trials by martial law, which affected the personal comfort and liberty of the subject; but these were incidents only, and not essentials, in the maintenance of a standing army, and were not the points against which the Bill of Rights was directed. Its veto was couched in general terms, in order to compel an annual compact between the King and the Parliament as to the conditions on which the army might be kept up: it declared no personal or private right in any citizen, except so far as he was indirectly represented by Parliament, and interested in its freedom.

The question whether the law was made, or only declared, by the Bill of Rights, does not seem to us to affect (so far as regards this particular clause) the result at which we are logically constrained to arrive. Admitting the enactment to have been declaratory, we must remember that it was the declaration of the victorious party after a season of conflict and uncertainty—a treaty which established a peace certainly enduring, but one, the terms of which were imposed by the conquerors after a fifty years' war. It was declaratory, not of any common-law rights, for a standing army was then a phenomenon of modern origin, but of what 'the sages of the Revolution' contended had always been their indubitable privilege—a contention which the Jacobites would have stoutly denied.

Mr. Gladstone, in his article in the 'Nineteenth Century,' thus describes the legal status of the Bill of Rights:—

'For the Bill of Rights is not the foundation of the law which forbids

forbids the Crown to keep a standing army in time of peace without consent of Parliament. It is only a peculiarly solemn and august declaration of the law; but a declaration which grew out of a particular occasion subsisting at the time in England only, and which might well be limited to that occasion.

'The law—not the law of which the Bill of Rights is the foundation, but the law which is the foundation of the Bill of Rights—is that which establishes the general incapacity of the Crown to maintain a standing army without consent of Parliament.'

With this statement we do not quarrel; we only remark that it describes the declaration as one which 'grew out of a particular occasion subsisting at the time in England only,' and as affecting and regulating the relations between the Crown and the Parliament, not those between the Crown and the subject; in fact, as being an amicable arrangement between two previously hostile branches of the Legislature as to their respective powers and duties. If this be so, what possible application can such a statute have beyond the sea-wall of the kingdom, in conferring rights on Mr. Gladstone's 'careworn, often-persecuted emigrant?' It may, of course, be a consolation to him in his new home to feel confident of the enduring triumph of Whig principles; but his cares must be light, and his persecutions imaginary, if the constitutional relations between the Crown and the Parliament disquiet his slumbers. But we presume that Mr. Gladstone would not accept these obvious deductions from the passage that has been quoted, for, a little farther on, he says:

'If then it was declaratory, of what was it declaratory? Of rights limited to the soil of England? If they were so limited, then it would follow that the colonist, when he left these shores to found or join a settlement abroad, did not carry with him the right to any of our laws.'

His real position, then, appears to be this: that by the common law of England, as declared by the Bill of Rights, each individual member of society possessed a personal immunity from the maintenance of a standing army by the Crown in time of peace without the consent of Parliament; and that, when he emigrated, this personal right followed him to his new home, and became part of the unwritten law of that colony. But if we attempt to adjust this expression of the law to a colonial dependency, difficulties crowd upon us in every quarter. What meaning is to be attributed to 'consent of Parliament?' Is it that of the Colonial Legislature, or that of the Imperial Parliament? If the former, this qualification becomes in many instances unmeaning within the limits of a dependency,  
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and resolves itself into the will of the sovereign. In those, on the other hand, that possess elective legislatures, it opens the way to conflicting claims between them and the paramount authority of the English Parliament, which has annually asserted its right of providing for 'the defence of the possessions of Her Majesty's Crown.' Again, is 'time of peace' to have reference to the conditions of the colony, or of the mother country? The impossibility of giving satisfactory answers to these and similar questions, confirms our view that the Bill of Rights is territorially limited to 'the kingdom' in its ordinary sense, and was never meant as a definition of the private rights of the citizen against the prerogative of the Crown.

Farther on in the same article, Mr. Gladstone, in noticing that the application of English common law to dependencies obtained by conquest might be subject to modification, makes use of these words :—

'But it was just as palpable, on the other hand, that this state of things could not give any rights to the Crown as against the Imperial Parliament and the liberties of Englishmen.'

Here the rights of the colonist are thrown overboard, the 'careworn emigrant' is abandoned to his fate, and we see that what Mr. Gladstone really wishes to establish, as it were by a side-wind, is that Englishmen have rights against the Crown in this matter of a standing army outside the kingdom. This is returning to the original question as to the area covered by the Bill of Rights, and leaves the relative positions of King, Commons, and people, precisely as they were.

We now pass to the Mutiny Act, and shall proceed to show that nothing is contained in its preamble which imposes any further limit on the prerogative of the Crown. It must be observed that the object and intendment of the annual Mutiny Act is to maintain an 'exact discipline' among the forces in Her Majesty's service : it is a penal code in derogation of the common law rights of subjects, applied to a limited class of persons, who, by contract, subject themselves to its provisions. It is in its preamble alone that we find any allusion to constitutional questions. The first clause of that preamble, reiterating the enactment contained in the Bill of Rights, we have already disposed of : we have now to deal with the second clause, which runs thus :—

'And whereas it is adjudged necessary by Her Majesty and this present Parliament, that a body of forces should be continued for the safety of the United Kingdom and the defence of the possessions of Her Majesty's Crown, and that the whole number of such forces should

should consist of — men, including those to be employed at the depôts in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, for the training of recruits for service at home and abroad, but exclusive of the numbers actually serving within Her Majesty's Indian possessions.'

This is the recital of the vote previously passed in Committee of Supply, whereby the employment of a certain number of men, for whom the House of Commons has undertaken to provide the 'Ways and Means,' is authorized. This consideration ought, in itself, to be sufficient to indicate that, by the words which we have quoted, Parliament did not intend to impose any fresh restriction on the prerogative of the Crown, but merely to put on record by an act of both Houses what had before been sanctioned in a less formal manner.

A certain number, however, is specified as the maximum limit, and some persons have thence deduced the conclusion, that the employment of troops in excess of that number in any part of her Majesty's dominions, except India, is unlawful, even if these troops were originally excluded from the specified number. This argument can easily be proved to be fallacious.

The statute is not directed against the movement or disposition of existing forces; but is a parliamentary safeguard against the raising of additional troops. Whatever difficulty has arisen under this statute, with reference to the movement of native Indian troops, has been occasioned by the concluding words — 'but exclusive of the number actually serving within Her Majesty's Indian possessions' — the inference of our opponents being that, the moment any forces are withdrawn from the territorial limits of British India, they should be reckoned among 'the body of forces continued for the safety of the United Kingdom and the defence of the possessions of Her Majesty's Crown.' By expressly excluding only such forces as are actually serving in India, there is an implication, they say, that not only Indian troops, but every regular soldier of the Crown, all over the world, is to be included in the allotted number. This is not the fact. English troops are placed on the Indian establishment, and are paid out of Indian revenues, from the time they leave Great Britain until they return to her shores, after completing their period of Indian service. They are not, during the whole of that time, included in the numbers specified in the Mutiny Act; and they are certainly not available during transit for the defence of any possession, nor are they actually serving within 'Her Majesty's Indian possessions.' This single instance of troops not in India, and yet not included in the specified number, should teach  
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ardent partisans the danger of overstraining the words of an Act of Parliament to make them cover a case that was never contemplated by it. These words, however, have a history which places their meaning beyond doubt or cavil. The corresponding words of exclusion in the preambles of the Mutiny Acts from 1859 to 1862 were:—

‘exclusive of — officers and men, being the depôts of regiments in India stationed in Great Britain, and exclusive of the officers and men belonging to the regiments and other corps employed in Her Majesty’s East Indian possessions, but including the officers and men of the troops and companies recruiting for those regiments and corps.’

There is no doubt here as to the troops intended to be excluded — certain regiments and corps for which recruiting was being carried on in England — that is to say, the European, and not the Native troops. In 1863, and subsequently, the men at the depôts were included in the annual vote, and the words of the preamble were changed to:—

‘including —, all ranks, to be employed with the depôts in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, of regiments serving in Her Majesty’s Indian possessions, but exclusive of the numbers actually serving within Her Majesty’s Indian possessions.’

Here, also, it is plain that the numbers excluded are those of regiments having depôts in Great Britain and Ireland. This form was continued until 1873, when, in consequence of a change in the depôt system, the present form was adopted. This alteration has left the concluding words without that express connection with the European forces, which in former years so clearly indicated the class of troops intended to be thereby excluded. It may appear that we have taken an unnecessary amount of pains to prove what is really manifest at a glance to any one acquainted with the scope and object of the Mutiny Act; but our apology must be that reliance seems to have been placed on these words, to prove that native Indian troops moved out of India should at once be included in the specified number. We trust, by showing that these troops are entirely absent from the thoughts or intentions of the Legislature in framing this preamble, that we have sufficiently answered any doubts or difficulties which may have arisen upon this point.

We may now dismiss the question of illegality. We have examined the provisions of both the statutes which bear on the point, and we have conclusively proved that their provisions do not amount to prohibition of the measure in question. Our readers may possibly think that we have detained them overlong in this dry and trackless region, especially as we could



point to many admissions, made by such vigorous opponents as Lord Selborne and Mr. Gladstone, that the statute law in itself, if 'technically construed,' would not be sufficient to support their case; but they have never completely abandoned the charge of 'illegality,' and we know not at what moment it might revive, like Falstaff, from its 'counterfeit' death. We are not, moreover, engaged in combating the views of any particular persons, but in presenting a systematic and detailed justification of a measure which we conceive to have been unwarrantably attacked.

The argument most relied on to prove the unconstitutional character of this proceeding was, that the mere mention of a certain number of men in the Mutiny Act amounted (in some vague manner, not very clearly explained) to a prohibition against the raising or maintaining any soldiers in any part of the Empire in excess of that number. But there is scarcely one of the many dependencies of the Crown in which troops, in some shape or other, are not maintained, and, of course, without the consent of the English Parliament. In some, these forces are designated by the elastic title of 'militia;' in others they partake of the character of our standing army. If we turn to Canada, we find that a very large body of disciplined men, though not indeed always under arms, is always at the disposal of the Governor-General, and that, on any occasion of civil turmoil, or threatened invasion, they are as completely available as the most perfectly organised standing army. When, a few months ago, in a moment of seeming peril to this country, they gallantly volunteered by thousands to cross the ocean and join in defence of the Empire, we heard no disparaging remarks as to the quality of these troops, no suggestion of illegality in their maintenance. We are aware that Parliament, in constituting 'the Dominion' and defining the legislative functions of the Canadian Parliament, may be asserted to have delegated to them the power of providing for the military and naval service and the defence of their territory, expressly reserving, be it remarked, to the Crown the supreme command of the forces to be raised; but it never can have been intended thereby to relax the securities which Parliament jealously preserves against the military forces of the Crown. The sole reason for so emancipating Canada from the supervision of the House of Commons was that, at such a distance, the aggregation of troops was a matter of indifference to England, and, therefore, that Canada and the Crown might be trusted to arrange between them, as they pleased, the military forces of the Dominion. So long as Parliament was not called on to provide 'Ways and Means,'

Means,' and the inviolable safeguard of the seas made aggression impossible, it mattered not to them in what country or to what extent forces were raised and maintained.

This position is still further enforced and illustrated by the history of the East India Company as a military power. The charter granted to it by King William III. empowered the Company 'to raise, train, and muster, such military forces as should be necessary for the defence of the forts, factories, and plantations, but always reserving the sovereign right of the Crown over all the forts, places, and plantations.'

Under this Charter, native and European troops were raised by the Company; but it was not until the year 1754, that the first Indian Mutiny Act was passed, conferring powers of governing the army by the stringent code of martial law. Neither in this, nor in any of the Acts which were subsequently passed to amend it, is the preamble of the English Mutiny Act repeated, nor is any limitation placed upon the absolute and uncontrolled discretion of the Company as to the number of native troops which they might deem expedient to employ. The European troops were, however, the objects of more careful surveillance. The first Act (21 Geo. III., c. 65), which authorized recruiting in England for the Company's service, imposed the restriction that no greater number than two thousand in time of war, or one thousand in time of peace, should be retained in Europe; but no limit was placed upon the number to be maintained in India.

This we find mentioned for the first time in 1788. In that year an Act was passed (28 Geo. III., c. 8), which precluded the Board of Control from directing the payment, out of Indian revenues, of a greater number of His Majesty's forces than 8045, or of the European troops of the East India Company than 12,200. This maximum, manifestly imposed out of tenderness for the finances of the Company, not from any jealousy of its military position, was afterwards enlarged; and the Board of Control was empowered, on the application of the directors, to sanction the employment of a still larger force. In the year 1858, there were three classes of troops under arms in the peninsula of Hindostan: (1) troops of the Crown, governed by the annual English Mutiny Act; (2) the European army of the East India Company, subject to a separate and perpetual Mutiny Act; and (3) the native troops, whose discipline was secured, not by either of the Mutiny Acts, but by articles of war made by the Governor-General under statutory authority. This was the state of things when the government of India was transferred, by 21 & 22 Vict. c. 106, from the East India Company to Her Majesty; and it was thereby enacted that 'the military and

naval forces of the East India Company shall be deemed to be the Indian military and naval forces of Her Majesty ;' and the existing conditions of their services were expressly confirmed. In 1860, recruiting for the European troops permanently stationed in India was stopped by Parliament, many of them being transferred at the same time to the regular army ; and that branch of the service, the representative of the Company's European army, has now ceased to exist.

We see, then, that the position of the native Indian troops is unaltered by the progress of events, except that, from being the servants of the Company, they have been changed into the soldiers of the Empire. By the terms of their enlistment they are bound to serve in any part of the globe : the articles of war by which they are governed expressly extend to places beyond the territorial limits of British India, and the statute of the English Parliament, on which those articles are founded, as expressly authorizes that extended jurisdiction. The 55th section of the Act for the government of India sanctions by implication such an employment of the native troops, by providing, in the interest of the Indian revenue, that, except with the consent of Parliament, the expenses of any military operation carried on beyond the frontier shall not be chargeable to India.

A triumphant answer to the arguments of the Opposition would be furnished by a single instance in which troops were constitutionally maintained by the Crown, in any of its dominions other than India, without the consent of the English House of Commons. Sir M. Hicks-Beach, according to the report in the '*Times*' of 21st of May, 1878, made the following assertion :—

'There are colonies in which not only a militia, but a force is raised precisely of the character of our standing army ; small, at present, in numbers, but likely greatly to extend, under the powers of the Colonial Parliaments and the Prerogative of the Crown, with the increasing desire of the colonies to take measures for their own defence. In New South Wales and in Victoria forces are permanently employed under the Colonial Acts, without the consent of the Imperial Parliament, for the defence of the Colonial ports, harbours, and towns.'

There is no doubt of the truth of this statement, and it would be easy to mention many other Colonies, in which troops are raised, disciplined, and paid by the Local Legislatures, without the consent of the Imperial Parliament.

But if further evidence on the subject is required, it is supplied from the history of Ireland in the last century. The precedent acquires increased importance from the proximity of that island

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to these shores, which would have afforded thereby an admirable base of operations for the sinister designs of the Crown against the liberties of the English Parliament! It also derives a fictitious interest at the present moment from its having been made the *Hougoumont* of the constitutional struggle: defended, assaulted, abandoned, captured and recaptured, this key of the position claims from us something more than a passing allusion.

Lord Cairns asserted, and the assertion was repeated by the Attorney-General, that 'throughout the whole of the last century an army was kept up in Ireland without the assent of the English Parliament.' This statement Sir Henry James, in the House of Commons, vehemently controverted; subsequently, assertion and contradiction, reiteration and partial retraction, followed each other in rapid succession; and Mr. Gladstone, in the article which we have already quoted, seems to stake the illegality of the measure on his success in annihilating this 'palmary example' of the Lord Chancellor. He says:—

'Further, as was shown by Sir Henry James, in 1692 an Act was passed for the purpose of establishing a standing army for Ireland, and of fixing the number at 12,000; and again in 1767, when it was desired to effect an increase, this was done by another express Act of Parliament (8 Geo. III. c. 13), which raised the number to something over 15,000. . . . And those statements, which crushed to atoms the main allegations of the Lord Chancellor and the Attorney-General, remained at the close of the debate, on the 23rd, absolutely without reply of any sort on the part of the Government. Every effort, therefore, to show the maintenance of a standing army by the Crown in its Dependencies without consent of Parliament has, thus far, absolutely and entirely failed.'

Now, the first of these Acts was an Act to enable the King to *disband* the army that had effected the reduction of Ireland, and for that purpose to raise money to liquidate the arrears of pay; the second was passed to secure a body of troops, on the Irish establishment, and paid out of Irish revenues, for foreign service, and general imperial purposes. Its preamble is as follows:—

'And Whereas the Publick Services of the Kingdom doth require that some part of the Troops kept on the establishment of Ireland should be employed towards the necessary defence of His Majesty's Garrisons and Plantations abroad.'

This indicates that its object was to compel Ireland to contribute her quota towards the foreign army, rather than the imposition of any restriction upon the Prerogative of the Crown. The general intention of both statutes, in placing a limit on the  
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number of men, was financial, not constitutional; and they express the deliberate judgment of the English House of Commons as to what forces the Irish revenues should be called upon to subsidize.

But, if we grant for a moment that this limit was imposed through jealousy of the Royal Prerogative, what guarantee, we ask, did such a barren and impotent enactment secure? The Irish forces were maintained out of Irish revenues which were granted to the Crown by the Irish House of Commons in the form of duties upon various articles of commerce; there were, at that time, no votes, estimates, or appropriation of supplies in the Irish Parliament, and the Crown was left completely free to apply the sums placed at its disposal by Parliament towards the maintenance of troops, or to any other purpose that it chose. There did not exist in Ireland the same constitutional checks upon the expenditure of money which are relied upon at present; and, therefore, we cannot regard the specification of these numbers as a law, without a penalty to secure its observance, or as a prohibition of an increase in the forces of the Crown.

Whatever may be the true construction of these Acts, the interpretation put upon them by the King and the Irish Parliament is not doubtful. Mr. Fox, in a debate on the Mutiny Bill, in 1781, spoke as follows:—

‘He considered the Statute of King William, commonly called the Disbanding Statute, reducing the number of troops to 12,000, and which by a late Act had been raised to 15,000, to be still in force with respect to this country; but it was not so agreeable to the present ideas of the people of Ireland, so that there was no restrictive power on Ministers against maintaining in that country an army to any extent.’\*

It was in this year that the Irish Parliament, stimulated by the eloquence of Grattan, declared its legislative independence; and thenceforward, to the close of the century, we find that the control of the army in Ireland passed completely out of the hands of the English House of Commons. In 1781 an Act of the Irish Parliament declares that ‘part of the troops upon this establishment, *appointed to remain* in this kingdom for its defence, not exceeding 5000 men, may be drawn out of this kingdom at such times as His Majesty shall think fit.’ Again in 1793, by the Act 33 Geo. III. c. 4, the number on the Irish establishment is increased to upwards of 20,000 men, and duties are granted upon that footing: lastly, in the Irish Mutiny Acts, from 1793 until the union with Great Britain, the

\* ‘Parl. Hist.,’ 23rd May, 1781.

authorized number is never lower than 20,232, and rises as high as 40,901 men. There is no trace upon the records of the English Parliament, that these increased numbers were ever sanctioned directly or indirectly. We point then with confidence to the proceedings of the Irish Parliament during the last twenty years of the eighteenth century, as proving that a standing army was maintained in that country by the Crown without the consent of the English Parliament.

Of the precedents, which the opponents of this measure succeeded in bringing to light, the most prominent, and the one most relied on in proof of its illegality, was that of 1775. His Majesty, King George III., being also Elector of Hanover, had in the latter capacity certain Hessian mercenaries: to these hireling soldiers of a foreign Power the custody and defence of Gibraltar and Port Mahon were entrusted. What distant resemblance is to be traced between this transaction and the employment of existing forces—the subjects of the Queen—in a part of the dominions of the Crown different from that in which they were raised? There was also in that case an express violation of the Act of Settlement, which forbade (the provision has been repealed) the placing of any office of trust in the hands of a foreigner. If this is the kind of analogy which we are called on to accept, and by which we are to guide our minds to a conclusion, we confess that we prefer the most abstract *à priori* reasoning to the intrusion of such spurious precedents. It having been once ascertained that in this movement of Indian troops there was no violation of the written law, either in its technical sense or within the wider ambit which encloses its spirit and intention, we might well have been content to rest the validity of the measure upon the constitutional dependence of the army on the Crown, and the prerogative rights of the Crown over the army. For the true constitutional theory is, that the army is not the army of Parliament, but the army of the Queen; and that, with the exception of certain defined restrictions which Parliament has deemed necessary to be imposed, and which we shall presently notice more particularly, the entire management, disposition and government of the army rest with the Crown, and with the Crown alone. If in any particular the power of the Crown over the army is asserted to be limited, the onus of proof lies on the person maintaining, and not on the one denying, the restriction. This will, we think, appear manifest from a review of the constitutional relations between the Crown and the army.

From the first dawn of our history the King has been charged with the responsibility of defending the realm, the subjects with the burthen of supplying the means of defence. The feudal relations



relations of lord and tenant not only enabled the King to resist invasion, but also furnished forth, although somewhat inadequately, the materials of aggressive warfare. This close connection between the King and the army, which originated in the relation of lord and tenant, has survived the destruction of almost all that surrounded it. The feudal military system was unsuited in its primitive form to the prosecution of any prolonged operations: personal service was commuted to money payments; mercenaries were employed, and various modifications were made which tended to impair its efficacy. Although 'this cheap defence of nations' long lay a-dying, yet its epitaph was at length written in the statute which abolished military tenures. New expedients had to be adopted to supply the place of the system that had been swept away. We need not dwell upon the painful records of conflict and transition under the Stuart Kings, nor do we seek to extenuate the illegal exactions or oppressive measures, by which they endeavoured to supply the necessities of their forces. These were but incidents in the maintenance of a standing army, and, had the troops in those reigns been maintained by an ample revenue, and distributed through the country in barracks instead of being quartered on the inhabitants, we should probably never have heard of the military sections of the Bill of Rights. The Revolution of 1688 ended the controversy, and furnished the occasion for the re-settlement of the relations between the Crown, the Army, and Parliament. We think, on the whole, that Parliament used its power with wisdom and moderation. It did not insist on sweeping away the military prerogative of the Crown, but was content to impose upon it certain constitutional restraints, which placed in its own hands power to save the country from falling into the iron grasp of a military despotism. These practical checks consisted of a periodical Mutiny Act, the voting of supplies, and the personal responsibility to Parliament of the Ministers of the Crown. The army could not be governed without the statutory powers of the Mutiny Act; nor had the Crown the means of maintaining its troops without the supplies voted by Parliament. It will be easily seen, however, that this Parliamentary control is exercised, not continuously, but from year to year on the occasions of passing the Mutiny Bill, and voting a specified number of men and certain sums of money. When these have become accomplished facts, the army escapes from the control of Parliament, and is entrusted to the King and his responsible Ministers, until it becomes necessary again to apply for renewed powers and additional resources. There is thus an annual compact between  
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Parliament and the Crown, by which the latter is placed in circumstances that enable it to maintain the army; but, whatever may be the theories of modern Radicalism, between Parliament and the army there is no direct relation whatever. The soldier looks to the Crown, not to Parliament, for his pay; nor is it in the power of the House of Commons, without violating one of their fundamental rules, to allot any sum of money to the payment of public service unless recommended by the Crown.

There is a strong contrast, in their relations to the Crown, between the legal and military systems of this country. The salaries of the Judges are charged on the Consolidated Fund, and their duties and powers are prescribed by Statute; they hold their appointments independently of the Crown, and can only be removed on an address of both Houses of Parliament; whereas, in the case of the army, the regulations of the service, the appointments and promotions of officers, and the varying scales of pay and allowances, emanate solely from the paramount prerogative of the Crown.

Even in the particular of raising troops, although the number is authorized by Parliament, yet it is through the agency of the Crown that the purpose is effected. And it is undeniable that, so far as regards the *movement and distribution of existing forces*, the power of the Crown is uncontrolled except by considerations of expense. The preamble of the Militia Act of Charles II.\* runs as follows:—

‘Forasmuch as within all His Majesty’s realms and dominions, the sole supreme government, command, and disposition of the Militia, and of all forces by sea and land, and of all forts and places of strength, is, and by the laws of England ever was, the undoubted right of His Majesty and his royal predecessors, Kings and Queens of England, and that both or either of the Houses of Parliament cannot, nor ought to pretend to the same, nor can, nor lawfully may, raise or levy any war, offensive or defensive, against His Majesty, his heirs, or lawful successors.’

Now this doctrine has been re-affirmed in the most unequivocal manner in recent legislation. By the Statute Law Revision Act, 1863, this Act was repealed as no longer in force, but the preamble, so far as it has been quoted above, was excepted; and the explanatory note, furnishing the reasons for its retention on the Statute Book, was in these words:†—‘The part here excepted from repeal is proposed to be retained as a parliamentary recognition of the right of the Crown to the supreme command of the Militia, and of all forces by sea and land.’

\* 13 Chas. II, st. i. c. 6.

† Public Bills, vol. iv., No. 233, p. 179.

This is the parliamentary declaration of the doctrine for which we contend; and even Whig Ministers have maintained in the strongest terms, that the distribution of the army rests with the Crown, and not with the Parliament. When Mr. Hume, in 1833, moved for a return to the House of the distribution of the forces, Lord Althorp refused, pointing out 'that there were many occasions when it must be very injurious to make the public acquainted with the exact amount and distribution of the military force of the Empire.' And Sir John Hobhouse (the late Lord Broughton) objected in still stronger terms:—

'It appeared to him that no House of Commons could fairly call upon the Government to state the manner in which the army of the country was disposed of—at home or abroad. That was certainly a matter which should be left to the discretion of the Crown and the existing Government, according to the emergencies of the times; for there might be circumstances with which the Government alone could be acquainted, to render it of the utmost importance that the mode in which the military force was disposed of should be concealed.

'With the vast interests of our great Empire—with colonies spread over the whole surface of the globe—it was apparent, looking to England, Ireland, and the West Indies, and indeed to all parts of the world—that no man could have a right to call upon the Government to proclaim how many troops were stationed in this place, and how many regiments in that. It would not only be the grossest imprudence; it would be usurping the power delegated to the Government; and it would be exposing, to those who might take advantage of such exposition, what force was to be stationed, in disciplined array, in different parts of the Empire.'

The question we are now discussing was raised in the debates on the Government of India Bill in 1858; and it may be useful to quote the opinions of some of our leading statesmen upon the subject. Speaking with his usual caution, Sir George Lewis said:—

'It was the prerogative of the Crown to declare war. . . . But the general prerogative of the Crown in declaring war was practically limited by the necessity of obtaining votes of supply from Parliament for the purpose of carrying on war. Beyond that conditional necessity, the prerogative of the Crown, with regard to a declaration of war or concluding peace, was unlimited.'

He added—in reference to a clause proposed in the Bill, 'that Her Majesty's forces maintained out of the revenues of the East Indies shall not be employed in any military operations beyond the external frontier of Her Majesty's Indian dominions without the consent of Parliament':—

'Then the question might arise whether, Parliament having con-  
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sented to the commencement of a war, it was competent for the Governor-General to terminate such a war without the consent of Parliament? If they sanctioned such a principle it might be extended to other wars, and they might eventually adopt the doctrine that the British Parliament, like the American Senate, should give its consent to all wars, in derogation of the existing prerogative of the Crown.'

Lord Palmerston objected to the clause because it would 'prevent any part of the Queen's troops in India from being removed from that country for the purpose of carrying on military operations in any other part of the world, without the previous consent of Parliament.'

Lord John Russell concurred with Lord Palmerston in the inexpediency of fettering the power of the Crown in the movement of these troops:—

*'Supposing we had a war with some European Power, and that, this war being supported by the House of Commons, it was considered desirable for the Indian army to attack the possessions of this enemy of the Crown, it appeared to him the clause would prevent the employment of those forces without the consent of Parliament.'*

Now, two things are plain from this debate, that in the opinion of these eminent statesmen the Crown possessed by its prerogative the undoubted right, in case of war, to move the Indian troops even to Europe, and that the previous consent of Parliament was not necessary for the purpose. The clause, as it originally stood, destroyed the prerogative of the Crown, so far as the right of moving Indian troops was concerned; but this effect was noticed and removed by the late Lord Derby, who, during the passage of the Bill through the House of Lords, substituted for the objectionable clause that which now stands as Section 55 in the Act.\* The alteration thereby effected was of great constitutional importance: instead of requiring the consent of Parliament as a condition precedent to the employment of Indian troops beyond the frontiers of India, it resolved the question into a mere matter of book-keeping between the two Governments.

The object of the Opposition in the recent debate was to con-  
jure with the name of Liberty. The Bill of Rights was undoubtedly drawn to restrain the undue power of the Crown, and

\* 'Except for preventing or repelling actual invasion of Her Majesty's Indian possessions, or under other sudden and urgent necessity, the revenues of India shall not without the previous consent of both Houses of Parliament be applicable to defray the expenses of any military operation carried on beyond the external frontier of such possessions by Her Majesty's forces charged upon such revenues.'

the Opposition thought that they had caught the Government in an act contravening the letter of the Bill of Rights. Had they succeeded in proving their case, their technical triumph would have been complete, but at the same time entirely unsubstantial. For if the Bill of Rights had prevented the use of the Indian troops, the conclusion of nine Englishmen out of ten would have been 'so much the worse for the Bill of Rights.' We are all grateful to that great Bill, as we are grateful to Magna Charta. It established our liberties, and our liberties have obtained for us our empire. But to apply the Bill to circumstances which those who framed it could never have dreamed of, to use it for the repression of the loyal energies that are the life-blood of the Empire, and for the embarrassment of the Crown that is its head, would be a pedantic sacrifice of the spirit to the letter of the Constitution. We do not believe that the responsible leaders of the Opposition really imagined for one moment that liberty was in danger; they merely played for a party triumph. But should they be drawn hereafter to identify themselves with their more earnest followers, who entertain a real jealousy of the Crown as the centre of Imperial unity, should they take up the policy of Mr. Goldwin Smith, who thinks the colonies useless appendages, or of Mr. Lowe, who sees in India nothing but a costly burden, then the conclusion would be not 'So much the worse for the Bill of Rights,' or 'So much the worse for Liberty'! but 'So much the worse for Party Government! So much the worse for the Opposition'!

The constitutional theory, that the army is the Queen's, receives the most vivid illustration from the associations, habits, and tones of thought prevailing in the army itself. The majority of the regiments in the service include in their *titles* some reminder of royalty. 'The Queen's,' and 'The Queen's Own,' frequently recur, pointing to an affectionate relationship between the Sovereign and her servants, and identifying her name with regimental *esprit*. Again, every regiment has a 'Queen's Colour,' which is the object of especial reverence, and is never lowered in salute save to Royalty or its representatives.

Loyalty is to the philosopher a synonym, at the most, for an abstract duty; its practical meaning is forgotten by the man of business in the hurry of his life; but in the camp and barrack it lays claim to the affections of the heart and almost rises to the dignity of a passion.

We do not see in the possible employment of Indian troops in European warfare all the fanciful visions of unbounded greatness that make the present measure so popular in some quarters; for the serious expense of transporting and maintaining these  
troops

troops imposes, except in case of the most urgent need, a practical limitation upon the number that can be employed with advantage: yet we feel convinced that England's European influence has been increased, and her military position strengthened, by this dramatic disclosure of her unforeseen Indian resources. Previously, India had been regarded as a perpetual drain on our small army; almost a third part of our regular forces was constantly engaged in supplying that vast dependency with a garrison; and there was no lack of gloomy prophets, who pointed to Russian approaches towards its frontier as the slow but certain operations of a gigantic siege. The Asiatic deserts, which formerly lay as a neutral zone between the empires, were being gradually added on to the vast bulk of Russia; diplomacy and force were, they said, completing the work of annexation, and we might any morning awake to find ourselves in perilous proximity to a most dangerous foe. But, though wandering tribes may be brought into subjection, the nature of those arid *steppes* is not susceptible of sudden improvement; the difficulties to Russia of waging an Indian war would be undiminished; and, even were Russian territory to creep up the northern slopes of the Himalayas, India would still be, in a military sense, nearer to England than to Russia—so true is it still, as in Lord Bacon's time, that 'the command of the seas is an abridgment of monarchy.'

When it seemed probable that our critical relations with Russia would result in war, the alarmists about India lost both confidence and voice; and the last 'satiric touch' was given to their groundless fears by this flank march of Indian forces from Asia into Europe. Of the quality of these troops conflicting opinions have been expressed; and it is only natural to suppose that, in a country of such vast extent, including such different climates and such various races, there should be great differences in the aptitude of the inhabitants for warlike pursuits. The Bengalee is not generally accredited with any excess of pugnative zeal; but the Sikhs are, as England may well remember, unsurpassed in self-sacrificing valour by any soldiers in the world. All Oriental troops fight much better side by side with English soldiers than they do when opposed to them; yet the memory of such a victory as Sobraon should still be sufficient to vindicate in English eyes some part, at least, of the native forces from any calumnious aspersion.

This, it is true, is the first time that Indian soldiers have been called on to bear arms in Europe; but there are many precedents for their employment in Asiatic and African campaigns. Afghanistan, Persia, China, Egypt, and Abyssinia, saw them  
ranked



ranked as brothers in arms beside English troops: and, as we have no reason to suspect that the qualities which they then displayed have since forsaken them, we add the tribute paid to their excellence by Lord Cavan, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Egypt in 1802:

‘ Their excellent discipline and obedience, and their patience under great fatigue and hardship, have been equalled by their exemplary conduct in the correct and regular discharge of every duty of soldiers; and, though they may lament that circumstances rendered it impossible for them to have taken part in the brilliant actions of this country during the last campaign, it must be a satisfaction for them to know that their services in Egypt have been as important, and as essential to their country, as those of their brother soldiers that gained such distinguished victories in it.’

The troops thus praised in high terms consisted of contingents drawn from the three Presidencies in about equal proportions, and may be assumed to have fairly represented the Indian forces of the day.

It is with deep regret that we have noticed an argument against the employment of Indian troops, founded on the dominant position of England over India. Nowhere has it appeared in a more reprehensible form than in Mr. Gladstone’s violent invectives in the pages of the ‘Nineteenth Century.’ He seems to regard England as a press-gang, the Indian troops as the unresisting citizen forced into the service of the country. He asks, ‘Will India be content? Can India be content? Ought India to be content?’ And he stigmatizes the whole proceeding as ‘gross and monstrous injustice.’ We are, he says, ‘masters, not allies,’ and ‘we are not only a nation ruling a nation, but an army ruling an army.’

India has herself given no doubtful response to his questions. She has already not only accepted the action of the Government with contentment, but welcomed it with acclamation. Not only have the native forces of the Crown shown their eagerness to participate in the expedition, but the feudatory Princes have sent to the Queen the most reassuring expressions of their loyalty, coupled with offers of practical assistance. Throughout the length and breadth of India the prevailing sentiment has been one of legitimate pride at being treated, not only as allies, but as equal fellow-subjects of the same Queen.

But Mr. Gladstone’s argument seems to us to rest on a fundamental misconception of the relations between England and her dependencies. Though we have treated the subject technically, and have purposely confined ourselves to an examination of the criticisms which have been directed against the policy of the Government,

ment, we do not disguise from ourselves the truth, that the real issue is far deeper, wider, and more vital, than that which was recently raised by Her Majesty's Opposition. If the conclusions of the Opposition are to be adopted, if the spirit by which Mr. Gladstone and other Liberal leaders are animated is to prevail, then the future of the British Empire must of necessity be very different from what we ourselves, in common we trust with the majority of Englishmen, desire and expect. The ideal towards which the most earnest Liberals yearn, is Equality in the most rigorous and uncompromising form of *self-government*. The individual is the unit of their scheme, the alpha and omega of their political system. Whatever forms of social organization or central authority impede the development of their moral ideal, they consider to be relics of tyranny and barbarism. They contemplate man apart from society, and each member of the body politic apart from the body itself. Thus Mr. Gladstone regards India as an individual abstraction clothed with a self-consciousness of her own; Canada as another moral individual of a different species; Australia as a third independent and reflective atom. And so, too, he would doubtless individualize every municipal corporation, and every parish vestry, as organisms complete in themselves, and readily to be distinguished from the country to which they belong; while he would conceive of every man in these boroughs and parishes as constituting a moral government in his own person. Doubtless there is a sense in which this method of thought is just, but it is a religious, not a political one; if practically applied to the English Constitution, it would logically lead to a return to the Heptarchy. Equality, except in the minds of philosophers, can never be an elevating political principle; its fruits are, not the perfecting of individual natures, but the disestablishment of churches, the destruction of ranks, and the disintegration of Empires.

These are not the conditions to which we desire to see our country reduced. We look on the individual and the parish as the base, not the climax, of our Constitution. Every great nation must have something of the character of an army, a coherence between its several parts, a recognized code of discipline, a due gradation of authority, and one acknowledged head. The freedom and public spirit, encouraged by her local institutions, help England to cement her world-wide Empire: the citizen takes pride in his borough; the countryman identifies himself with his county; the colonist carries abroad with him the manners and affections of his mother country; all Englishmen see in their Sovereign the guardian of their ancient liberties and the representative of their collective greatness.

ART.

ART. IX.—*The People of Turkey: Twenty Years' Residence among Bulgarians, Greeks, Albanians, Turks, and Armenians.* By a Consul's Daughter and Wife. Edited by Stanley Lane Poole. In 2 vols. London, 1878.

NOW that the deliberations of the Berlin Congress are all but concluded, and while Europe is watching the result of these deliberations and of the Anglo-Turkish Treaty in the shaping of the new destinies of the East, it is of the first importance for us to gain some insight into the elements that are undergoing transformation. Partisanship, and all its blinding rancour, may, it is to be hoped, give way to a spirit more ready to see good as well as evil, less eager to utter sweeping condemnations, more cautious about the application of drastic remedies. Hitherto a great part of the Eastern Question has been the gauging of the ambitions that found in the East and its disturbances a field for their own satisfaction: it suggested a collision of aims, mutual suspicion, rival claims to undertake the task of reform. Now we may be presumed to have reached a new stage. The Congress has fixed the limits of encroachment in European Turkey, and it will be for England, under the Treaty, to trace the conditions under which, in a reconstructed East, reformed institutions and improved government are to be attempted. But the work of reform itself only begins here. When the deliberations of diplomacy have fixed the landmarks, the slower process of reconstruction must begin. If we are to follow this—above all, since as a nation we are to have the foremost part in it, it is necessary to spare no pains to understand the elements which are to be dealt with.

But this it has not hitherto been easy to do. For the most part, as the editor of the volumes before us remarks in his Preface, one is struck, in all discussions upon the Eastern Question, with 'the wide difference of opinion held on things which ought to be matter of certainty—on which two opinions ought to be impossible.' And the cause is not far to seek. In the words of one who knew his subject well, 'After living in Turkey ten months a man thinks he knows the people thoroughly. After living there for ten years, he begins to find out that he knows nothing about them.' But our informants are in many cases those who have only the confidence that ten months beget. The untrustworthiness of the numerous accounts of Turkey which have been current for some years past, might well make us speak of our informants as Lady Mary Wortley Montague spoke of those in her own day:—

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'Tis certain,' she says, writing in 1717 from Adrianople, 'that we have but very imperfect accounts of the manners and religion of these people, this part of the world being seldom visited, but by merchants, who mind little but their own affairs, or travellers, who make too short a stay to be able to report anything exactly of their own knowledge. The Turks are too proud to converse familiarly with merchants, who can only pick up some confused informations, which are generally false, and can give no better account of the ways here, than a French refugee, lodging in a garret in Greek Street, could write of the Court of England.'

Since Lady Mary's sprightly narrative was written, we have had plenty of new informants. Amongst these there is one source of information, whose trustworthiness varies, namely, the newspaper correspondents; but, however much we learn from their enterprise or their industry, it is at least impossible to avoid being to some extent misled by the information so rapidly gathered, and necessarily so one-sided in its bias. It is inevitable that a newspaper correspondent should be prejudiced by the views of the journal he represents. He can rarely be selected for any special knowledge of the East, which he comes to for the first time, most commonly, on the eve of describing its manners and customs to his readers at home. In one case he judges with a political bias; in another, he views the country with the eye of a military critic. So with the ordinary traveller; he is for the most part occupied with some scheme of improvement after a Western pattern, or intent upon some commercial enterprise; and, in the light of his own occupations, he forms a rapid surface judgment of a people of whose temperament he remains ignorant to the end.

While we acknowledge our obligations to these various informants, there is a value of a peculiar kind in the volumes now before us. They give us, not the rapid survey of a traveller, but the slowly-formed judgment of a dweller amongst the races of Turkey in Europe. We have no mere jottings of a tour, setting down the superficial observations that strike the attention from their novelty; but the fruit of long and intimate knowledge, which sees the inner side of a strange custom, can compare the peculiarities of one race with those of another, and can distinguish between the practice of some odd survival that has lost its meaning, and retains a sort of automatic hold upon a people naturally averse to change, and the usages that are linked with the deepest life of Eastern society. And the authoress speaks not only as one who has been an inhabitant and not a traveller in Turkey, but as possessing those advantages of a public position which alone can open the inner door of Turkish life to a

stranger. 'The journey we have made,' said Lady Mary Wortley Montague, 'cannot possibly be made by any not of a public character;' and much of the interest of her narrative is due to the entrance into Turkish society secured by her husband's character of Ambassador. Not a few of the most interesting scenes in 'The People of Turkey' are due to a similar cause; and it is not a little interesting to find odd parallels between the two narratives, that tell us how little change has penetrated during more than a century and a half into the haremlik of a Turkish home. The peculiar position of the authoress, born and bred in Turkey, though English by descent, opened to her the entrance to all classes of society, from that of the Sultan and his wives down to the peasant tribes of Turks, Greeks, and Bulgarians, and she has availed herself of her opportunities with feminine tact and discrimination. Her pages abound with charming descriptions and acute observations, not unworthy of her predecessor, Lady Mary Wortley Montague. It is this rare opportunity for observation, combined with a skill of graphic narrative, that gives us a picture like the following, of the inner side of a Turkish lady's life:—

'I have often been asked what a Turkish lady does all day long? Does she sleep or eat sugar-plums, and is she kept under lock and key by a Blue-Beard of a husband, who allows her only the liberty of waiting upon him? A Turkish lady is certainly shut up in a harem, and there can be no doubt that she is at liberty to indulge in the above-mentioned luxuries should she feel so disposed; she has possibly, at times, to submit to being locked up, but the key is applied to the outer gates, and is left in the keeping of the friendly eunuch. Besides, woman is said to have a will of her own, and "where there is a will there is a way" is a proverb to which Turkish ladies are no strangers. I have seldom met with one who did not make use of her liberty; in one sense she may not have so much freedom as English women have, but in many others she possesses more. In her home she is perfect mistress of her time and of her property, which she can dispose of as she thinks proper. Should she have cause of complaint against any one, she is allowed to be very open-spoken, holds her ground, and fights her own battles with astonishing coolness and decision.'

But though free she does not presume to be an equal:—

'Turkish ladies appreciate to the full as much as their husbands the virtues of the indispensable cup of coffee and cigarette; this is their first item in the day's programme. The *hanoums* may next take a bath; the young ladies wash at the *abtest* hours; the slaves when they can find time. The *hanoum* will then attend to her husband's wants, bring him his pipe and coffee, his slippers and pelisse. While smoking he will sit on the sofa, whilst his wife occupies a lower position

position near him, and the slaves roll up the bedding from the floor. If the gentleman be a government functionary, the official bag will be brought in, and he will look over his documents, examining some, affixing his seal to others, saying a few words in the intervals to his wife, who always addresses him in a ceremonious manner with great deference and respect. The children will then trot in in their *gedjliks*, with the hair uncombed, to be caressed, and ask for money with which to buy sweets and cakes. The custom of giving pence to children daily is so prevalent, that it is practised even by the poor.'

Then begin the occupations of the day:—

'The children, after an irregular breakfast, are sent to school or allowed to roam about the house; the *effendi* proceeds to perform his out-of-door toilet and leaves the *haremlık*, when the female portion of the establishment, freed from the pleasure or obligation of attending to his wants, begin the day's occupation. If this should include any special or unusual household work, such as preserve-making, washing or ironing, or general house-cleaning, the lady, be she of the highest position, will take part in it with the slaves. This is certainly not necessary, for she has plenty of menials, but is done in order to fill up the day, many hours of which necessarily hang heavily on her hands when not enlivened by visiting or being visited. In the capital, however, less of this kind of employment is indulged in by the fashionable *hanoums*, who are trying to create a taste for European occupations by learning music, foreign languages, and fine needlework. The time for dressing is irregular. A lady may think proper to do her hair and make herself tidy for luncheon, or she may remain in her *gedjlik* and slippers all day. This fashion of receiving visitors *en négligé* is not considered at all peculiar unless the visit has been announced beforehand.

'Visiting and promenading, the principal amusements of Turkish ladies, are both affairs of very great importance. Permission has previously to be asked from the husband, who, if liberally disposed, freely grants it; but if jealous and strict, he will disapprove of seeing his family often out of doors. When a walk or drive is projected the children all begin to clamour to go with their mother. Scarcely is this question settled by coaxing or giving them money, than another arises as to which of the slaves are to be allowed to go. Tears, prayers, and even little quarrels and disturbances follow, until the mistress finally selects her party. The details of the toilette are very numerous; the face has to be blanched, then rouged, the eyebrows and lashes to be blackened with *surmé*, and a variety of other little coquetties resorted to requiring time and patience before the final adjustment of the *yashmak* and *feridgé*.

'Then comes the scramble for places in the carriage; the *hanoums* naturally seat themselves first, the rest squeeze themselves in, and sit upon each other's knees. It is wonderful to see how well they manage this close packing, and how long they can endure the uncomfortable postures in which they are fixed.



'If the excursion is solely for visiting, the occupants of the carriages make the best of the time and liberty by coquetting with the grooms and *agas* in attendance, should these be young and handsome, and sending salaams to the passers-by, mingled with laughter and frolic. But when the excursion has a picnic in prospective, or a long drive into the country, the gaiety and fun indulged in is bewildering; and the *hanoums* can only be compared to a flock of strange birds suddenly let loose from their cages, not knowing what to make of their new freedom. Flirting, smoking, eating fruits and sweets, walking about, running, or lounging on the carpets they bring with them, varied by music and singing, fill the day. They usually set out early and return before sunset in time to receive their master on his visit to the harem before dinner. When this meal is over, the company, comfortably dressed in their *négligé* costume, indulge in coffee and cigarettes, and the events of the day are discussed. The ladies then retire to rest at an early hour, and rise the next day to go through the same routine.'

More valuable still, in the present narrative, is the absence of all partisan bias or religious animus in the writer. The good qualities and the vices of each race are treated with judicial impartiality: and there is no tendency to represent either Turk or Bulgarian, Armenian or Greek, as a model of virtue, or as sunk in every vice. Just as little is there a tendency to religious partisanship. We shall have occasion to quote some of the opinions on the religions of the East, Christian and Mohammedan, which are the reverse of flattering: and the superstitious relic-worship of the Orthodox Church is as little spared as the enervating fatalism of Islam. We have, in short, a representation of Eastern life as unvarnished as it is complete: and we are inclined to follow its guidance even in those views of Greek orthodoxy and of Russian policy from which the Editor thinks it necessary to enter his dissent.

The difficulties that occur in judging of Turkey are almost proverbial. Other countries offer to us, with whatever variation, some one type which is more or less generally dominant. Races, however distinct in their origin and their customs, have elsewhere coalesced; and, even where they have preserved some distinctive mark of separation, have yet borrowed each other's temperament, or vices, or, it may be, virtues. But with Turkey it is not so. In the Palace—the nest of corruption and intrigue, so often instanced as the prime product of Turkish nationality—races are mixed, but elsewhere they are entirely separate. In religion, in amusements, in dress, in social custom, even in predominant vices, each retains its own peculiarities, and

and in each we can trace the development from ancient usage. The adoption of the Slav language has not swept away all traces of the origin of the Bulgarian race. Of all countries in the world, Turkey was the one in which toleration was the most necessary, and yet where it was the most difficult: and this fact explains at once the liberal policy of Imperial decrees, and the internecine rancour which made these decrees little else than a mockery. The inherent conservatism of most of the races has made those causes, that in Western countries obliterate lines of demarcation, of but little influence in Turkey. In studying her people we have to study, not a nation, but a mass of nationalities, each with their distinctive peculiarities accentuated by centuries of mutual suspicion, of military despotism on the one hand, and religious rancour on the other. Of all things this might surely teach us that the causes of ill government are mixed, and that it is not by scotching one that we can put an end to the misgovernment of Turkey. Her central corruption, her weak and rotten administration, her statesmen representing not one but half-a-dozen nationalities, the dishonesty and political adventure to which this gives rise—these things are but the natural result of her mingled and yet confused population, each separate element preserving its own distinctive angularities. A 'bag and baggage' policy, an annihilation of the Porte, means but the knocking off of a rotten fruit, while leaving the canker at the root untouched. This is the only conclusion, we venture to think, to which a study of Turkey, as it is, can lead: and in such study we may derive admirable aid from the volumes now before us.

Of the races of European Turkey, that which naturally has been made most prominent, perhaps unduly prominent, by recent events, is the Bulgarian. Of their origin and early history we need say little. Established by force of arms in place of the ancient Slav population, they gradually adopted, like so many conquerors before and since, the manners and language of those they vanquished. Under the Greek Empire their history was little but one continued struggle: but after the Ottoman conquest they succumbed to the military prowess of the new conqueror, and their resistance earned for them only a harder lot than that of their neighbours. Their religion was proscribed: their dress became a badge of disgrace. The poll-tax placed on the infidel, as well as the extortions of irresponsible governors, crushed their industry; and, worse than all, a living tribute was levied on them to recruit the ranks of the Janizaries. Under conditions like these, we can hardly blame the nature of the people if cringing servility and treachery became the characteristics

characteristics of the Bulgarian. But better days appeared to be in store for them :—

‘The laws promulgated in the reign of Sultan Abdul-Medjid with respect to the amelioration of the condition of the rayahs were gradually introduced into Bulgaria, and their beneficial influence tended greatly to remove some of the most crying wrongs that had so long oppressed the people. These reforms apparently satisfied the Bulgarians—always easily contented and peacefully disposed. They were thankful for the slight protection thus thrown over their life and property. They welcomed the reforms with gratitude as the signs of better days, and, stimulated by written laws, as well as by the better system of government that had succeeded the old one and had deprived their Mohammedan neighbours of some of their power of molesting and injuring them, they redoubled their activity and endeavoured by industry to improve their condition . . . . The Bulgarians, inwardly, perhaps, still dissatisfied, seemed outwardly content and attached to the Porte in the midst of the revolutionary movements that alternately convulsed the Servian, Greek, and Albanian populations. A very small section alone yielded to the influence of the foreign agents or “comitats,” who were using every means to create a general rising in Bulgaria, or was at any time in the Bulgarian troubles enticed to raise its voice against the Ottoman Government and throw off its allegiance. The late movement is said to have received encouragement from the Bulgarian clergy acting under Russian influence, and from the young schoolmasters, whose more advanced ideas naturally led them to promulgate notions of independence among the people. But these views were by no means entertained by the more thoughtful and important members of the community, and no organized disaffection existed in Bulgaria at the time the so-called revolt began. The action of a few hot-headed patriots, followed by some discontented peasants, started the revolt which, if it had been judiciously dealt with, might have been suppressed without one drop of blood. The Bulgarians would probably have continued plodding on as faithful subjects of the Porte, instead of being made—as will eventually be the case—a portion of the Slav group. Whether this fresh arrangement will succeed remains to be seen ; but according to my experience of Bulgarian character, there is very little sympathy between it and the Slav. The Bulgarians have ever kept aloof from their Slavonic neighbours, and will continue a separate people even when possessed of independence.’

But fatal as this intrigue and fostering of discontent was to the interests of Bulgaria, her misfortunes did not end here. A serious drawback to Bulgarian prosperity, and one which was inflamed by the jealousy of sect as well as of race, was the mixture of population and the constant enmity between Greek and Bulgarian. Such enmity would, in the event of the limits of Bulgaria having been extended as the original Treaty of San

Stefano

Stefano contemplated, have led inevitably to scenes like those of 1876 being re-enacted between Greek and Bulgarian. To the south of the Balkans the Bulgarian has not the same distinctive nationality, and is unlikely to resist, or object to, Hellenic influence; and the improvement, which constant contact with the more intellectual race may bring, may not here be thwarted or maimed by an accompaniment of mutual jealousy, blazing out on occasions into massacre.

By way of illustrating the Bulgarian character, the authoress gives us an account of the scene in the house of a Bulgarian magistrate, when a deputation from some community has arrived to set forth some special grievance:—

‘When the interested visitors happened to be elders of their little communities or towns, they were shown into the study of my host. After exchanging salutes and shaking hands, they were offered *slatko* (preserves) and coffee, and business was at once entered into. At such moments the Bulgarian does not display the heat and excitement that characterises the Greek, nor fall into the uproarious argument of the Armenians and Jews, nor yet display the finessing wit of the Turk; but, steering a middle course between these different modes of action, he stands his ground and perseveres in his argument, until he has either made his case clear or is persuaded to take another view of it. The subjects that most animated the Bulgarians in these assemblies were their national affairs and their dissensions with the Greeks: the secondary ones were the wrongs and grievances they suffered from a bad administration; and although they justly lamented these, and at times bitterly complained of the neglect or incapacity of the Porte to right them in an effective manner and put a stop to acts of injustice committed by their Mohammedan neighbours and the local courts, I at no time noticed any tendency to disloyalty or revolutionary notions, or any disposition to court Russian protection, from which, indeed, the most enlightened and important portion of the nation at that period made decided efforts to keep aloof.

‘When it was the peasants who gathered at the Chorbadji’s house, their band was led by its Codga-Bashi, who, acting as spokesman, first entered the big gate, followed by a long train of his brethren. Ranged in a line near the porch, they awaited the appearance of the master to explain to him the cause of their visit. Their distinguished-looking patron, pipe in hand, shortly made his appearance at the door, when caps were immediately doffed, and the right hands, laid on the breast, hidden by the shaggy heads bending over them in a salaam, responded to by a kindly “Dobra deni” (good morning), followed by the demand “Ito cogity?” (what do you want?) The peasants, with an embarrassed air, would look at each other, while the Codga-Bashi proceeded to explain matters. Should his eloquence fall short of the task, one or two others would step out of the ranks and become spokesmen. It was almost painful to see these simple people endeavouring to give a clear and comprehensive account of their case,

and

and trying to understand the advice and directions of the Chorbadij. A half-frightened surprised look, importing fear or doubt, a shrug of the shoulders, accompanied by the words "Né znam—Né mozhem" (I do not know, I cannot do), was generally the first expression in answer to the eloquence of my friend, who in his repeated efforts to explain matters frequently lost all patience, and would end by exclaiming "Né biddy mogari!" (Don't be donkeys!)—a remark which had no effect upon the band of rustics further than to send them off full of gratitude, to do as he had counselled.'

A not unkindly nature, albeit rather a dull one, shines through a scene like this, and it is of a piece with the Bulgarian characteristics generally. Long misfortune has changed the once conquering Bulgarian into one who is ordinarily the most patient of mortals. The revival of the Bulgarian Church stirs the nation, in parts of it, into a passing excitement; but, for the most part, it little breaks the monotony of his industrious life. In the thrifty activity of the housewife, the order and cleanliness of the house, and his simple but comfortable meal, the Bulgarian compares well with many of his neighbours; and if he gives way to an un-Turkish indulgence in the bottle, this does not materially interfere with his ordinarily harmless life. His very amusements are dull: and in outlying parts of Bulgaria the authoress met with experiences which show that even industry and a genial climate do not always preserve the Bulgarian from misfortunes, which he bears in a dull but uncomplaining spirit:—

'The Bulgarians, however, as I have known them in more peaceful times, never appeared to possess as natural characteristics the vices that hasty and partial judges, arguing from special instances, have attributed to them. On the contrary, they seem a peace-loving, hard-working people, possessing many domestic virtues, which, if properly developed under a good government, might make the strength of an honest and promising State.'

But recent events have belied these hopes. Their best friends are now obliged to admit that the Bulgarians are totally unfit to govern themselves or anyone else. Released from control, and allowed by the Russian army of occupation to act as they pleased towards their Mussulman neighbours, they have indulged in the most savage and revolting acts of cruelty—cold-blooded massacres of aged and unoffending Mussulmans, violation of women, and wholesale destruction of property. When the terrible truth comes to be known, we fear there will be a universal feeling of hatred and contempt for the Bulgarians.\* Where there was formerly

\* Since the above was written, a letter has appeared in the 'Daily Telegraph' of July 11th, from Mr. Bartlett, the Special Commissioner of the 'Turkish Com-

merly perfect religious toleration, and, with all the Turkish bad administration, a very considerable amount of civil liberty, there is now general oppression and cruel persecutions of Jews, Greeks, Catholics, and Mussulmans, and all those who do not belong to the Bulgarian Church. It was an evil day for the Bulgarians themselves, when the Russians put power into their hands, which they have so ruthlessly and cruelly abused.

No more striking contrast can be offered than that between the Bulgarian and his active neighbour the Greek. It is here, undoubtedly, that the most progressive and intellectual element amongst all the races of Turkey is to be found. Here only is to be found a balance to the Pan-Slavonic influence, by means of a free national development, instead of less satisfactory and more artificial 'guarantees' which may be imposed from without. In the wiliness, if not worse, which is held to be so characteristic of the Greek, and which has been too long ascribed to his race to be merely the effect of the adverse circumstances in which Greek nationality has been forced to reassert itself, there is an undoubted danger. But the Greek has merely, like other people, the '*défaüt de ses qualités*;' and if he is sharp in a bargain, or even unscrupulous in commerce, we are told by the authoress that, by general agreement, honest and straightforward commerce is almost out of the question in Turkey. However this may be, it is clear that the characteristics of the Greek are just those which may achieve that which the plodding industry and limited range of the Bulgarian must leave untried. The Greek of Turkey has before him the powerful incentive of the freedom attained by Hellas Proper in 1829. He has never lost sight of his aim; but he has not attempted to gain it merely by a moody and sullen discontent. He has raised himself to high office; he has guided the counsels of the race he hates; he dominates in Turkish commerce; he is foremost in education; and takes the lead in Turkey, whether as doctor, lawyer, or politician. The distinction between Greek and Bulgarian begins in the lower grades:—

'The Greek peasant differs greatly from the Bulgarian. Agriculture is not all the world to him; his love for the pursuit is decidedly moderate unless he sees an opening for enterprise and speculation, as in the growth of some special kind of produce which he can sell in the raw condition or as manufactured goods. Unlike the Bulgarian, his whole family is not chained to the soil as the one business of life.

passionate Fund,' giving details of new 'Bulgarian Atrocities' which more than confirm the worst accounts of the horrible treatment of unoffending Mussulmans that we had already received from witnesses upon whom we can fully rely. We wait to see whether cruelty can kindle indignation only when it helps the purposes of party.

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When the paterfamilias can dispense with the services of some of his daughters, they leave their home in pursuit of occupation; and his sons in the same manner are allowed to quit the paternal roof in search of some more lucrative employment elsewhere. It is thus that the Greek is to be found in every nook and corner of Turkey, established among his own kindred or with foreigners, and following various professions and callings, as doctors, lawyers, schoolmasters; whilst, descending to a lower scale, we find him employed in every town and village as a petty tradesman, mason, carpenter, shoemaker, musician, in all which occupations he manages by dint of energy, perseverance, and address, to obtain a modest competence, or sometimes even to reach prosperity.

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'The intellectual position of the Greeks is far superior to that of the Bulgarians. They are cleverer, and they and their children are more advanced in education. They display a great interest in passing events, as well as in politics, a knowledge of which they obtain by means of the numerous Greek newspapers they receive from Athens, Constantinople, and all the large towns of Turkey. These journals find their way to the remotest hamlets, one or two being sufficient to make the round of a village. They also possess other literature, in the shape of the history of their country, biographies of some of their illustrious ancestors, and national songs in the vernacular. All these make a deep impression upon the entire population, who, after the conclusion of the labours of the day, gather together in the taverns and coffee-houses to discuss matters, talking excellent sense over the coffee-cup, or waxing hot and uproarious over their wine and *raki*.'

In every part of life we find more of variety, of interest, of completeness, in the Greek than in the Bulgarian. More ready to advance himself, the Greek is also less disposed to acquiesce in the narrow range of the Bulgarian wants. His dress is more rich, his house better and more luxuriously furnished, and his wife is not only the industrious and thrifty helpmate to be found in the Bulgarian woman, but a damsel who has not unlearned the artistic instinct of her ancestors, and who can kindle love of a higher kind. Like her husband, however, the Greek wife has her faults. She is fond of display and dress, vain and jealous of her wealthier neighbour; and this tendency, we are told, is not confined to the well-to-do, but extends to the working-class, where the fisherman's wife and the washerwoman ape the attire of the rich.

There is, too, amongst the Greeks, what to our Western ideas is an infallible sign of progress, a Whig and Tory party:—

'Greek society may be divided into two classes, the conservative party and the progressive. The former, in the provincial towns, are jealous

jealous of their rights and privileges as elders of the community and representatives of the nation in the *Medjliss*. In many instances these side with the authorities in acts of injustice, sometimes from timidity and sometimes from interested motives. This small retrograde class is also strongly opposed to the progress of education, and often hinders it by stint of money and general hostility to all changes.

'The second class consists of the educated members of the community, who earn their fortunes in much the same way as the rest of the civilized world, and spend it liberally in comforts and luxuries, and for the benefit of the nation—an object to which every Greek tries to contribute in some degree. The motto of this party is *Embros !* (Forward!) They are stopped by no difficulties and overcome by no drawbacks, either in their personal interests or those of the nation. Their success in enterprise should no longer (as formerly) be attributed to disloyalty, dishonesty, and intrigue—in these respects there is no reason for believing them worse than their neighbours—but to the wonderful energy and ability they show in all their undertakings.'

We need not be surprised that, with such abilities, the Greek who forsakes the ways of respectable society does not stand second to any one in the device or stratagem of his villany. 'No Greek thief of Constantinople,' says the authoress, 'will be beaten in daring or in the art of carrying out a *coup de main*. No assassin will more recklessly plunge his knife into the heart of an enemy, no seducer be more enticing, no brigand more dashing and bold.' Yet there is with the Greek brigand something of the romantic element, which gives an interest to his lawlessness. He has his thieves' honour, his respect for a trust—not necessarily to be relied upon, but still showing itself now and then in a picturesque way enough.

In the virtues as well as the vices of the Greek, painted here by one who has known him long and intimately, there lies undoubtedly the chief problem as to the future of European Turkey. His is a character which may easily swerve to good or ill, which may well prove a beneficent influence in the East, or a source of future danger to all Europe. On the character of his administration, on the wise assignment of the territory to be subjected to his rule, on the avoidance of anything which in a reconstituted Greece may kindle the antipathy of race and religion, so easily aroused—on all these much must depend. He can never settle down like the Bulgarian into the unenterprising, plodding, contented agriculturist, with few aims and less activity, and liable to resent oppression only when stimulated thereto by foreign intrigue. Centuries of hardship have not that power over the Greek. But baffled aims, outwitted ambition, stunted efforts,  
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may convert him into a menace to the permanency of any reconstruction in the East. And if his intellectual pre-eminence, and his susceptibility to progressive ideas, are not to be ignored, just as little can the Greek be suffered to grow into an element of disintegration adverse to the wider interests of Turkey as a whole.

The Albanians, who next come under review, have as little of the contented and plodding industry of the Bulgarian, as they have of the intellectual powers of the Greek. They are simply half-savage Highlanders, with their inherent lawlessness stamped into them by centuries of misrule. They have the rude and bloodthirsty customs, the half-superstitious respect for traditional usage, even in the vengeful satisfaction of their enmity, the strange mingling of a rough sort of honour and courage with deceit and vanity, which were to be found in the Celtic Highlander of a century and a half ago. They have changed their religion in many cases from motives of interest, and many of their race appear to hold Christianity or Islam in a form of their own. Redress of injuries is often the work of the private avenger; but even the avenger respects the sacredness of the threshold, and will slay no man in his own house. Many of them are little else than habitual brigands; but they will injure no woman, they will break no obligation of gratitude, and will violate no bond of hospitality. Robbers though they are, they will take the pay of merchants, and may then be trusted to be absolutely faithful escorts. Their government is little but a name, and their Beys or chieftains exercise a sort of rough despotism, much like that of the Celtic chief of a clan. Under their Bey, and so long as he chooses to lead them, they make effective irregular soldiers for the Porte; but they object to conscription, and will resort to any device to escape serving in the regular army. They are little amenable to discipline, and have helped, by unbridled freebooting, to bring something of their bad name on the Turkish troops. The usages of *vendetta* and *bessa*, or the private vengeance and peace-making, are so distinctive as to serve for an illustration of their peculiar customs:—

‘In cases of personal insult or offence the *vendetta* is settled on the spot. Both parties stand up, the insulted full of indignation and thirsting for revenge, the offender repentant, perhaps, or persistent. The aggrieved person, even in the former case, seldom yields to persuasion or softens into forgiveness; he draws a brace of pistols and presents them to his antagonist to make his choice. The little fingers of their left hands are linked together and they fire simultaneously. A survivor is rare in such cases, and the feud thus caused between the relatives of both parties is perpetuated from generation to generation. . . .

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'The *bessa* or truce is the time Albanians allow themselves at intervals to suspend their blood feuds; it is arranged by mutual consent between the contending parties, and is of fixed duration and strictly observed. The bitterest enemies meet and converse in perfect harmony and confidence.'

The sort of character typified by the Albanian is one which is not without its parallel, and the weak points of which are easily recognized. There is little hope of regeneration or reform from within. What progress has been made in education has been chiefly owing to the efforts of the Greeks; and where intelligence is in any way advanced, it is due simply to the presence of Greek settlements. What is wanted for such a race is a firm rule, which should enforce respect for the law, and destroy the plague-spot of private feuds and recognized brigandage. It is a task too great for a government organised like that of the Porte, and a task so difficult that a better government than the Porte could not be severely blamed for finding it too hard.

The picture of the Turkish population is perhaps more sad than that of the others that accompany it. To see the Turk as he really is, is at once the best answer to his most bitter accusers, and the best explanation of the evils for which he is blamed. Stricken with poverty, the population drained by war, their property ruined by forced neglect—the ills in his lot are only too apparent. They are traced by the authoress to three principal sources: the conscription laws, the necessary lack of labourers, and the irregular and unjust taxation. 'The Turkish peasant,' we are told, 'is a good, quiet, and submissive subject, who refuses neither to furnish his Sultan with troops nor to pay his taxes, so far as in him lies; but he is poor, ignorant, helpless, and improvident to an almost incredible degree.' His two chief enemies are, his Government and his own laziness; and with these two holding him back, it is perhaps surprising that he is not more unworthy:—

'The Turkish peasant is well built and strong, and possesses extraordinary power of endurance. His mode of living is simple, his habits sober; unlike the Christians of his class, he has no dance, no village feast, and no music but a kind of drum or tambourine, to vary the monotony of his life. His cup of coffee and his chebouk contain for him all the sweets of existence; the coffee is taken before the labours of the day are begun, and again in the evening at the *café*. His work is often interrupted in order to enjoy the chebouk, which he smokes crouched under a tree or wall. His house is clean but badly built—cold in winter and hot in summer, possessing little in the way of furniture but bedding, mats, rugs, and kitchen utensils; he is worse clad than the Christian peasant, and his wife and children still more so; yet the women are content with their lot, and in their ignorance

ignorance and helplessness do not try, like the Christian women; to better their condition by their individual exertions; they are irreproachable and honest in their conduct, and capable of enduring great trials. . . . Polygamy is rare among Turkish peasants, and they do not often indulge in the luxury of divorce.'

A race like this would not seem to be one hard to rule. The antipathy between Turk and Christian is no doubt the chief stumbling-block; but even here it is not impossible for the Turk, when left to himself, to keep in harmony with the Christian. By his rulers that harmony is hindered rather than encouraged. By the Government, no enterprise is encouraged, no improvement introduced. The Turkish mechanic lacks invention, and his rulers do not help him to supply its place.

But the chief evil of all is the corruption to be found in official life:—

'The officials,' we are told, 'taken as a whole are seldom fitted for their posts: they are ignorant, dishonest, and much more bent upon securing their personal interests than the welfare of their country.'

'It must, however, in justice be said that, owing to the large sums the Valis have to disburse in order to obtain their appointment, the great expense entailed in so frequently moving themselves and their families from one extremity of the empire to the other, and the irregular and meagre pay the minor officials receive, it is impossible for them to live without resorting to some illicit means of increasing their incomes. And it must be admitted that praiseworthy exceptions are to be found here and there among both the higher and the lower officials.'

'The case is very simple. A man has to pay a vast sum of money to various influential people in order to get a certain post. His pay is nothing much to speak of. He is liable to be ejected by some one's caprice at any moment. If he is to repay his "election expenses" and collect a small reserve fund, he must give up all idea of honesty. An honest official in Turkey means a bankrupt. Under the system of favouritism and bribery no course but that of corruption and extortion is open to the official. *Il faut vivre*: and so long as the old system exists one must do in Turkey as the rest of the Turks do. It is utterly corrupt: but it must be reformed from the top downwards.'

In this account of the Turk, then, we have little more than a repetition of that hopeless immobility and ingrained corruption which, as we have long learnt to recognize, shackle all his energies. It is more interesting to get a glimpse of him in his private life, of which the authoress has much to tell us. It is odd to notice how Western customs penetrate through the conservatism of Turkish life. The following gives us a pleasant trait:—

'The use of knives and forks, though fast becoming general among the

the higher classes at Stamboul, is not yet much introduced into the interior. During my residence in one of the provincial towns of European Turkey, these articles were occasionally borrowed from me by a rich bey for his grand entertainments. The forks I lent were electro-plate; but when they were returned I found silver ones among them, and discovered that, some of mine having been stolen or lost, the bey had had them copied by native workmen.'

But innovation sometimes vexes the soul of the orthodox Turk:—

'Some years ago a Turkish peasant from one of the towns of the interior visited the capital. On his return I asked him what he had seen there to strike his fancy. "What did I see?" replied the good old fellow, stroking his beard in dismay. "I was astonished to see the deformity of human nature in that great city; the women now have two heads, one planted on the top of the other, and the hump, which we in our village consider a terrible calamity, seems to be a general affliction, but has descended much below the shoulders! May Allah have mercy upon us; but such preposterous changes as these must to a certainty be the signs of bad times!" The sensible man alluded to the enormous chignons and tournures then in fashion, and perhaps he was not far wrong in his ideas.'

It is amongst others than the Turks themselves that tawdry imitation is most rife:—

'Eighteen years ago,' says the authoress, 'when I first visited the town of N—— in Upper Albania, I was honoured by visits from the wives of all the dignitaries of the town. The first batch of callers consisted of about twenty ladies, whose arrival was announced to me at six o'clock in the morning, and who could with difficulty be persuaded by my people that the Franks were always in their beds at that time and received at a much later hour of the day. "Well, if that is the *Inglis moda*, we too must adopt it!" said the most enlightened lady. By the time they again appeared I was quite ready to receive them, and not a little curious to see what kind of birds these were that had flocked together so early to visit me. In the meantime, as a great admirer and reader of the works of Lord Byron, I had formed all kinds of conjectures with regard to the lovely faces and picturesque costumes I was going to see. The fair maid of Athens, and numberless other beauties, flitted before my imagination, when a heavy tramp of feet (not at all fairy-like) up the stairs, preceded by the announcement that the ladies of the Chorbadjis had arrived, brought me back to reality, and I advanced to receive my guests. And now, what was the spectacle that met my gaze and deprived me of all control over my risible propensities? A display of Parisian articles of dress applied in the most indiscriminate manner, without any regard to the use for which they were manufactured, and the sex of the persons for whom they were designed! Stiff black satin stocks encircled the fair necks of some of the ladies, asserting  
queerly



queerly with their graceful and rich national costume, and making an ugly separation between their head-dresses and the fine white crape chemisettes that veiled so much of their necks as was left uncovered by elaborately embroidered vests. Below this vest were the graceful floating scarlet trousers, that should have fallen to the ground like a skirt, secured only round the ankle by an embroidered cuff; but all the beauty and grace of this garment was lost in the expansion caused by a monstrous cage crinoline introduced within it, which gave the otherwise sylph-like figures of the wearers the appearance of a shapeless balloon supported on large pairs of gentlemen's patent-leather boots, proudly displayed!

The life of the palace stands more or less by itself, and naturally depends greatly upon the character of the ruler. In the Sultan Mahmoud, who preceded Abdul-Medjid, we find the same attempt at reform, which prevailed in the rest of his administration, penetrating even to the life of the seraglio. With Abdul-Medjid a weaker hand was felt, and however popular he was through the gentleness of his disposition, disorder soon crept into the palace. With Abdul-Aziz that disorder was increased, and neither of those for whom his deposition paved the way have had strength sufficient to cleanse the Augean stable where the chief mass of Turkish corruption is accumulated. It is there, clearly, that reform must begin; and only with the stamping out of seraglio intrigue, and all the weakness and vacillation to which it gives birth, can we hope for a Government that will give to the Turk that stability, order, and stimulus, under which his better qualities may have a fair chance of development.

Between the Armenian and Jewish subjects of the Porte there is at least one point of resemblance. Both have retained a sort of nationality without any territorial aids. Both are a mere fragment of a nation that has lost its original home, has been tossed from land to land, has accommodated itself to new and changing circumstances, and yet has preserved throughout all its own physical and mental characteristics. Such vitality might well make those pause, who talk so glibly of the decay of race and the hopelessness of maintaining national identity amidst changed conditions. We have, indeed, little doubt that, in the case of the Armenians, some of those natural instincts, and those freshly asserted claims to independence, of which we have lately heard so much, may be due rather to the fostering care of political agencies than to the natural and spontaneous expression of national feeling. But there is no doubt that the Armenians, with whatever desire for independence they may be impelled, have

have preserved some distinctive traits which are ethnologically interesting, although they furnish none but pedantic grounds for independence.

Their lot has certainly been a hard one. 'Tossed about,' as the authoress says, 'between Arsacid, Roman, and Sassanian; fought over by Persian and Byzantine; a common prey to Arabs, Mongols, and Turks, it is a matter of amazement that the nation exists at all.' Forced from their own country by the oppression of the Mameluke Sultans of Egypt, they were scattered between Europe and Asia, and had to content themselves with such welcome as they received. Only a remnant remain in their original home; and from these Turkish oppression has so far crushed out any craving after liberty. Such cravings cannot exist amidst poverty and ignorance, and the Turk has profited by the docile apathy to which his rule has given birth. Armenian independence is, indeed, a memory of seven centuries. In European Turkey, the Armenian preserves, in his scattered dwelling-places, the hardy physique and the shrewdness which has placed him amongst the leading men in commerce and in banking. But here Armenian nationality ends. An oppressed and scattered race, they have won a character for flattery and designing which has become proverbial. Unlike the Turk, the Armenian has not acquired the virtue of cleanliness, which seems to be a second nature to some races of the East; and in their dress the better-to-do ape that tawdry European nondescript which banishes so effectually the natural picturesqueness which seems to be an Oriental gift. Of education they have as yet but little, and what they have is not the fruit of their own efforts, as with the Greek:—

'The Armenians have advanced but a very little way on the road of education. The most enlightened are certainly those in British India, whilst those of them who are Russian subjects have of late considerably improved. Hitherto, the nation has never had a fair chance, but that it has the possibility of progress in it is shown by the fact, that no sooner are the Armenians placed under a firm and wise government than they at once begin to go forwards, in every respect. The progress of the inhabitants of Russian Armenia has begun to work a political revival among their brethren under Turkish rule. A wish for instruction is everywhere beginning to be shown, and it has received a strong and most salutary impulse from the numerous American missionaries now established throughout Armenia. The untiring efforts of these praiseworthy and accomplished workers in the cause of civilization and humanity are beginning to bear fruit, especially since education has become one of their principal objects. They are working wonders among the uncultivated inhabitants of this hitherto unhappy country, where mission-schools,

founded in all directions, are doing the double service of instructing the people by their own enlightened moral and religious teaching, and of stimulating among the wealthy a spirit of rivalry, which leads them to see their own ignorance and superstitious debasement, and raises a desire to do for themselves, by the establishment of Armenian schools, what American philanthropy has so nobly begun to do for them.'

It is impossible to pass over this section of the subjects of the Porte without a word as to the recent schemes which have been propounded for securing to the Armenians what is called provincial autonomy. Stimulated by the ardour of historic investigations, and dull to the practical facts of to-day, an Association has been formed to urge upon our representatives at the Congress the necessity of kindling into artificial vitality the dead bones of Armenian nationality. With the Armenians, as with every part of the mixed subjects of the Porte, there is no doubt plenty of material for distinctiveness, if it be desired to foster and develop that which has been the chief curse of the people of Turkey. Those 'caste antitheses, sectarian fanaticisms, baseless enthusiasms, empiric fancies,' of which Mr. Gifford Palgrave speaks, are doubtless not far to seek either in the disorganized mass of Turkish subjects, or amongst the idealists in our midst, who have each some ready nostrum to heal all the wounds of Turkey. It is not surprising that one who could indulge in the fancies of a recent meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber should be stirred to anger by Mr. Palgrave's criticism. But it is surprising that Professor Bryce should expect us to take his fortnight's experience of Armenia as more valid than the knowledge of one who has lived in the country for six years, and knows it as few other men, perhaps as no other man does; and that he should reiterate in his reply to Mr. Palgrave, the well-known crotchet that seeks to doctor Turkey by establishing in each separate province some distinct basis for autonomy—the basis to be detected by the loving 'sympathies of students' and the fervour of religious partisanship. We are not afraid to declare our entire agreement with Mr. Palgrave, and our firm belief that Armenian nationality is a thing of the past, which may no doubt be furbished up as a cloak for political designing, but whose corpse all friends of good government in Turkey will seek to lay decently in its grave.

Of the Jews our authoress has not much good to say. The public spirit and liberality of individuals amongst the communion does not atone for the bad qualities common among the rest. Of one class, whom she calls the Conservative Jews—an appellation by which we suppose is meant those who present the most marked characteristics of their race—the authoress speaks thus:—

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'The Conservative Jews are strict, rigid, and intolerant to their brethren: they keep aloof from the rest of the world, and mix with it only, in business transactions. They are cunning and avaricious, and, although some possess large fortunes, they are seldom known to use them for the benefit of the community, or for any other good purpose. Strongly opposed to liberal education, the influence they exercise over their respective communities is always employed to counteract the action of the enlightened party.'

The Jews of Turkey, however, possess at least one qualification not unknown amongst their brethren all over the world—the capacity for making money. Like the Armenians, the well-to-do class of Jews are, for the most part, occupied with banking and commerce, and in these they succeed where other men would fail. Over against the wealth of one class there stands—and this too seems common amongst the Jews elsewhere—a poverty almost unequalled in its squalor. The principal cause of this, the authoress thinks, and probably rightly, to be

'the limited sphere of action allotted to, or rather adopted by, the Jewish communities. They evince a strong repugnance to going beyond the few trades generally practised by the labouring classes; the rest content themselves with performing the coarsest and dirtiest work of the town. From generation to generation the Jews will cling to these callings without allowing themselves to be tempted beyond them, or raising themselves in the social scale by taking to agricultural or other pursuits that might ensure them a comfortable home and an honourable living.'

It is clear that a community like this, with all its faults, is not without an element that may help advancement under fair conditions. The Jew is much more friendly to the Mohammedan than the Christian. With him the dread of Islam is no insuperable barrier to sociable relations, and he has no reason to despair of tolerance and comfort, if not of respect, from the Turk. Within his own community he has the sense of mutual self-helpfulness: and the wealthy Jewish societies are already providing those educational opportunities which the Jew had formerly to seek as best he might in alien schools.

Of the three other communities, who have still to pass under review, there is little that is either good or hopeful to be said. The Circassian, the Tatar, and the Gipsy, are the curses of Turkey—elements which would have bred a running sore in the best administration, and which are quite enough of themselves to disorganize the government of the Porte. It was in 1864 that Turkey made the fatal mistake of offering to the Circassian hordes a hospitality which the ruthlessness of Muscovite conquest rendered needful. Here we have in our authoress an eye-witness

of the sufferings which the humanity of the Turk relieved, and by so doing laid up a store of ill-repute in the future. It is thus she saw the new arrivals in 1864:—

‘Emaciated by the long sufferings of the journey, covered with vermin, and half famished, they encamped on the damp soil in the early spring, some sheltering themselves under the trees, others under such tattered tents as they possessed, all closely packed together, the sick lying face to face with the dead, and the living moving, gaunt and ghostlike, among them, careless of everything except getting money. As we neared the infected camp, bands of men and women came forward, holding their children by the hand and offering to sell them to any who would buy. The little wretches themselves seemed anxious to be separated from their unnatural parents in the hope of getting food and better shelter.’

The starvation was relieved, allotments of ground made, and all that was requisite to start the new settlers in a comfortable career of industry was given under Government supervision. Four years more and the following was the result:—

‘Four years later I had again occasion to pass through these settlements, and was much surprised at the transformation in the appearance of the Circassians. The men, dressed in their picturesque costume, wearing their arms, some of which were curious, and rich pieces of Eastern workmanship, were lazily lounging about the commons of their villages: while the women, arrayed in their rich dress of red silk braided with gold, presided over their household duties. Some well-conditioned cattle, driven by Circassian youths, were grazing in the surrounding meadows. I stopped at a Bulgarian village opposite one of these settlements. It was a “*prasnîl*” or feast day, and the Bulgarian youth and beauty, dressed in their best, were dancing the “*hora*.” As our party approached, the dance stopped, and the women, saluting me with a cheerful smile, regarded me with great curiosity. The headman of the village came forward, and, with a hearty welcome, offered me hospitality for the night. I had a long and interesting conversation with him and the elders of the little community upon the Circassian settlements. The Bulgarian peasants even at that early date had a long list of grievances against their new neighbours. Pointing to the opposite village, they assured me that its very foundation and prosperity was due to Bulgarian labour and money. “The Circassians,” said they, “lounge about the whole day, as you see them doing now. Their industry does not extend beyond the sowing of a few bushels of millet for the use of their families. Their cattle, as well as most of their belongings, are not for work, but are stolen property, that they are freely allowed to appropriate to themselves to the prejudice of the peasants.” The poor men seemed much concerned at this new evil that had befallen them. “We never get redress for the wrongs done by our neighbours,” said they; “and if the Government functionaries continue to disregard

regard our complaints, and to allow the depredations of these marauders to go unpunished as they have hitherto done, not only our property but our lives will be at their mercy.'

There never was an act of charity more cruelly repaid. Not only has the Cherkess disturbed the industry of his benefactor, not only has he developed from a petty thief into an organized freebooter, but he has stained the Turkish name with his own deeds of blood, and lowered the reputation of the regular Turkish soldier. To get quit of them—by the unsparing rigour of an unbending law of retribution to force the Circassian to forget his nature or to disappear—this is the only course that reform can take for these undisciplined and wolfish hordes; and their stern chastisement will be as clear a gain for the rayah who has won the ear of Europe by the outbreak of Cherkess savagery, as for the Mussulman whose peaceful industry he has broken, and whose name he has made a by-word in the civilized world.

Of the Tatars and the Gipsies there is little to be said. Like the Circassian, they have profited by the hospitality of the Turk, and under his rule their lawlessness and squalor and pariah-like character have grown apace. The presence of races like these ensures a criminal class in Turkey; and the laws that would suffice to stamp out the anarchy they breed, must make free institutions long impossible. Consolidation, union, equality, amongst the races whose instincts and aims are good—these alone can afford a basis for cowing into submission the pests of society that Circassian, and Tatar, and Gipsy immigration have nursed into activity. The Gipsy can best be described in the words of the authoress:—'The whole tribe is a curious mixture of the human and the animal: it is endowed with the scent of the dog, the cunning of the monkey, and the form and vices, but none of the virtues apparently, of mankind.'

We cannot follow in detail the full account which the authoress gives of the system of land tenure in Turkey. Much of the system illustrates and explains the peculiarities of the Turkish character; but the most interesting part is that which deals with the great policy of Mahmoud II., by which he attempted to override the older feudalism of Turkey by a system of centralization borrowed, with good intentions, but not altogether good consequences, from the West. The stroke dealt at the feudal landowners was in all essential features a repetition of the Tudor policy in England, and of the crushing of the old appanages by the French kings, from Louis XI. onwards. Of the just aims which so far guided Mahmoud there can be little doubt; but whether that wholesale transplanting of a  
Western



Western bureaucratic system was suited for Turkish soil, is a question on which opinions are more likely to differ. But whatever the wisdom of the stroke, it was decisive.

Of the peasant proprietorships of Southern Bulgaria, the authoress has a good account to give:—

‘The land south of the Balkans, from the Black Sea to the frontier of Macedonia, is divided into small holdings, which belong to and are farmed by a peasant population of an essentially agricultural nature. Before the late destruction of property in Bulgaria, almost every peasant in those districts was a proprietor of from five to forty acres, which he farmed himself. The larger estates, of which there were a considerable number, were superintended by the proprietors themselves, but farmed by hired labourers. The following figures will give an idea of the average extent of the holdings in those districts. Out of a thousand farms, three had five hundred acres; thirty had between one hundred and five hundred; three hundred between fifty and a hundred; four hundred between ten and fifty; and two hundred and sixty-seven under ten acres. All these lands were well cultivated and yielded rich returns. I was astonished at the beauty and flourishing condition of the country during a journey I made some years ago from Adrianople to Servia. It appeared like a vast and fruitful garden. The peace-loving and toiling Bulgarian was seen everywhere steadily going through his daily work, while his equally active and industrious wife and daughters were cheerfully working by his side. *En route*, I stopped a few days in the lovely town of Kezanlik, and was most kindly received by its well-to-do and intelligent inhabitants, who pressed their hospitality upon me with a genuine kindness never to be forgotten. I visited the schools, in which the people prided themselves as much as in the astonishing progress the pupils were making in their studies. I was also taken on a round of visits into well-built clean houses where European furniture was beginning to find a place, and contrasted pleasantly with the well-made native tissues that covered sofas and floors.’

The Turkish peasant is not perhaps so prosperous as his rayah neighbour—for this his lesser energy may account. But both are laborious and persevering, and, in times unbroken by any spasm of disorder, both manage to attain a fair standard of prosperity. Here is a picture of Bulgarian life that is not without its charm, and to which the dark ending lends a certain enhancement of interest. It tells us of the harvest of roses, which constitute one of the staple products of the country, and which supply the attar of roses for which it is famed:—

‘The garden was at some distance from the town, and by the time we reached it the bright rays of a lovely spring morning were fast spreading over the horizon. The field was thickly planted with rose bushes, with their rich harvest of half-open dew-laden buds. The  
nightingales,

nightingales, in flights, hovered over them, disputing their possession with the light-hearted Bulgarian harvesters, and chorussing with their rich notes the gay songs of the scattered company, who, dressed in their *Prasnik* (feast-day) clothes—the youths in snow-white shirts and gaudy sleeveless vests, the girls in their picturesque costumes, the coloured kerchiefs on their heads floating in the breeze—had the appearance of a host of butterflies flitting over the flowers. All were actively and cheerfully employed in stripping off the buds, and throwing them into the baskets slung on their arms. The youths helped them in the task, and were rewarded each with a bud from his sweetheart, which he placed in his cap. The children ran to and fro emptying the baskets into larger receptacles presided over by the matrons, who sat under the shade of the trees and sorted the roses. The whole picture was so bright and happy, in such harmony with the luxuriant beauty surrounding it, that I was perfectly fascinated by it, and felt almost envious of those happy beings (as I then thought them), the unconcerned and simple children of Nature. Their happiness was not for long.

‘It is not a week since my attention was attracted by an article in one of our papers describing the destruction of Kezanlik and the horrors the writer had witnessed. The once smiling and fruitful district was become the valley of the shadow of death.’

After dealing with the institutions relating to land tenure, and the character of the proprietors, the authoress gives us a survey of some prominent features of Turkish life and society. The account of the Turkish house and its arrangements is interesting, as it gives us the experience of one who has had full opportunities for more than a cursory observation. Not least interesting is the account of the Imperial palaces—these strange mixtures of gorgeous splendour, of tawdry ornament, and of dreary and wasteful neglect. What mere lavishness of expenditure, guided by no discrimination, satisfying no intellectual taste, and repeating only the childish waywardness of a capricious will—what this can gather, is present in the home of the Sultan; but beyond this we find little in this narrative that reflects the charm of Eastern decoration, as yet untainted by poor imitations of Western manufacture, which enraptured Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Since the time of the predecessor of Abdul-Aziz, we are told :—

‘The furniture of the Imperial palaces and kiosks has been made to order in Europe. It is of so costly a description as to be equal in value to the edifices themselves. On entering Teheragan, and some of the other serails, the eye is dazzled by the gilt decorations, gold and silver brocades, splendid mirrors and chandeliers, and carved and inlaid furniture they contain. In Abdul-Medjid’s time, clocks and china vases were the only ornaments of the apartments. The absence of pictures, books, and the thousand different objects with which Europeans

Europeans fill their houses, gave the rooms, even when inhabited, a comfortless and unused appearance.'

But in the richness of nature these palaces have a charm which no perversity can mar :—

'The vast pleasure-grounds attached to the seraglios are laid out with a tasteful care, which, added to the beauty of the position, and the fertility of the soil, goes far to justify the renown of the gardens of the Bosphorus. The hills, valleys, and gorges that surround them are covered with woods; here orchards and vineyards, weighed down with their rich burdens, lend colour to the scene; there the slopes are laid out in terraces, whose perpendicular sides are clothed with the contrasted shades of the sombre ivy-leaf and the bright foliage of the Virginian creeper. Banks of flowers carry the thoughts back to the time of Semiramis and the hanging gardens of Babylon. Nature and art have ornamented these delightful spots with lakes, fountains, cascades, aviaries, menageries, and pavilions. . . . Trees and plants seem to rejoice in the bright sunshine; the birds' songs mingle strangely with the roar of the wild beasts, from which the Sultan is perhaps trying to learn a lesson of humanity; and gorgeous butterflies hover round, kissing the sweet blossoms that fill the air with their fragrance.'

The story of the seraglio, the glimpses which the authoress can give us of its interior, the fate of its inmates, the brightness that shines at times into their lives, and relieves their generally dreary and demoralising listlessness, all this must be read in the book itself. One extract must suffice :—

'The amusements in the Imperial palace depend very much upon the tastes and disposition of the reigning sovereign, whose pleasure in such matters is naturally first consulted. In the days of Sultan Abdul-Medjid these amusements daily received some increase in the shape of European innovations. A theatre of great beauty was built in one of the palaces, by order of the Sultan, and a European company of actors played pieces, which the ladies were allowed to witness from behind lattices. Ballet-dancing, for which the Sultan evinced great partiality; conjurers of European celebrity; the Turkish Kara Guez or Marionettes; *al fresco* entertainments, &c., were among the entertainments. Shopping in the streets of Pera was not the least appreciated of their amusements. The French shop-keeper himself played as prominent a part in the matter as the perfumes and finery he displayed and sold. There were also delightful garden-parties, when the seraglio-grounds would be lighted up with variegated lanterns and fireworks, and all that the palace contained of youth and beauty turned out; some, dressed as young pages, would act the part of Lovelace, and make love to their equally fair companions, dressed in light fancy costumes; others, grouped together, would perform on musical instruments, or execute different dances; others, again, seated in light calques, with costumes so transparent and airy as to show every

every muscle of their bodies, and with flowing hair to preserve their white necks from the evening dew, would race on the still waters of the lakes.

'The Sultan and hanoums, seated on carpets, beguiling the time by drinking sherbets, eating fruits and ices, and smoking cigarettes, would gaze on the scene, while strains of music and the notes of the Shaiki (songs) would be heard in all directions. All, however, both slaves and ladies, were similarly occupied with one sole object—that of rendering the scene pleasant and beautiful to the lord and master for whom it was designed. All would redouble their life and animation as the Sultan listlessly approached each group, acknowledging its presence with a sweet smile, a gentle word, or a passing caress, which he never withheld even when all the faculties of enjoyment were destroyed, and his earthly paradise of houris had become an object of indifference.'

The different types of Turkish ladies are thus discriminated :—

'The real Turkish Hanoum, or lady, is a dignified, quiet person, elegant, sensible, and often naturally eloquent, condescending and kind to those who gain her goodwill, proud and reserved to those who do not merit her esteem. Her conversational resources are certainly limited, but the sweetness and poetry of the language she uses, the pretty manner in which her expressions are worded, and the spirited repartee that she can command, have a charm that atones for her limited knowledge. Her manners, principles, and choice of language offer a pleasant contrast to those prevalent among the generality, and render her society extremely agreeable.

'There is another class of serailis who present a not less interesting study. Sensitive and refined, fragile and dreamy in appearance, gifted, perhaps, with virtues they have no occasion to exercise, or with strong and passionate feelings that in a seraglio can never find vent in a solid and healthy affection, they become languid and spiritless, verging towards decline, to which they fall victims, unless released (as occasionally happens) by being set free and married.

'Another class of serailis is the independent set, who are denominated *Deli Serailis*, or wild serailis, famous for their extravagant ideas, disorderly conduct, and unruly disposition: endowed with the bump of cunning and mischief, joined to a fair amount of energy and vivacity, they carry out, in spite of high walls and the watchful surveillance of more than a hundred eunuchs, all the wicked plans and mad freaks their disorderly minds and impulsive natures suggest to them; their language, manners, and actions, are such as no pen can describe.'

It is rarely that we have so good an opportunity of testing the distorted exaggerations of rumour by the reports of one who has gained her knowledge from the lips of the inmates themselves, and who has the means of judging their reports by her experience of ordinary Turkish life. The following is the story which

which the authoress had from one of the ladies of the seraglio, respecting the last days of the Sultan Abdul-Aziz :—

‘She recited to me in Arabic the verse which the unfortunate Sultan, on entering his prison, traced on the dust that covered the table. The following is a translation :—

Man’s destiny is Allah’s will,  
Sceptres and power are His alone;  
My fate is written on my brow,  
Lowly I bend before His Throne.

‘Turning towards the window, the Sultan noticed that one of his much-prized ironclads had been placed in front of the *Yahli*, which served as his prison, with the guns pointed towards him. But a still more appalling sight met his gaze. A sailor was seized by a few of his comrades, who, pointing him out to the Sultan, passed a crimson *kushak* or girdle round his neck and led him three times round the deck, signifying to the unfortunate captive that in three days he would undergo the same operation. Pointing this out to the Validé Sultana, he exclaimed, with emotion : “Mother! see to what use the force I have created for the preservation and aggrandizement of my empire is applied! This is evidently the death reserved for me.” A belt containing some of the most valuable crown-jewels, which the Sultan had placed on his person when leaving the palace, disappeared the day he was found dead, and has never since been heard of. The Sultan had to ask for food repeatedly before he was supplied with it, and even then what he obtained was given him on the *sofra* of a common soldier. On my further questioning this lady on the cause of the Sultan’s untimely end, she passed her hand over her lips, meaning they were sealed, and muttering a “*Turbé Istafourla*,” said, “It is not in my power to reveal more!—the justification of the dead must be withheld so long as it endangers the living : the duty of the devoted is to keep silence until history can divulge secrets that will then harm none.”

‘Soon after the death of Abdul-Aziz, I had occasion to discuss it with a Turkish general. Expressing his opinion of the equally unfortunate Sultan Murad, the Pasha, with smiling urbanity, said, “I cannot tell as yet ; but with us, Sultans are now so numerous that we can afford to sweep them away successively with a broom, if they do not suit us.”’

With regard to municipal administration and police, but little advance has yet been made. Rules have been laid down : an attempt at organization has been set on foot : but beyond Constantinople itself little has been accomplished. Sanitary measures are still utterly neglected, and the ingrained fatalism of the Turk has cherished this neglect. The organization of the police was successful for a time, but financial difficulties have crippled it, and the force has fallen back upon the old methods of corruption to supplement irregular pay. Brigandage is still  
rise,

rife, and all the more so that recent disturbances have enabled it to clothe itself in a political guise. In many parts of the country roads do not exist; and, where they have been made, they are of so poor construction that the first rain destroys them, and they are suffered thereafter to fall into utter neglect. The defective internal administration in matters like this needs no inherent vice to account for it; it is simply due to a Government overweighed in its task, and as yet unable to get rid of anarchy, that disturbs its simplest and most urgent functions. But these are just the functions with which alike a good and a bad Government is rendered, by disturbance, unfit to deal.

It is in regard to education that we find the most hopeful view of Turkish advance, though here, too, enormous difficulties have had to be met. Till recently, the only education was to be obtained in the *Mekteb*, or primary school, and the *Midresé*, or Mosque-college. Both alike were under religious control, and in both the education was for the most part theological. It was the Sultan Mahmoud who first saw the need of breaking through the cloud of ignorance, if a better era was to dawn for Turkey, and he attempted to achieve the task by establishing schools on the European model. His chief reform was in the establishment of the *Ruchdiyé*, or intermediate school, which was intended to give an education somewhat wider than the dreary exposition of Arabic Scripture, which was the only food for the growing intelligence hitherto. But the movement was hardly developed as it might have been. Difficulties as to school-management and regulations crept in. Religion still formed a stumbling-block, and the inherent apathy of the Turk indisposed him for mental exertion. If progress has been made, it is still slow; and it is not so much to Turkish reform, as to the mental activity of the Greek, the self-interest of the Jew and the Armenian, and the missionary spirit of the American, that the advance of education in Turkey is due. There the activity and its results are encouraging in the extreme; and even the Bulgarian, inferior as he is in intelligence to the Greek, has learned to the full to appreciate the benefits of education. The inhabitants rate themselves to maintain the schools: the teachers are ardent in their task: the perseverance of the Bulgarian compensates for his dulness: and, further, a healthy rivalry with the Greek is not without a stimulating power. Above all, the untiring energy and liberality of the American missions has worked a transformation on the race.

We have not space to speak of the matters dealt with in other chapters—of the peculiar customs and superstitions of each of the races, and of the usages that attend the Mussulman and the rayah,



rayah, at birth, through infancy, in marriage, death, and burial. Some of these are strangely interesting, and all repeat that variety which at once surprises us in Eastern society, and makes its organization a task so difficult. The very presence of clearly divided customs seems to have bound each race more closely to its own; and it is strange to find, for instance, amongst the Greeks a marriage ceremony which repeats something of the old Dionysiac worship. Superstition is not confined to one race, but seems to enthrall all the people of Turkey alike. It takes two principal forms: the belief in spectres, above all that of the *Vrykolakas*, or vampire, which is the spirit of some evil-doer haunting the scene of his misdeeds; and the belief in magic and the evil eye, which is at once the source, and perhaps the product, of the mutual distrust that is inseparable from a population so mixed, and with no common bond of union save that of a feeble Government. Whatever its origin, however, some of the illustrations of this feeling are amusing enough:—

‘A Turkish lady, however high her position, invariably attributes to the influence of magic the neglect she experiences from her husband, or the bestowal of his favour on other wives. Every Hanoum I have known would go down to the laundry regularly and rinse with her own hands her husband’s clothes after the wash, fearing that if any of her slaves performed this duty she would have the power of casting spells to supplant her in her husband’s good graces. Worried and tormented by these fears, she is never allowed the comfort of enjoying in peace that conjugal happiness which mutual confidence alone can give. A *buyu boghcha* (or magic bundle) may at any time be cast upon her, cooling her affection for her husband, or turning his love away from her. The blow may come from an envious mother-in-law, a scheming rival, or from the very slaves of whose services the couple stand daily in need. A relative of Sultan Abdul-Medjid assured me that on the death of that gentle and harmless Padishah, no fewer than fifty *buyu boghchas* were found hidden in the recesses of his sofa. All these were cast upon the unfortunate sovereign by the beauties who, appreciated for a short time and then superseded by fresh favourites, tried each to perpetuate her dominion over him.’

The two prominent forms of religious belief are dealt with very fully, and without any undue partiality. In Islam we have, on the one hand, the *Ulema*, or the hereditary expounders of the Koran—the Established or orthodox Church of Turkey; on the other, the fanatical Dervishes, whose authority is derived from inspiration rather than learning, and who are strong in the support of the people. The latter have at once the enthusiasm and the vices of fanatics: dangerous to society, as inimical to improvement as the *Ulema*, and yet often too strong to be crushed by

by authority, even when most exasperated. But Islam to the ordinary Turk hardly means acquiescence either in Ulema or in Dervish. The centre of his faith, that which moulds his character, that which shapes his action, is *Kismet*, or Destiny. Against its orders he will not strive; and the same belief that brings him resignation in calamity gives him a dogged obstinacy in refusing to prepare against its approach. It is this that makes him at once, as an individual and as a race, not inert merely, but obstinate in stagnancy.

But if the central feature in Islam tends to check all improvement and all growth, there is quite as little ground for any enthusiasm in the mass of degraded superstition which goes under the name of the Holy Orthodox Church, and which has so kindled the partisanship of clerical agitators amongst ourselves. A degraded, servile, and ignorant clergy; a superstition revolting in its utter childishness; a corruption to which even the annals of priesthood can hardly afford a parallel;—this is the truth, shortly stated, about a Church which, because it happened to suit certain ambitions of clerical policy, has been hailed by zealots as a worthy ally for ourselves in combating the Turk.

The account in the closing chapters of the various phases of Christianity in Turkey, of union and separation between the Churches, of the bitterness and jealousy that sectarianism has produced, is an instructive history. It points, too, to what we hold to be the real solution of the vexed question of Turkey's future. As we review the picture of Turkey with all her various races, all her confusedly mixed institutions and usages, all that diversity of creed and language and sympathy, we feel that the great plague-spot is not far to seek. Reform will not come by railing against the moribund cliques of the Palace, against corruption in official life, against seraglio intrigue. All these are results, not causes; you must check them at the root, not in the fruit. In the main we agree with the wise advice which the full experience of 'A Traveller' has recently prompted him to give in his letters to the 'Times' on the 'Future of Turkey.' First and foremost, we must have absolute religious equality before the law. Mussulman and rayah must at once feel that the majesty of law stands supreme, that their own distinctions of creed are accidents with which the State is not concerned to deal. On that foundation any reformed administration must be based. And for such reformed administration, we distrust the ready-made paper constitutions that may be introduced by wholesale transplantation from the West, to mock the aspirations of a nation for a few weeks, and then to slumber undisturbed in dust; and we equally distrust the schemes of reconstruction  
which

which would establish for us 'nuclei' of separate nationalities—hotbeds of intrigue and jealousy, in which religious antipathy and the feuds of race would be carefully cherished and kept alive. We must not think to begin and end by crushing the life out of a dying Administration. Reconstruction must begin with the provinces; and two aims should guide us in such reconstruction. The government of the provinces must be made more secure, more stable, more independent, and no longer continue obnoxious to the caprices of a Palace clique. Each governor must have a certain security of tenure in his office; and further, he must have, and through him the province must have, representation in the central Government. By such a scheme we should have, on the one hand, the principle of law supreme over religious distinctions and jealousies of race; and, on the other, a healthy bond established between the centre and the provinces. Thus only should we be secure that the cliques and corruption of the Palace would not merely disappear, but be replaced by something, which, while it held Turkey together, would itself be affected by every pulsation of national life in the provinces. Re-organize provincial government and its relations to the capital, and the Porte will soon reflect the healthier spirit of the country. In the mixed races of Turkey there is no insuperable difficulty. Diversity might be a guarantee against intellectual torpor; as it is, it only proves a hotbed of bitterness and restless suspicion.

When the Congress has removed the jealousies of Europe, and reached some settlement of the vexed Eastern Question, in its wider sense, then will be the time for a helping hand to be held out to Turkey in her own work of reconstruction; and we are convinced that such a work will best be achieved for all those various races that we have had under review, with all their diverse usages and creeds and characteristics, not by divisions, not by perpetuating religious distinctions, not by uprooting institutions, but by consolidating and compacting the whole under the overruling majesty of uniform law.

When the Congress opened, we felt the presence of many threatening clouds, and refrained from undue hopefulness. We foresaw that it was only too easy for a seeming settlement to contain in itself the seeds of future difficulties, only for the moment glozed over, and which a few years might bring to light. Unscrupulous ambition was for a time balked of its full aims; but it might soon have another opportunity in the disturbances, certain to be the fruit of its own works, for renewing the attempt. Full of danger as the Eastern Question had always been, by far the greatest danger had arisen from the

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way in which it had been dealt with in the past two years. Slowly it was ripening, and infinite caution, united with bold statesmanship, might have been able to reach some firm ground. But on a sudden all caution was thrown to the winds; a cruel and barbarous war laid waste the most prosperous and fertile districts of Europe, and did to death five hundred thousand innocent people; and the ambition at whose bidding all this misery was spread was applauded by the victims of religious fanaticism and party rancour amongst ourselves as a 'more than knightly' inspiration! All the future calamity that a so-called settlement may involve we might not live to see; it might well serve to embitter more than one generation. As of old, the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth might be set on edge.

With all the greater thankfulness and satisfaction we greet the announcement that a means has been found for checking Russian encroachment without the horrors of war. By a rare combination of bold and foreseeing policy, we have been enabled to obtain precautions quite as valid as any that could have been gained by a long, costly, and devastating war. It is long since we affirmed that the words of Lord Beaconsfield two years ago embodied the true policy of England. In the face of an overwhelming outburst of popular feeling, swelled by every petty device of party rancour and religious zeal, he had the courage to maintain his first attitude unchanged. In the Anglo-Turkish Treaty we find a full and consistent embodiment of the policy traced by Lord Salisbury when he assumed the seals of the Foreign Office. That Treaty has supplied the guarantee without which any plan of settlement adopted by the Congress would have been worse than useless. It at once secures our Eastern Empire, and furnishes a basis for the amelioration of Turkey. That Eastern Empire, indeed, was never one which we held by the sufferance of foreign Powers, or which any but a few fanciful theorists thought us likely to relinquish. But its security might have been bought by the protracted anxiety that foresees inevitable danger, and has to take ceaseless precautions against it—anxiety only to be dispelled at last by the issue of a terrible war. Years of mutual suspicion between England and Russia might have seen us at last drifting into a position, for which neither could find an outlet but by the arbitration of the sword. By our hold upon Cyprus \* the position

\* For an account of the present state and antiquities of this island, which now has an added interest for Englishmen, we would refer our readers to General di Cesnola's work on the 'Ancient Cities, Tombs, and Temples of Cyprus,' a work of rare value, to which we hope to draw attention more fully in our next number.

of England in regard to the Eastern Question, as well as her relations to Russia, becomes distinct and unequivocal. Henceforth there can be no mistaking our intentions; and in watching the action of Russia we shall not be obliged to calculate the possible ulterior results of each step she takes, and to weigh her motives with that suspicion which is the nurse of jealousy. The attitude of England and Russia to one another is now open and avowed, but not necessarily hostile. Fully and unreservedly we have made the engagement that further Russian encroachments on Asiatic Turkey will be prevented by force of arms; and the existence of such an engagement, as has been said by Lord Salisbury, is the best guarantee against the contingency that would bring it into operation. We therefore hail this Treaty as a greater security for peace than anything that has yet occurred in the long-vexed 'Eastern Question.'

And the same happy policy by which the Government has managed to secure our Eastern Empire, is also more full of hope for Turkey than any of the countless expedients that irresponsible theorists have propounded for her reform. It has been the habit to talk of Turkey as hopelessly effete. There never was a rash dictum more decisively disproved than this has been by the issue of last year's war. Turkey possesses an army which, officered by Englishmen, might prove an invincible bar to foreign encroachment. By a firm administration, guided by English advice, but not overridden by strained imitation of Western models, her internal wounds might be healed. She has resources in soil and climate unequalled in Europe, and which want only the stimulus of English contact for their full development. Guarantees, which bore on their forefront symptoms of suspicion, have been attempted. Russia has made herself the agent of these guarantees. With what effect? Did England, under the guidance of Liberal Government, better the state of Turkey during the eighteen years that succeeded the Treaty of 1856? Did Russia by her agency strengthen the hold of Europe upon Turkey, or make the Eastern Question more easy of solution? All that has been left undone we have now the opportunity of doing. No task is more fitted to the genius of England than that of replacing misgovernment and oppression by the introduction of those wise and salutary reforms in the administration which, sooner or later, win the respect of every Oriental, and which have made India at the present day a more prosperous and happy country than she ever was under the rule of her native princes.

THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *The Critical and Miscellaneous Prose Works of John Dryden.* Now first collected by Edmond Malone. London, 1800.
2. *Life and Works of John Dryden.* By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 8vo. 18 vols. 1821.
3. *The Poetical Works of John Dryden.* Annotated Aldine edition. 5 vols. 8vo. 1857.
4. *The Poetical Works of John Dryden.* Edited, with a Memoir, revised text, and notes, by W. D. Christie, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. London. 1870.

THE life of Dryden has yet to be written; but we are at last in the possession of ample materials for the task. The editors of his Works have laboured with patient research and honest enthusiasm, under no ordinary difficulties; but these difficulties have been crowned with no ordinary success, and Mr. Christie closes a long line of able and industrious students, who have cheerfully submitted to much drudgery, and who consequently deserve well of the Republic of Letters. Ninety-eight years ago Johnson pronounced that the life of Dryden was likely to remain a blank, that nothing could be known beyond what casual mention and uncertain tradition have supplied. We are now enabled to pronounce with confidence that we know as much of Dryden, of his domestic life, of his personal habits, of his peculiarities, of his character, of his relations with his contemporaries, as we know of any of those accomplished men who lounged away their evenings at Button's, or listened to Swift reading 'Gulliver's Travels' on Pope's lawn at Twickenham. Indeed we shrewdly suspect that were it possible for Congreve and Addison to converse with a well-informed student of Dryden in the present day, he could communicate many interesting details about their patron which would be altogether new to them; he could explain many inconsistencies in the great poet's character and conduct, which probably excited a good deal of unsatisfactory speculation at Wills' and at the



Grecian, and he could show with excusable complacency how careful study will sometimes enable mankind to have a truer insight not into the works only, but into the personal character of a great man nearly two centuries after his death, than was apparently attained by any of those with whom he lived in daily and familiar intercourse.

And here begins our quarrel with the biographers. We are compelled to confess that though they have been eminently successful in bringing fresh material to light, they have failed in the biographer's principal duty. They have not fused their materials into a consistent whole; they have neither arranged nor interpreted; they have contented themselves with heaping up masses of facts which are simply not chaotic because they are chronological. We shall not, we trust, be guilty of any disrespect to the memory of Malone, whose *Memoir* has always been the great storehouse for the facts of the poet's life, or of any insensibility to the merits of Messrs. Mitford, Bell, Hooper and others, whose discoveries Mr. Christie has at once summed up and supplemented, if we say that the biography of Dryden has been very imperfectly executed, that hitherto we have been furnished rather with the materials of a good biography than with the biography itself. Sir Walter Scott's *Memoir* prefixed to the collected edition of the works is still the best we have, but, like all Scott's miscellaneous writings for the booksellers, its graphic vigour is marred too evidently by haste and off-hand judgments, always sensible, but not always accurate. With so many students of Dryden in the field it ought long ago to have been superseded, but we are bound to say that Mr. Christie's Introduction, which represents the last contribution to the biography of Dryden, cannot be pronounced in any way to have superseded it. As a repository of facts lucidly arranged in chronological order it deserves praise. He has availed himself to the full of the labours of his predecessors; he has added some fresh discoveries of his own, and he has evidently spared no trouble to inform himself from collateral sources of the minutest particulars of the poet's life. His text of the poems is the best we have. For the rest, his work sinks to the level of a school-book. The literary execution is of a decidedly third-rate order; \* the style is cramped and jejune, the reflections vapid and commonplace, and when he attempts to comment on the more perplexed passages of his author's not very consistent career, his want of insight and his inability to interpret evidence

\* By dint of neglecting pronouns, Mr. Christie has managed, within the short compass of seventy-seven pages, to repeat the name of Dryden upwards of six hundred and thirty times!!

become lamentably apparent. We should in truth be very sorry to think that it is destined to remain the standard biography of one who was himself a model of facile, various, and masculine composition, the best prose writer beyond all question among our poets, the best poet beyond all question among our prose writers.

To Dryden himself we are bound by triple ties of traditional association, of personal interest and of national gratitude. No other name in the annals of literary biography has represented so completely the English character and the English intellect in the fulness of their strength and in the extremity of their weakness. Sophocles was not more essentially an Athenian, Juvenal and Lucan were not more essentially Romans, than Dryden is essentially an Englishman. Nearly two centuries have passed since his coffin was reverently laid by the hands of his contemporaries in the grave of the Father of our Poetry: and through all the shifting vicissitudes of opinion and criticism which have perplexed two hundred years of restless literary energy, no one has ever yet grudged his ashes the proud distinction thus claimed for them. His services had indeed been manifold and splendid. He had determined the bent of a great literature at a great crisis. He had banished for ever the unpruned luxuriance, the essentially uncritical spirit which had marked the literature of Elizabeth and James, and he had vindicated the substitution of a style, which should proceed on critical principles, which should aim at terseness, sententiousness and epigram, should learn to restrain itself, should master the mysteries of selection and suppression. He had rescued our poetry from the thralldom of a school which was labouring, with all the resources of immense learning, practised skill and fine genius, to corrupt taste and pollute style with the vices of Marini and Gongora. He had brought home to us the masterpieces of the Roman Classics, and he had taught us how to understand them. He had given us the true canons of classical translation. He had shown us how our language could adapt itself with precision to the various needs of didactic prose, of lyric poetry, of argumentative exposition, of easy narrative, of sonorous declamation. He had exhibited for the first time in all their fulness the power, ductility, and compass of the heroic couplet; and he had demonstrated the possibility of reasoning closely and vigorously in verse, without the elliptical obscurity of Fulke Greville on the one hand, or the painful condensation of Davies on the other. He had rescued English satire from the semi-barbarous diction which had deformed it while passing successively through the hands of Gascoign, Donne, Hall, Marston, Wither, Cleaveland,

Marvel ; and he had raised it to the level of that superb satirical literature which Quintilian claimed as the peculiar and exclusive growth of Roman genius. He had reconstructed and popularised the poetry of Romance. He taught us to think naturally and express forcibly. 'Perhaps,' observes Johnson, 'no nation ever produced a writer that enriched his language with such a variety of models.' What was said of Rome adorned by Augustus may be applied by an easy metaphor to English poetry embellished by Dryden, '*lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit*, he found it brick and he left it marble.' His influence on our literature in almost all its branches has indeed been prodigious. He is one of those figures which are constantly before us ; and, if his writings in their entirety are not as familiar to us as they were to our forefathers, they are to be traced in ever-recurring allusion and quotation : they have insensibly leavened much of our verse, more of our prose, and almost all our earlier criticism. With the exception of Shakspeare's, there is probably no name so familiar to the student of our literature. His genius has been consecrated by the praises of men who now share his own literary immortality ; his writings have been discussed in works which have themselves taken a place among English classics. It would in truth be difficult to name a single writer of distinction between the latter half of the seventeenth century and the commencement of the present, who has not in some form recorded his obligations to him. Wycherly addressed him in a copy of verses, which embody probably the only sincere compliment he ever paid to a fellow-creature. Congreve's prose panegyric glows with a warmth of affectionate eulogy, to which that cold and haughty temper was ordinarily a stranger. Garth, in his admirable preface to '*Ovid's Metamorphoses*,' speaks of him as one of the greatest poets who ever trod on earth, and has defined with a happy precision his various and versatile powers. Addison and Pope forgot their mutual jealousies to unite in loyal homage to the genius of their common master ;\* and Gray, in those noble verses in which he ranks him second only to Shakspeare and Milton, was true to the traditions of a long line of illustrious disciples. Churchill, who might with care perhaps have rivalled him as a satirist, dedicates to his memory a fine apostrophe, which seems to kindle with the genius it celebrates. Johnson has discussed his merits in a model of chastened and lucid criticism, and Goldsmith has laid a graceful tribute at his shrine. Nor were Burke and Gibbon silent. Charles Fox not

\* There is no good authority for the story circulated by Tonson about Addison and Steele joining in a conspiracy to detract from Dryden's reputation. Where Addison alludes to Dryden it is always in the highest terms.

only pronounced him to be the greatest name in our literature, but has lavished praises almost grotesque in their excess of idolatrous enthusiasm. If Wordsworth with his habitual bigotry, and Landor with his habitual intemperance, could descend to diatribes derogatory only to themselves, Byron and Scott, accepting the legacy which the dying poet had a hundred years before so touchingly bequeathed to Congreve, 'shaded the laurels which had descended to them'—and vindicated with jealous fondness the fame of their great predecessor.

In the remarkable reaction which set in against the artificial poetry of the eighteenth century at the beginning of the present, Hallam and Macaulay, with all the energy of their various and dissimilar eloquence, claimed an exemption for the great founder of the school then tottering to its fall. They commented, it is true, in severe terms on the weakness of the man who could prostitute his majestic powers to pander to the tastes of a debauched and profligate court, but they did ample justice to the splendid genius which had produced the *Essay on 'Dramatic Poesy,' 'Absalom and Achitophel,' 'Don Sebastian,'* the *'Translation of Virgil,' 'Alexander's Feast,'* and the *'Fables.'* And here we cannot but think it due to the memory of Dryden to protest against the unmeasured abuse with which his private character has been assailed. He has been alluded to in terms which would require some qualification if applied to Oates or Rochester. Burnet, smarting from the severe castigation he had received in *'The Hind and Panther,'* described him as a monster of immodesty and impurity. Macaulay paints him in the blackest colours; meanness, scurrility, a depraved and polluted imagination, an abject spirit, a shameful career of mendicancy and adulation, are laid to his account. He has been called a backbiter, a liar, a hypocrite; and charges of a still more abominable kind have been advanced and repeated against him. Some of these charges have been grossly exaggerated; for some of them there is absolutely no foundation. Those who knew him well, for instance, have distinctly asserted that his private life was singularly pure, and yet Mr. Christie continues to accuse him, on the paltry evidence of an obscure libeller, of the grossest libertinism. Now, unless we are much mistaken, Dryden was in private life a very respectable, a very amiable, a very lovable, and a very generous man. He was always going out of his way to do a kindness to his fellow-labourers in literature. He welcomed Wycherly with open arms, though he knew that Wycherly's success must be, to some extent, based on his own depression. Dennis, Shere, Moyle, Motteaux, and Walsh, were constantly assisted by him. By his

his patronage Addison, then a diffident lad at Oxford, and Congreve, a timid aspirant for popular favour, came into prominence. When Southerne was smarting under the failure of his comedy, Dryden was near to cheer and condole with him. He helped Prior, and he was but ill rewarded. He did what he could for young Oldham; and when the poor fellow buried in his premature grave abilities which might have done honour to his country, he dedicated a magnificent elegy to his memory. Lee and Garth were among his disciples; and, if he was at first blind or unjust to Otway's fine genius, he afterwards made ample amends. He gave Nell Gwynne a helping hand at the time when she sorely needed it. His letters to Mrs. Thomas still testify not only his willingness to oblige, but the kindness and courtesy with which he proffered his services. He was, we are told, beloved by his tenants in Northamptonshire for his liberality as a landlord. The few private letters which have been preserved to us amply prove the warmth and purity of his domestic affections. His relations with his wife are said to have been unhappy, but his devotion to his children is touching in the extreme. He was always thinking of them; he is always alluding to them. He sent two of them to the Universities when he could but ill afford it; and he seems to have exercised an anxious vigilance over their studies. 'If,' he writes, referring to his son Charles, who had been ill, 'it please God that I must die of over-study, I cannot spend my life better than in preserving his.' In an age of shameless profligacy, his private life was without a stain; for in the charges brought against him by his literary assailants we can detect nothing but those vague and extravagant calumnies which carry their own refutation. We are not prepared either to defend or to extenuate the grave offences against morality and decorum which sully his writings; we are not prepared to defend the wild inconsistency of his conduct and his opinions, but we contend that a poet must be read in the light of the age which nurtured him. Dryden was the noble scapegoat of an ignoble and dissolute generation. He fell on evil days and profligate patrons, with the hard alternative of popularity or starvation.

JOHN DRYDEN, the eldest son of Erasmus Dryden and Mary, daughter of the Rev. Henry Pickering, was born at Aldwinckle, a village near Oundle in Northamptonshire, on the 9th of August, 1631. There is a local tradition that he first saw the light in the parsonage-house of Aldwinckle All Saints, then the residence of his maternal grandfather. The truth of this tradition has been questioned by the biographers, who, on the authority of

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Malone, have asserted that Mr. Pickering did not become rector till 1647, and that consequently there are no reasonable grounds for supposing that Dryden was born there in 1631. But Mr. Christie, ascertaining that Pickering became rector in 1597, not in 1647, has corroborated the truth of the old tradition, and justified the claims of the little room which is still shown to the reverence of the literary pilgrim. His family, though not noble, was eminently respectable; and though two of his sisters married small tradesmen, and one of his brothers became a tobacconist in London, he could still remind the Lady Elizabeth Howard that on his mother's side he could number titled relations who had enjoyed the friendship of James I., and sat in judgment on his successor. Poets have seldom been distinguished for adhering to the political and religious traditions which they have inherited, and Dryden is no exception to the rule. His father and his mother were not only Puritans themselves, but belonged to families who had made themselves conspicuous for their opposition to the Crown and for the zealous consistency with which they had upheld the principles of their sect. His grandfather had been imprisoned for refusing loan-money to Charles I. His uncle, Sir John Dryden, was accused of having turned the chancel of his church at Canons-Ashby into a barn, and Mr. Christie thinks it not improbable that his father was a Committee-man of the Commonwealth-times. Of his early youth little is known. He had, he tells, read Polybius in English when he was ten years old, 'and even then had some dark notions of the prudence with which he conducted his design,'—an early instance of his characteristic preference for solid and philosophic literature as distinguished from romantic and imaginative. If an inscription erected by his cousin in Tichmarsh Church is to be believed, he received the rudiments of his education in that village. From Tichmarsh he proceeded to Westminster School, probably about 1642. We have no means of judging why this school was selected; but the choice was a wise one, and young Dryden arrived at a fortunate moment. Three years before, the languid and inefficient Osbolston had been ejected by Laud from the head-mastership; and the school, now in the vigorous hands of Busby, was about to enter on a career which has no parallel in the history of education. During his tenure of office—to employ the phraseology he loved to affect—Westminster sent up to the Universities more lads destined afterwards to distinguish themselves in every department of politics, theology, science, and literature, than any other English school could boast of doing in two centuries. Busby was indeed eminently qualified for his responsible post. He was  
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one of those men whom Nature had endowed with versatile powers which circumstances had made it impossible for him to display actively, but which expressed themselves in ready and delighted sympathy whenever he recognised their presence in others. At Oxford he had been distinguished not only by his classical and theological attainments, but by his abilities as an orator, as a conversationalist, and as an amateur actor. The skill with which he had sustained a leading character in Cartwright's comedy of the 'Royal Slave,' on the occasion of Charles I.'s visit to Oxford, was long remembered in the Common Room at Christ Church. For upwards of half a century he ruled Westminster with a severity which has been pleasantly ridiculed by Pope, and feelingly described by more than one of his illustrious pupils. But he could reflect with pride, at the end of a long and laborious life, that he had nursed the young genius of Dryden, Lee, Prior, Saunders, Rowe, King and Duke; that he had moulded the youth of Locke and South; had imbued with literary tastes which never left them the practical abilities of Montagu and Stepney; had laid the foundations of Atterbury's elegant scholarship, and of that learning which made Edmund Smith the marvel of his contemporaries; had taught Friende 'to speak as Terence spoke,' and Alsop to repeat the refined wit of Horace;\* that eight of his pupils had been raised to the Bench, that no less than sixteen had been bishops. His influence on Dryden was undoubtedly considerable. He saw and encouraged in every way his peculiar bent. Despairing, probably, of ever making him an exact scholar, he taught him to approach Virgil and Horace, not so much from the grammatical as from the literary side. He taught him to relish the austere beauties of the Roman satirists, and with admirable tact set him to turn Persius and others into English verse, instead of submitting him to the usual drudgery of Latin composition. Dryden never forgot his obligations to Busby. Thirty years afterwards, when the young Westminster boy had become the first poet and the first critic of his age, he addressed his master, then a very old man, in some of the most beautiful verses he ever wrote. With exquisite propriety he dedicated to him his translation of the Satire in which Persius records his reverence and gratitude to Cornutus:—

'Yet never could be worthily express'd  
How deeply thou art seated in my breast.  
When first my childish robe resign'd the charge,  
And left me unconfin'd to live at large.

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\* 'Let Friend affect to speak as Terence spoke,  
And Alsop never but like Horace joke.'—Pope.

Just at that age when manhood set me free,  
 I then deposed myself and left the reins to thee.  
 On thy wise bosom I repos'd my head,  
 And by my better Socrates was bred.  
 My reason took the bent of thy command,  
 Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful hand.'

And what he has embalmed so eloquently in verse he has repeated with simpler sincerity, but with equal emphasis in prose. They now lie within a few feet of each other in the great Abbey. Men of genius have had, as a rule, little enough to thank their pedagogues for; and at the present time, when masters and pupils are farther than ever from realising the old notion of the sacred ties which should connect them, we are tempted to dwell fondly on this touching and creditable incident in a great man's career.

From Westminster young Dryden proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge. He was entered May 18th, 1650; he matriculated in the following July, and on the 2nd of October, the same year, he was elected a scholar on the Westminster foundation. Of his life at Cambridge comparatively little is known. He probably carried up to Trinity enough Latin to enable him to read with facility the Roman classics, and enough Greek to enable him to follow a Greek text in a Latin version. We very much question whether his attainments in Greek ever went beyond this, and he has given us ample opportunities of judging. Making all allowances for haste and the exigencies of a theory of translation, which aimed at transferring the spirit rather than the letter, it is obvious that his Greek scholarship was essentially inexact, uncritical, dishonest. In his renderings from Homer and Theocritus, he universally follows the Latin translation: his knowledge of Polybius and Plutarch is plainly at secondhand: of Aristophanes and the Tragedians he appears to have known little. To Thucydides, to Plato, and to the Orators he has rarely even alluded. Indeed we very much question whether he could have read ten consecutive lines of Homer or Euripides without assistance. His College life did not glide away in unbroken tranquillity. An entry may still be read in the Conclusion-book at Trinity, which charges him with disobedience to the Vice-Master and with contumacy in taking the punishment inflicted on him. It would seem also from an allusion in a satire of Shadwell's that he got into some scrape for insulting a young nobleman, which nearly ended in expulsion; but the details are too obscure to warrant any definite conclusion. That he studied hard, however, in his own way is likely enough. He had, at all events, the credit of having read

read through the Greek and Roman authors. He taught himself Italian and French, and laid the foundation of those wide and varied, though perhaps superficial, attainments which he found so useful in after-life. To Trinity he gratefully acknowledged the chief part of his education, though, like his predecessors, Marvel and Cowley, he probably owed little or nothing to anybody but himself. The University, agitated by the civil commotions which had shaken England to its centre, was not at that time conspicuous either for its scholarship or for its efforts in general literature. The age of Milton, Marvel, Cowley, and May, had just passed; the age of Thomas Stanley, Bentley, Barnes, and Middleton had not arrived. What activity there was, was principally in a philosophical and scientific direction. Dryden's tutor, Templar, had engaged himself in a controversy with Hobbes. John Nichols, of Jesus, was writing on precious stones. Ray was laying the foundations of English Natural History. Isaac Barrow was deep in botany and astronomy. Cudworth was busy with his great work. Henry More was unravelling the mysteries of Plotinus and the Cabbala. Hill, the Master of Trinity, was indifferent to everything but politics. The only man who had any pretension to elegant scholarship was Duport, then Margaret Professor of Divinity, and shortly afterwards Professor of Greek. He was an excellent Latinist, as his epigrams still remain to testify, and he was one of the few English scholars who had acquired fluency and even some skill in Greek verse composition. His versions of the Book of Proverbs, of Ecclesiastes, of the Song of Solomon, and of the Psalms, are unquestionably the best Greek verses which had hitherto appeared in England. To find anything as good, we must go forward nearly a century and a half to Dr. Cooke's version of Gray's 'Elegy.' It does not seem, that Dryden had any acquaintance with him, though he was very likely in residence when Duport was made Vice-Master of Trinity in 1655. Dryden had, however, taken his degree in the preceding year, and probably preferred rambling at will through the well-stocked shelves of the College library to attending a course of lectures on Theophrastus. His studies were interrupted by the death of his father, and by an attachment he had formed to his cousin Honor Dryden, a young lady of considerable personal attractions and a fair fortune. She turned, it seems, a deaf ear to the flowing periods of her passionate lover, and left him 'to bee burnt and martyred in those flames of adoration' which a letter she addressed to him had, he assures her, kindled in him. Whether he returned again to Cambridge, after burying his father, is doubtful. From 1655 to 1657, nothing is known

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of his movements except what mere conjecture has suggested. In spite of the assertions of Mr. Christie and the old gentleman who assures us that the head of the young poet was too roving to stay there, we are inclined to believe with Malone that, for some time, at least, subsequent to his father's death, he renewed his residence at Trinity. However that may be, it is pretty certain that he had settled in London about the middle of 1657.

He found Cromwell in the zenith of his power, and his cousin Sir Gilbert Pickering high in the Protector's favour. He sought at once his cousin's patronage, and appears to have been for a while his private secretary; but his principal aim was directed to literature. His prospects were certainly not encouraging, and it would indeed have required more penetration than falls to the lot even of far-sighted judges to discern the future author of '*Absalom and Achitophel*' in the stout, florid youth, clad in grey Norwich druggot, who now offered himself as a candidate for poetic fame. He was in his twenty-seventh year. At an age when Aristophanes, Lucan, Persius, Milton, Tasso, Shelley, and Keats had achieved immortality, he had given no signs of poetic ability; he had proved, on the contrary, that he was ignorant of the very rudiments of his art; that he had still to acquire what all other poets instinctively possess. A few lines to his cousin Honor, which would have scarcely found a place in the columns of a provincial newspaper, an execrable elegy on Lord Hastings' death, and a commendatory poem on his friend Hoddesden's Epigrams, immeasurably inferior to what Pope and Kirke White produced at twelve, conclusively showed that he had no ear for verse, no command of poetic diction, no sense of poetic taste. We have now to watch the process by which these crude and meagre powers gradually assumed, by dint of careful practice, a maturity, a richness, and a ductility which are the pride and wonder of our literature. We are fortunately enabled to trace with accuracy not only the successive stages but the successive steps by which the genius of Dryden underwent this wondrous transformation—and the history of letters presents few more interesting and instructive studies.

When he entered London, he must have found the character of our prose and of our poetry singularly undefined. Both were in a state of transition, and passing rapidly into new forms; but as yet the nature of the transition was obscure, the forms undetermined. There were, in fact, four influences at work. In Herrick and Wither vibrated still the lyric note of Ben Jonson and Fletcher, and in the tragedies of Shirley the large utterance of the old drama was faltering out its last unheeded accents. Cowley and his subordinates were upholding the principles of  
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the metaphysical school, and their influence was, on the whole, predominant in most of the narrative, religious and lyrical poetry of the time. In Milton, Cartwright, and Owen, it seemed for a moment probable that the Puritans would vindicate for themselves an ascetic and independent literature of their own, which might, under favourable political circumstances, assert the supremacy over all. But the course of intellectual activity is determined by causes which lie outside itself. Partly in obedience to a great European movement, partly owing to the critical and reflective spirit which never fails to follow an age of great creative energy, and partly, no doubt, owing to our increased acquaintance with French masterpieces, an adherence to Elizabethan models was intolerable, to metaphysical subtleties repulsive, to the stern genius of Puritanism impossible. 'Paradise Lost' had still to be written, but it was entirely out of tune with the age, as two contemporary testimonies grotesquely illustrate. The 'Pilgrim's Progress' was yet to come forth for the delight of millions, but it was not till the present century that it was considered anything but a vulgar romance, appealing only to vulgar readers. In the fourth influence was the principle of life, for it was in entire accordance with the spirit of the age, and it was the influence wielded by Waller, Denham, and Davenant. The terseness, finish, and dainty grace of the first banished for ever the 'wood-notes wild' of the early singers, and did much to purify language and thought from the extravagance of the metaphysical school, though that school was supported by the powerful genius of Cowley. The studied sweetness, moreover, of Waller's heroics, and the equable commonsense of his sentiments, were also instrumental in establishing the tenets of the new school. Denham laboured also to substitute reflection for imagination, criticism for feeling, and fitted the heroic couplet for its fresh duties. Davenant followed in his footsteps, added body and solidity to the limper harmony of Waller, aimed at brevity and pointed diction, wrote confessedly on critical principles, recast the drama, and encouraged his coadjutors to recast it. Cowley, at that time the most eminent poet in England, clung with inexplicable pertinacity to the extravagancies of the former age, except in his better moments. Those better moments sufficed, however, to furnish the heroic couplet with models of massive dignity, and to show how it was possible for the English lyric to unite the finished grace of Horace with the rapture and glory of Pindar. Such were the men who initiated the literature which it was the task of the youth now entering on his career to define and establish, of Pope to carry to ultimate perfection, and of Darwin to reduce to an absurdity.

In 1658 Cromwell died, and at the beginning of the following year Dryden published a copy of verses to deplore the event. 'The Heroic Stanzas on the Death of the Lord Protector' inaugurate his poetical career. They are not only strikingly superior to his former productions, but they evince a native vigour, an active imagination, and a degree of imitative skill which promised well with time and practice. They showed also that he had elected to cast in his lot with the new school; that the genius of the metaphysical sect to which he had already sacrificed was to yield to the genius of self-restraint and good sense. They are modelled closely on Davenant's 'Gondibert,' repeating his peculiarities of turn and cadence with a fidelity which is not servile, because it is sustained with such admirable powers of felicitous and original imagery. The following year, so full of political turmoil, he probably spent in close application to composition, and to studying, with minuteness the works of his masters. His three next poems, the 'Astræa Redux,' the 'Panegyric on the Coronation,' and the 'Epistle to the Lord Chancellor,' were written to welcome back Charles II. and to flatter his minister. They are evidently the fruit of much labour, and are full of that uneasy elaboration which naturally characterises the efforts of a young poet on his probation. The versification and tone of thought are those of Davenant, Waller, and Denham happily blended. From the first he has caught a certain solidity of rhythm, and a happy trick of epigrammatic expression; from the second, a tone of equable smoothness, and the art of perverting imagery into compliment; from the third, a habit of commentative reflection and scientific allusion. Though he had abandoned the affectation and extravagance of the metaphysical poets, he was not entirely free from their shackles, and was careful to enrich and enliven his diction with their varied and wide-ranging imagery. Hence the restless straining after illustration, selected indiscriminately from natural science, from mathematics, from mythology and history, which confronts us in these early works.

About this time he had formed the acquaintance of Sir Robert Howard, a fashionable playwright of some distinction; and he honoured his friend with a complimentary poem, which probably forms the link between the 'Stanzas on Cromwell' and the three poems to which we have just alluded. In 1662 appeared the 'Epistle to Dr. Charlton,' the first of his works which, according to Hallam, possesses any considerable merit. Considerable merit it undoubtedly does not possess, but it marks a decided advance in literary skill.

Dryden had now commenced his career in earnest. He had  
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quitted his cousin, quarrelled with his Puritan relations, who probably regarded his facile politics with abhorrence, and attached himself to Herringman, a bookseller on the New Exchange. Though the property he had inherited from his father must have preserved him from actual want, he was accused of being Herringman's hack. His admission into the Royal Society, however—which numbered among its members Boyle, Wallis, Wilkins, Barrow, Wren, Waller, Denham, Cowley, and the Duke of Buckingham—and his intimacy with Sir Robert Howard, place it beyond all doubt that he must have been in a respectable position. He was, perhaps, indebted to Howard for some useful introductions, and, if his enemies are to be believed, for more substantial assistance also. A correspondent in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1745 furnishes us with a glimpse of the young poet in his lighter hours: 'I remember plain John Dryden before he paid his court with success to the great, in one uniform clothing of Norwich druggot. I have ate tarts with him and Madame Reeve at the Mulberry Gardens, where our author advanced to a sword and a Chadreux wig.' Mr. Christie is very severe with this tart-eating and Madame Reeve, but we really see no reason for concluding either that Dryden was a libertine, or that the lady was notoriously for many years his mistress. The only definite authority for such a statement is a passage in the 'Rehearsal,' which is surely too general in its language to warrant any certain conclusion. Whatever may have been the nature of his connection with her, it was probably discontinued on his marriage with the Lady Elizabeth Howard.\* This lady, the sister of his friend Sir Robert Howard, was the eldest daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and the marriage, as the register still testifies, was solemnised at St. Swithin's Church, London, December 1st, 1663. It has been confidently asserted that Dryden married her under derogatory circumstances, and that, previous to her marriage with him, she had been the mistress of the Earl of Chesterfield. Now of this there is no proof at all. The two brutal libels in which charges are brought against her good name, accuse her husband of being a drunken profligate, and are full of that reckless malignity which it would be grotesque to attempt to seriously refute. Scott long ago pointed out the utter worthlessness of their testimony. Since Scott wrote, a letter, it is true, addressed by her to Chesterfield has been

\* Mr. Christie dates this tart-eating with Madame Reeve after Dryden's marriage, *hinc illa lacryma*. Sir Walter Scott more liberally dates it before. In either case the witness must have been a child.

brought to light, and this letter, according to Mitford and Mr. Christie, strongly corroborates the former evidence. We cannot see it. She was the social equal of the Earl, who was acquainted both with her father and her brothers. She promises to meet him at a place of public resort. She asks him not to believe what the world says of her; but it is surely hard to wrest these words into a criminal signification. There is nothing in the letter incompatible either with an innocent flirtation or a legitimate and honourable attachment. That Chesterfield was a libertine, scarcely affects the question. To conclude that the eldest daughter of one of the first families in England should, with the connivance of her father, submit to be the mistress of a young rake, is preposterous. Mr. Christie supports his authorities with an *à priori* argument that if her character had been unsullied she would never have married Dryden. He forgets that Dryden was himself of good birth, that he had her brother to plead for him, that he had all the facilities afforded by a long visit at her father's country house, that he was not in those days the 'poet-squab,' but that he was 'distinguished by the emulous favour of the fair sex.' One of his libellers has even gone so far as to say that 'blushing virgins had died for him.' That the marriage was not a happy one is only too probable, though the unhappiness arose, it is obvious, from causes quite unconnected with infidelity, either on the part of the husband or the wife. Whatever incompatibility might have existed on the score of temper or tastes, the Lady Elizabeth appears to have been a kind and affectionate mother, and may, if we can draw any conclusions from the scanty correspondence which is preserved to us, claim the honourable distinction of having faithfully fulfilled her domestic duties.

About this time Dryden began his connection with the theatres, and this connection was, with some interruptions, continued till within five years of his death—his first play, 'The Wild Gallant,' being acted in 1663, his last—'Love Triumphant'—in 1694. Since the closing of the theatres by the Puritans in 1642, the drama, which was for upwards of a century the glory and the pride of the English people, supported by the patronage of three liberal and enlightened sovereigns, had maintained a precarious and fugitive existence. The Burbages and Condells, who had once shaken the Globe and the Blackfriars with the plaudits of delighted crowds, had been constrained to act for the amusement of a few desperate enthusiasts in a private room at Holland House, or in a miserable barn at the Cock Pit and the Red Bull, dreading the penance of imprisonment and the imposition of enormous fines. Davenant had indeed, by an ingenious

ingenious compromise, succeeded in evading the prohibition of the Government. He had in 1657 obtained leave to present at the back part of Rutland House an entertainment—so he called it—of declamation and music, after the manner of the ancients; and the ‘Siege of Rhodes’ and the ‘History of Sir Francis Drake’ still testify the existence of this bastard drama. Four years afterwards, Charles II. was on the throne, with all the literary predilections of his ancestors, and, though the cautious policy of Clarendon only suffered two theatres to be licensed, both managers and playwrights lost no time in indemnifying themselves for their long privations. The King’s Theatre was in the hands of Thomas Killigrew, an accomplished and licentious wit, whose sallies were long remembered at Whitehall. The Duke’s Theatre was under the direction of Davenant, who, in 1660, had been raised to the laureateship. The position of a professional writer who had to live by his pen was once more pretty much what it had been when poor Greene jeered at Shakspeare for tagging his verses; and when Shakspeare himself made his fortune out of the Blackfriars Theatre. Dryden must have felt that he had little to fear from his immediate predecessors. Of the giant race who, to borrow a sentence from Lamb, spoke nearly the same language, and had a set of moral feelings and notions in common, Shirley only remained. But Shirley had collapsed, worn out and penniless, into a suburban pedagogue; Ford had died in 1639; Massinger in 1640; and in such plays as Cockain’s ‘Obstinate Lady,’ Quarle’s ‘Virgin Widow,’ Chamberlayne’s ‘Love’s Victory,’ Killigrew’s ‘Parson’s Wedding’—which may be cited as typical of this period—the drama had degenerated into mere fluent rhetoric, or been vulgarised into a series of operatic effects at once futile and nauseous. Of Davenant’s earlier plays it is scarcely necessary to speak; the dreariness of those which he produced under the most favourable conditions will probably deter the general reader from venturing to recur to those which he produced under circumstances the most unfavourable.

Into a minute account of Dryden’s labours for the stage it is neither profitable nor requisite to enter. Johnson has lamented the necessity of following the progress of his theatrical fame, but sensibly remarks at the same time that the composition and fate of eight-and-twenty dramas include too much of a poetical life to be omitted. They include unhappily the best years of that life; they prevented, as their author pathetically complains, the composition of works better suited to his genius—but for them Lucretius might have found his equal and Lucan his superior. He had bound himself, however, to the profession of a man of letters,

letters, and he applied himself with resolution to the production of marketable material. He accurately informed himself of what his patrons wanted, and he managed with unscrupulous dexterity to provide them with it. He followed models for which he has been at no pains to conceal his contempt, and he gratified as a playwright the vitiated taste which as a critic he did his best to correct and purify. Those who live to please must, as he well knew, please to live. The fine genius of the Shakspearean comedy, the conscientious, elaborate and lofty art of Jonson, were beyond his reach and beyond the taste of his audience; but the bustle, the machinery, the disguises, the complicated intrigue of the Spanish stage, spiced with piquant wit, with obscenity alternately latent and rampant, were irresistibly attractive to a profligate Court and to a sordid and licentious mob. With all this Dryden immediately hastened to provide them. His first play, 'The Wild Gallant,' was a failure. 'As poor a thing,' writes honest Pepys, 'as ever I saw in my life.' Comedy, as he soon found, was not his forte, and though he lived to produce five others by dint of wholesale plagiarism from Molière, Voiture, Corneille and Plautus, and by laboriously interpolating filth which may challenge comparison with 'Philotus,' or Fletcher's 'Custom of the Country'—two of them were hissed off the stage, one was indifferently received, and the other two are inferior in comic effect to the worst of Wycherly's. He had, in truth, few of the qualities essential to a comic dramatist. 'I know,' he says himself in the 'Defence of the Essay on Dramatic Poesy,' 'I am not so fitted by nature to write comedy. I want that gaiety of humour which is required to it. My conversation is slow and dull, my humour saturnine and reserved. So that those who decry my comedies do me no injury except it be in point of profit; reputation in them is the last thing to which I shall pretend.' He had indeed no humour; he had no grace; he had no eye for those subtler improprieties of character and conduct which are the soul of comedy; what wit he had was coarse and serious; he had no power of inventing ludicrous incidents, he could not manage the light artillery of colloquial raillery. 'The Wild Gallant' was succeeded by 'The Rival Ladies,' and it is a relief to return to his efforts in serious drama. This play was written about the end of 1663, but, warned by his former failure, he exchanged in the quasi-comic parts plain prose for blank verse, and he wrote the tragic portions in highly elaborate rhyming couplets. In the 'Dedication to the Earl of Orrery,' he defended with arguments which he afterwards expanded in his 'Essay on Dramatic Poesy,' the practice of composing tragedies in rhyme. 'The Rival

Ladies' was well received, and he hastened to assist his friend, Sir Robert Howard, in 'The Indian Queen,' which was produced the following year at the King's Theatre with all that splendour of costume and scenery common to the theatre of the Restoration: 'His powers were now rapidly maturing, and 'The Indian Emperor,' his next production, is conspicuous for sonorous eloquence, for copious and splendid diction, and for that happy union of strength and sweetness which was ever afterwards to characterise the heroic couplet in his hands.

The year of the Plague closed the theatres, and the following year, not less calamitous to the Londoner, scarcely made the metropolis a desirable residence. Dryden spent the greater part of this long period at Charlton in Wiltshire, the seat of his father-in-law. He employed his retirement in producing two of the longest and perhaps the most carefully elaborated of all his writings, the 'Annus Mirabilis,' and the 'Essay on Dramatic Poesy.' In the 'Annus Mirabilis,' he returned to the heroic quatrain of Davenant. A minute and somewhat tedious account of the four days' battle with the Dutch fleet; an apostrophe to the Royal Society; a description of the Fire of London, executed with great animation; the King's services at that crisis and a prophecy of what the future city would be—form the subject-matter of the poem. Both in its merits and in its defects, it bears a close resemblance to the 'Pharsalia' of Lucan. It is enriched with some fine touches of natural description and, if the moonlight night at sea, and the simile of the bees were borrowed from Virgil, the picture of the dying hare, of the herded beasts lying on the dewy grass, and of the moon 'blunting its crescent on the edge of day,' show that Dryden had the eye of a poet as he wandered over the park at Charlton. The work is disfigured with many 'metaphysical' extravagances, but the King's prayer, as well as the concluding stanzas, must rank among the most majestic passages in English poetry. Preceded by a 'Dedication to the Metropolis,' executed with a laboured dignity of diction and sentiment, in which he seldom afterwards indulged, it appeared in 1667. If the poem commemorated the events of a year memorable in history—the year in which it saw the light was not less memorable in literature, for it witnessed the publication of 'Paradise Lost'; and while it mourned the death of Denham, of Cowley and of Jeremy Taylor, it welcomed into the world the two greatest humorists of the eighteenth century, Jonathan Swift and John Arbuthnot.

The 'Essay on Dramatic Poesy,' which is cast in the form of a dialogue under names representing respectively Lord Buckhurst, Sir Charles Sedley, Sir Robert Howard and the author himself,

himself, is not only an admirable discourse, but it forms an era in the history of literary criticism. The treatises of Wilson, Gascoign, Sidney, Webbe, Puttenham, Campion and Daniel; the occasional excursions of Ascham in his 'Schoolmaster,' and of Ben Jonson in his 'Discoveries;' and the incidental remarks of Cowley, Denham and Davenant—may be said to sum up all that had hitherto appeared in England on this important province of literature. But none of these works will bear any comparison with Dryden's. His character of Shakspeare, of Ben Jonson and Fletcher, are models of happy and discriminating criticism; his observations are at once judicious and original, and his defence of rhyme in tragedy is a masterpiece of ingenious reasoning. Dryden was in 1668 again busy with his literary engagements in London. The 'Annus Mirabilis' had placed him at the head of contemporary poets; the 'Essay on Dramatic Poesy' had placed him at the head of contemporary prose writers. He at once betook himself to the drama, and such was his industry, that within the year he produced three plays, in one of which, a re-cast of Shakspeare's 'Tempest,' he had the assistance of Davenant. About this time he contracted with the King's Theatre to supply them, in consideration of an annual salary, with three plays a year, and though he failed to satisfy the terms of the agreement, the Company, with a liberality not very common with people of their profession, allowed him his stipulated share of the profits. In 1666 the office of Historiographer Royal had been vacated by the death of James Howel, who is still remembered as the pleasing author of the 'Familiar Letters,' and in 1668, the death of Davenant threw the Laureateship open. To both these offices Dryden succeeded. He was now in comfortable circumstances, but he was soon brought into collision with opponents who embittered his life, and on whom he was destined to confer a scandalous immortality.

Among the young noblemen who relieved the playful vagaries of prosecuting vagrant amours in the guise of quacks on Tower Hill, and of haranguing mobs naked from the balcony of public-houses in Bow Street, with dancing attendance on the theatres, were George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and Thomas Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. The Duke either had, or pretended to have, a contempt for the rhymed heroic tragedies which, introduced by the Earl of Orrery from the French stage and popularised by Davenant and Dryden, were now in exclusive possession of the English boards. These heroic plays Buckingham had already resolved to ridicule in a farce in which Davenant was to be the principal character. As Davenant had died, he



resolved to substitute Dryden. His Grace's literary abilities were, however, scarcely equal to the task, as the specimens which he afterwards gave of his powers of composition in his 'Reflections on Absalom and Achitophel' abundantly testify. He therefore sought the assistance of Samuel Butler, Thomas Sprat and Martin Clifford. Butler, a consummate master of caustic humour, had just ludicrously parodied Dryden's heroic plays in a dialogue between two cats, and was smarting under the double sting of neglect and envy. Sprat, though in training for a bishopric which he afterwards obtained, was a man whose wit was equal to his convivial excesses, and these excesses were proverbial among his friends, and long remembered by the good people about Chertsey. Clifford, a clever man and a respectable scholar, found the Head-mastership of the Charterhouse not incompatible with habits which he had probably contracted during his lieutenantancy in the Earl of Orrery's regiment, and was notorious for his licentious tastes and his powers of scurrilous buffoonery. Between them they produced the 'Rehearsal.' In this amusing farce—which furnished Sheridan with the idea and with many of the points of his 'Critic'—the central figure is Bayes, a silly and conceited dramatist; and Bayes is Dryden. With all the license of the Athenian stage, Dryden's personal peculiarities, his florid complexion, his dress, his snuff-taking, the tone of his voice, his gestures, his favourite oaths—'Gad's my Life,' 'I'fackins,' 'Gadsooks,'—were faithfully caught and copied. Buckingham, bringing all his unrivalled skill as a mimic into play, spent incredible pains in training Lacy for the part. Dryden's plots were pulled to pieces, the scenes on which he had prided himself were mercilessly mangled, and he had the mortification of hearing that the very theatre which a few nights before had been ringing with the sonorous couplets of his 'Siege of Grenada,' was now hoarse with laughing at parodies of his favourite passages, as happy as those with which Aristophanes maddened Agathon and convulsed the theatre of Dionysus. Dryden made no immediate reply. He calmly admitted that the satire had a great many good strokes, and has more than once alluded to the character of Bayes with easy indifference.

His equanimity however seems to have been really disturbed by the success of Elkanah Settle's 'Empress of Morocco,' about a year and a half afterwards. This miserable man, who is now known only by the stinging lines in the second part of 'Absalom and Achitophel,' had been taken up by the Earl of Rochester. The Earl had possibly been annoyed at Dryden's intimacy with Sheffield, he may have been guided merely by that malignant

malignant caprice which sometimes envenoms the easy good-nature of a rake. But whatever were his motives, he resolved to do his utmost to oppose the Laureate, with whom he had up to this moment been on good terms. By his efforts the 'Empress of Morocco' was acted at Whitehall, the lords at Court and the maids-of-honour supporting the principal characters. It was splendidly printed, adorned with cuts, and inscribed to the Earl of Norwich in a dedication in which Dryden was studiously insulted. London was loud in its praises, and Dryden, knowing the nature of theatrical fame, trembled for his popularity. Crowne and Shadwell, both leading playwrights, and both at that time his friends, lent him their assistance in a pamphlet which exposed Settle's pretensions in a strain of coarse and brutal abuse. The Laureate felt that he was on his mettle, and applied himself with more scrupulous care to his dramatic productions. In the 'State of Innocence,' which has been to some extent justly censured as a travesty of 'Paradise Lost,' and in 'Aurenzebe,' his splendid powers of versification and rhetoric were carried to a height which he never afterwards exceeded. In truth, these two plays, amid much bombast, contain some of his finest writing, and possess throughout an ease, a copiousness and uniform magnificence of diction only occasionally reached before—the result perhaps of a careful study of the principal English poets, to which he had, as he informed Sir George Mackenzie, about this time applied himself. With 'Aurenzebe' died the rhymed heroic plays. They had been introduced by Davenant and the Earl of Orrery to gratify the taste of Charles II., who had admired them on the French stage, and they had held almost exclusive possession of the English theatres for fifteen years. The genius of Dryden had failed to naturalise them, and after 1676 we cannot call to mind a single rhymed tragedy which has travelled further than the pages of honest Baker.

He had now become a convert to the verse which had been wielded with such success by his Elizabethan predecessors, and in 'All for Love,' his next play, he enrolled himself among the disciples of Shakspeare. 'All for Love' has been singled out by an eminent French critic for special praise. Dryden tells us that it was the only play he wrote to please himself, the rest were given to the people. The plot, which is the story of Antony and Cleopatra, had been already handled by two masters, but to compare Dryden's play with Shakspeare would be as absurd as to compare the 'Electra' of Euripides with the 'Electra' of Sophocles. It need not, however, fear a comparison with Fletcher's 'False One,' though it would be difficult to find a  
single

single scene in it equal to that superb scene in Fletcher's play which elicited such rapturous eulogy from Hazlitt. The altercation between Ventidius and Antony, though modelled too closely perhaps on that between Brutus and Cassius in 'Julius Cæsar,' is a noble piece of declamation; the scene between Cleopatra and Octavia is finer than anything the stage had seen since Massinger, and the character of Octavia is indeed sometimes not unworthy even of him who drew Volumnia.

Dryden was now in the zenith of his theatrical fame. His last three plays had been deservedly popular, but he began with his habitual carelessness to relax in his efforts. Settle was crushed; Rochester was busy. About this time appeared, circulated in manuscript, the 'Essay on Satire.' The nominal author was Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, Dryden's friend and patron. The poem contained some coarse and bitter attacks on Sir Car Scrope, on Rochester, on Sedley, and on the two favourite mistresses of the King. It was confidently believed at the time that the real author was Dryden; it was supposed afterwards that the real author was Mulgrave, but that the work had been revised by Dryden. Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Christie can see no trace of Dryden's hand, and anxiously attempt to relieve him from complicity in a work which reflects so seriously on his honesty. We wish we could agree with them. It seems to us that Dryden's touch is as unmistakably stamped on this Essay as the hand of Shakspeare is evident amid the interpolated rubbish of 'Timon' and 'Pericles.' Dryden's mannerisms of expression, cadence, rhythm are so marked that it is never possible for a critical ear to mistake them. They have often been cleverly imitated, they have never been exactly reproduced. His additions and corrections are in truth as glaringly apparent amid the nerveless heroics of Mulgrave as they were afterwards amid the graceless monotony of Tate's. It has been alleged that Pope revised the text as 'it now stands'; but Pope, according to the same authority, revised the text of Mulgrave's 'Essay on Poetry,' and the hand is not the hand of Pope. It is not perhaps too much to say that Pope, with his style formed and his principles of versification fixed, would have been as incompetent as Mulgrave to catch with such subtle fidelity the characteristics of the elder poet. We very much fear therefore that the drubbing which Dryden got in Rose Alley was not undeserved; and if Rochester took up the quarrel in behalf of the Duchess of Portsmouth, we can only regret that he had not the courage to administer the cudgel himself. One of his letters, however, makes it probable that he was influenced by the less generous motive of revenging the libel on himself. The Rose Alley  
ambuscade,

ambuscade, which might have cost the satirist his life, appears to have been generally regarded as humiliating only to the sufferer, and long continued to furnish matter for facetious allusions to party scribblers and coffee-house wits.

Dryden had now arrived at that period in his career when the obscurer vicissitudes incident to a writer for the stage were to be exchanged for the more striking experiences incident to one who figures on the troubled stage of party politics. He was now to achieve his proudest triumphs. He was to enter on that immortal series of satirical and didactic poems, compared with which his former efforts sink into insignificance. But he was at the same time to drink deep of the cup of humiliation and misery; he was to sully a fine genius in the pursuit of sordid and ignoble ends, and he was to present to the world once more in all its deplorable proportions the old contrast between moral weakness and intellectual strength. The nation was at this moment in a high state of ferment and misery. From a jarring chaos of Cavaliers, Puritans, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, county parties, of colliding interests, of maddened Commons, of a corrupted and corrupting Ministry, of a shameful and selfish Cabinet, of a disaffected Church, of sects of every shade and denomination, of plots and counterplots, of a royal house openly opposed but secretly in harmony—two great parties were gradually disentangling themselves. The King was childless, and the question of the succession was anxiously debated. In the event of the King's death the Crown would revert to the Duke of York; but the Duke of York was a Papist, and of all the many prejudices of the English people the prejudice against Papacy was the strongest. The country party insisted on the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne, and their leader was the Earl of Shaftesbury. The other party, strongest among the aristocracy, wished, with an eye to their own interests, to please the King, and were headed by the Marquis of Halifax, the Duke of Ormond, and the Earl of Rochester. The object of the exclusionists was to inflame the populace against the Papists. For this reason the infamous fictions of Oates and his associates had been accepted and promulgated, and the complications which succeeded the fall of Danby took their rise. Shaftesbury, who had mortally offended the Duke of York, was President of the Privy Council of Thirty, and virtually directed the House of Commons. The measure on which he had set his heart, and on which his complicated schemes depended, was the Exclusion Bill. To the passing of this he accordingly directed all his energies. He was dismissed from his Presidency in 1679, and he went over at once to the Opposition. He put himself

himself at the head of the stormy democracy of the City; he encouraged the rumours current about Popish Plots. He inflamed the House of Lords by his speeches and the Commons by his emissaries. By his exertions the Exclusion Bill triumphantly passed the Commons, and all but passed the Lords. There, however, the splendid eloquence of Halifax succeeded in defeating it. Monmouth was now the popular idol and the puppet of Shaftesbury. The Oxford Parliament, assembled in 1681, endorsed Shaftesbury's views, and insisted on the complete exclusion of the Duke of York. This assembly the King abruptly dismissed, and Shaftesbury was committed to the Tower. The voice of Parliament was hushed, and a savage literary warfare began. The King, the Duke of York, and the Ministry were fiercely assailed. The prose libels of Hunt and Ferguson vied with the sermons of Hiceringhill and the rhymes of Settle and Shadwell in aspersing the character of the Duke and in upholding the cause of Monmouth and Shaftesbury. The stage was loud with the fury of party spirit, but the stage, patronised by the King, had ever since the Restoration been true to him. It had upheld monarchy; it had insisted on the divine right of kings, and had zealously set itself to abolish all traces of republicanism. It refused, however, to support the Duke of York, and in the 'Spanish Friar,' Dryden employed all his dramatic ability to cover the Papists with ridicule. In the person of Dominic were embodied all those characteristics which, two years before, young Oldham had pronounced in a strain of vigorous invective, not unworthy of Dryden himself, to mark the Popish priest. Meanness, gluttony, and avarice, set off and darkened by vices still more odious and criminal, are careful concessions to popular sentiment; though, as Scott well observes, a sense of artistic propriety led the satirist to endow his hero with the wit and talent necessary to save him from being utterly contemptible. The 'Spanish Friar,' thus interesting from the political side, is still more interesting from the fact that it is beyond all question the most skilfully executed of all Dryden's plays. Indeed, we are acquainted with no play either in ancient or modern times which, without dramatic genius in the highest sense of the term, is elaborated with such a nice regard to dramatic propriety. By minutely artificial strokes and with a studied art very unusual with Dryden, the tragic part helps out the comic, and the comic relieves naturally and appropriately the tragic. In this work tragi-comedy, from an artistic point of view, has achieved perhaps its highest success.

In November 1681 appeared 'Absalom and Achitophel.'

It

It became instantly popular, and its sale was for those days enormous. There were two editions within two months, and seven others followed at no long interval. By a good fortune, rare indeed in the annals of literature, the verdict of those whom it delighted with all the charm of living interest has been corroborated by the verdict of those who can only appreciate it from the literary side. No poem in our language is so interpenetrated with contemporary allusion, with contemporary portraiture, with contemporary point, yet no poem in our language has been more enjoyed by succeeding generations of readers. Scores of intelligent men who know by heart the characters of Zimri and Achitophel are content to remain in ignorance of the political career of Buckingham and Shaftesbury. The speech in which Achitophel incites his faltering disciple has been rapturously declaimed by hundreds who have been blind to its historical fidelity and to its subtle personalities. The energy of genius has transformed a party pamphlet in verse into a work which men of all ages and of all opinions have agreed to recognise as a masterpiece. The plan of the poem can scarcely be pronounced to be original. The idea of casting a satire in the epic mould, which is a striking feature in it, was derived perhaps from the Fourth Satire of Juvenal—though Dryden is serious where Juvenal is mock-heroic. Horace and Lucan undoubtedly supplied him with models for the elaborate portraits which enrich his narrative, and the ingenious device of disguising living persons under the veil of scriptural names was by no means new to his readers. A prose tract, for instance, published at Dublin in 1680, entitled '*Absalom's Conspiracy, or the Tragedy of Treason*,' anticipated in embryo the very scheme, and a small piece, '*Achitophel, or the Picture of a Wicked Politician*,' completed the resemblance. '*Absalom and Achitophel*' produced, naturally enough, innumerable replies from the Whig party, all of which have deservedly sunk into oblivion. We are certainly not inclined to enter into the comparative merits of '*Towser the Second*,' '*Azaria and Hushai*,' and '*Absalom Senior*,' or to determine the relative proportion of dulness between Henry Care, Samuel Pordage, and Elkanah Settle.

In the following March, Shaftesbury, who had meanwhile been brought to trial on a charge of high treason, was acquitted by the Grand Jury, and the Whigs were mad with joy. Bonfires blazed from one end of London to the other; the bells clanged from the steeples; a medal was struck to commemorate the event. The Tories, baffled and angry, were at their wit's end to know what to do. In this emergency, the  
King



King appealed to his Laureate to bring into play once more those weapons of invective and ridicule which he had already wielded with such signal success. A less fertile genius would have found it difficult to repeat himself in another form, or to add any particulars to a portrait which he had just delineated with such care, but Dryden was equal to the task. In 'The Medal,' he hurled at Shaftesbury and his party a Philippic which, for rancorous abuse, for lofty and uncompromising scorn, for coarse, scathing, ruthless denunciation, couched in diction which now swells to the declamatory grandeur of Juvenal and now sinks to the homely vulgarity of Swift, has no parallel in literature. The former attack, indeed, was mercy to this new outburst. To find anything approaching to it in severity and skill we must go back to Claudian's savage onslaught on the Achitophel of the fourth century, or forward to Akenside's diatribe against Pulteney. No sooner had 'The Medal' appeared, than the poets of the Whig party set themselves with reckless temerity to answer it. Shadwell and Settle led the van. Shadwell, who shortly before had been on good terms with Dryden, and was now about to make himself a laughing-stock for ever, was a playwright of some distinction. He belonged to a good family in Norfolkshire, had been educated at Cambridge, and after studying at the Middle Temple had passed some time in foreign travel. On his return to England he had enrolled himself among the wits. His conversation, though noted even in those days for its coarseness, was so brilliant, that Rochester, no mean judge of such an accomplishment, used to say that if he had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humour than any other poet. His habits were dissolute and sensual, and what time he could spare from entertaining tavern companions, he divided between muddling himself with opium and writing for the stage. He is known to us chiefly from the ludicrous caricature of Dryden, but under that burly and unwieldy exterior—'that tun of man'—there lurked a rich vein of comic humour, keen powers of observation, and sound taste. His 'Vir-tuoso' has elicited praise from a quarter where praise is rare, from the caustic Langbaine. His 'Epsom Wells' and his 'Squire of Alsatia' may still be read with delight, as singularly lively pictures of Caroline life. Settle's character was beneath contempt, and his works are of a piece with his character; the first was a compound of amiable imbecility and grotesque presumption, the second are a compound of sordid scurrility and soaring nonsense. Of the innumerable replies to 'The Medal' Dryden took no notice, but in a piece called 'The Medal

of

of John Bayes,' Shadwell had exceeded the limits of literary controversy, and had descended to some gross libels on his private character. This it could scarcely be expected he would forgive, and he proceeded to revenge himself. In 1678 there died one Richard Flecknoe, who had been the butt of Marvel's satire, and who, though he had written one exquisite copy of verses and a clever volume of prose sketches, seems to have been regarded as a sort of typical dullard. His character was estimated, perhaps, from his failures as a dramatist. Of the five plays he had written, he could only get one to be acted, and that was damned. This man is depicted by Dryden as the King of the realms of Nonsense, conscious of his approaching demise and anxious for the election of his successor. In a strain of ludicrous panegyric, he discusses the grounds of his son Shadwell's claims to the vacant throne. He reflects with pride on the exact similarity, as well in genius as in tastes and features, which exists between himself and his hopeful boy. Shadwell's coronation is then described with more humour than is common with Dryden, though the conclusion of the poem evinces a sudden change from banter to ferocity, and betrays the bitterness of the feelings which had prompted it. This admirable satire—to which Pope was indebted for the plot of the 'Dunciad'—is certainly to be numbered among Dryden's most successful efforts. The raillery, though not elegant, is light, and tolerably free from that offensive coarseness which mars so many of his satirical compositions. Though he lived to learn from young Lockier that it was not the first mock-heroic poem written in heroics, he could assert, without fear of contradiction, that the plot of it was original, and a happier plot never suggested itself to a satirist.

The first part of 'Absalom and Achitophel' had been so popular that the publisher was anxious to add a second. Dryden was, however, weary or indifferent, and the work was intrusted to Nahum Tate. Sir Thomas Browne has remarked, that Thersites will live as long as Agamemnon; and Bentley observed of himself that, as he despaired of achieving immortality by dint of original effort, he thought his best course would be to climb on the shoulders of his betters. Tate illustrates in a very lively manner the disagreeable truism of the one and the ingenious expedient of the other. Nature had endowed that respectable and gentlemanly man with powers scarcely equal to Pomfret's, and immeasurably inferior to Blackmore's. Accident introduced him to Dryden; party-spirit finally conducted him to the Laureateship, and the Laureateship enabled him to inflict on succeeding generations of his countrymen that detestable version of the Psalms which is still appended to our Book of Common

Common Prayer. His other writings repose in the limbo which envelopes those of his friends Brady and Duke, and those of his successor Eusden. The second part of 'Absalom and Achitophel' was carefully revised and corrected by Dryden. Indeed his hand is everywhere traceable, and his additions, we suspect, amounted to more than the memorable two hundred and fifty lines which were confessedly inserted by him. In these lines he took the opportunity of revenging himself on the meaner actors in the great drama of 1682. After disposing of Ferguson, Forbes, Johnson, Pordage and others, with that cursory indifference so stinging in its contemptuous brevity—of which the great Florentine satirist was such a master—he proceeds to engage once more with Settle and Shadwell. The verses on the first unite in an equal degree poignant wit with boisterous humour, and are in every way worthy of his great powers. But in dealing with Shadwell he seems to us to descend to the level of the object he despises. The portrait of Og has been much admired, but it is, in our opinion, spoilt by its excessive and offensive coarseness; it is as gross in the execution as it is in the design. Bluff and vulgar, it savours too much of that kind of vituperation, for which Virgil rebukes Dante for lending an attentive ear.

'Che voler ciò udire è basso.'

In the 'Religio Laici' which appeared in this same year, he struck a new chord, and produced what Scott justly describes as one of the most admirable poems in our language. From politics to religion was at that time an easy transition, and it would in truth be difficult to determine which raged with most controversial violence. The Romanists, the Protestants and the Dissenters were all powerfully represented, and were all powerfully opposed. The Romanists charged the Dissenters with bigotry and intolerance, and the Dissenters retorted by charging the Romanists with plotting against the Government and with corrupting civil order. Both were, unhappily, right. The Established Church, standing between them, despised the one party and feared the other. Dryden, anxious doubtless to please his patrons, was probably interested chiefly on the political bearing of the question, and the 'Religio Laici' was written, he tells us, with a view of moderating party zeal. If it has none of that lightness of touch, and none of that felicitous grace which throws such a charm over the 'Epistles' of Horace, on which it was, he says, modelled, it may, short though it be, challenge comparison with any didactic writing in verse since Lucretius vindicated the tenets of Epicurus. He has little of  
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the fervid enthusiasm, little of the still sweet music of humanity which vibrates through so much of the 'De Rerum Naturâ,' but he has all the Roman's powers of reasoning vigorously and perspicuously in verse, of enlivening logic with illustrative imagery, of producing fine rhetorical effects.

Dryden had now to toil hard for emolument, and to write his poetry under the same compulsion which had produced his plays. His salary as Laureate was in arrears, and in the shifting currents of political controversy, he had lost some of the most useful of his patrons. His income from the theatres was considerably diminished. The expenses of a handsome house in Gerrard Street, then one of the most fashionable quarters of London, and those incident to the education of three sons, two of whom were destined for the Universities, must have increased his pecuniary embarrassments. His health was impaired, and a visit into the country was, his physicians informed him, not only desirable but necessary. His means, however, were at such a low ebb, that without a remittance it was impossible for him to leave town. He was even in danger of being arrested for debt. He applied himself in this emergency to Hyde, Earl of Rochester, then First Commissioner of the Treasury, reminding him of the important services he had already done the Government, and begging for some small remunerative employment. He requested that some of his salary might be remitted—it was now about 1200*l.* in arrears—and he observed with just indignation that it was enough for one age to have neglected Cowley and starved Butler. As the result of this application he obtained the following May the miserable pittance of 75*l.*, to which was added the office of Collector of Customs in London. He had now to discover, like Johnson, that the booksellers, though hard taskmakers, are the only patrons on whom genius can rely, and he submitted to the drudgery of hack-work with some querulousness and much energy. As early as 1673 he had entertained the design of composing a great national epic, with either King Arthur or the Black Prince for its hero. This was now abandoned, and he betook himself to the humbler but more remunerative occupation of writing prefaces, of executing miscellaneous translations, of providing young dramatists with prologues, and of co-operating with Lee in producing pieces for the theatres. In 1680 he had taken part in some versions from Ovid's *Epistles*. The work had been tolerably successful, and the publisher, Tonson, with whom he had allied himself since 1679, proposed to bring out a volume of 'Miscellanies.' To this Dryden contributed some versions of parts of Virgil, Horace and Theocritus, which we do not hesitate to say are the  
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very worst things he ever did. For the majesty and elaborate diction of the first he has substituted a sort of slipshod vulgarity; the curious felicity of the second has vanished in flat, slovenly, diffuseness; and the limpid simplicity of the third is disguised in a style which would have disgraced Pordage. The truth was, he sorely needed rest; he was weary, in miserable health, and had saddled himself with a translation of Maimbourgh's 'History of the League.' In 1685 appeared another volume of 'Miscellanies,' which contained, among other things, some versions from Lucretius. Dryden was now himself again. He had been for a visit into the country, and had recovered from what he describes as a kind of hectic fever. He had been pleased with the success of his Maimbourgh, and a gossiping letter which he wrote about this time to Tonson, thanking him for two melons, gives us an interesting glimpse of him in domestic life. This second volume of 'Miscellanies' was probably published on his return to London. The versions from 'Lucretius,' and the paraphrase of the 29th Ode of the 3rd book of Horace, are the gems of the collection, and in them his genius once more kindles with all its old fire. The superb invocation which the great Roman poet addresses to the tutelary goddess of his race is rendered with a power and majesty which need fear no comparison with the imperial splendour of the original, and the version from the third book is almost equally happy. He might perhaps have left the conclusion of the fourth book where he found it, for though he humorously assures us in his Preface that he was not yet so secure from the passion of love as to dispense with his author's antidote against it, he probably knew well enough that he was providing most of his readers rather with a philtre than a prophylactic. The brilliance and care with which these pieces were executed were due, no doubt, not only to his real sympathy with a poet who in some respects resembled himself, but to the necessity for asserting his superiority over Creech, who had just before clothed Lucretius in an English dress. Fox, it is well known, preferred Dryden's rendering of the celebrated Horatian Ode, lib. iii. 29, to the original. There is, in reality, little or no comparison between them. Assuredly no two poets could be less like each other than Horace and Dryden, and in none of his works is Horace more Horatian, in none of his works is Dryden more Drydenian.

In February 1684 Charles II. died, and Dryden dedicated to the memory of a patron who had given him little but fair words and a few broad pieces, a Pindaric Ode, entitled the 'Threnodia Augustalis.' This, says Johnson, with a courteous euphemism, is not amongst his happiest productions. It is, in truth, among his

his very worst. To say that it does not contain fine lines and passages would be to deny that it was written by its author, but it would be difficult to name another of his poems which contains fewer beauties, more prolixity, less merit. In celebrating the demise of one sovereign he took care to commemorate the accession of the new. He did not forget that the Hesperus of the setting becomes the Lucifer of the dawn; and in regretting a Numa he dried his tears in an anachronistic vision of an Ancus. 'Albion and Albinovanus,' which had been written to celebrate Charles's triumph over the popular party, was now furbished up to celebrate the accession of James, to hail the millennium of justice and generosity. The character of the new monarch was, however, a compound of meanness and ingratitude, and his conduct to the Laureate indicates both. He renewed the patent of the offices enjoyed by the poet, who had served him so well, but he struck off a hundred a year from his salary, and would probably have pushed his contemptible economy still further. This, however, Dryden took care to prevent. On January 19, 1686, John Evelyn entered in his Diary: 'Dryden, the famous playwright, and his two sons, and Mrs. Nelly (miss to the late King), are said to go to mass. Such proselytes are no great loss to the Church.' With regard to Mrs. Nelly, Evelyn had been misinformed; she still lived to adorn the Protestant Church, and to have her funeral sermon preached by the venerable Tennison. With regard to Dryden, his information was correct. The Poet-Laureate had indeed publicly embraced the tenets which his royal master was labouring to uphold, and his salary was at once raised to its full amount.

The sincerity of his conversion under these circumstances to a creed, which had hitherto been the butt of his keenest sarcasms, has been very naturally called into question. Johnson, with a liberality of feeling rare with him on such points, and Scott, with considerable argumentative skill and at great length, have laboured to persuade themselves that it was sincere. Macaulay and Mr. Christie arrive at the opposite conclusion. Hallam is of opinion that no candid mind could doubt the sincerity of one who could argue so powerfully and subtly in favour of the religion he had embraced as Dryden does in 'The Hind and Panther.' It seems to us that the truth probably lies—where truth usually does lie—midway between the two extremes, between the favourable conclusion of Hallam on the one hand and the unfavourable conclusion of Macaulay on the other. Dryden was in all probability induced to take the step by motives of personal interest. He was probably able to satisfy himself



himself of his honesty when he had taken it, not only by dint of that intellectual plasticity natural to one familiar with every weapon of argument and sophistry, and possessed of a genius singularly fertile in logical resources, but by the ready sympathy of a poet in contact for the first time with a religion which appeals so forcibly to the senses. He had arrived at that period in life when to men of his temper the blessing of a fixed belief is inexpressibly soothing. He was beginning to experience the pain and weariness of a career, the boundaries of which he could now plainly descry. His health was failing. His literary ambition was realised; he could scarcely hope to stand higher than he was. Scott discerns in the 'Religio Laici' the commencement of that genuine dissatisfaction with the Protestant Church which finally led him to embrace Roman Catholicism. We cannot see it. It seems to us that the poem was written merely for a political purpose, as he himself assures us. What religious opinions he had, so far as we can gather from his writings, up to this time, probably differed little from those of a busy man of letters who never seriously reflected on such matters, but who amused himself, as occasion offered, with facile acquiescence in conventional dogmas, with the listless speculations of languid scepticism, or with laughing at both. Most creeds he had indeed treated with indiscriminate contempt, and neither the Protestant nor the Catholic Church had escaped the shafts of his sarcastic wit. Macaulay argues that if his conversion had been sincere, he would not have continued to pander to the profligacy of the age, but would have regarded his former transgressions with horror. Such a view appears to us to be based on a radical misconception of Dryden's character. Unless we are much mistaken, he was—so far as the moral elements of his character were concerned—as purely emotional as Shelley or Edgar Poe; but the peculiarity is hidden by the masculine energy of his powers of verbal expression. It is difficult to associate the idea of such weakness with one who is the personification in so marked a degree of intellectual strength. As a writer, he has the thews and grasp of a giant; in massive and majestic eloquence he has not been excelled in a literature which has produced 'Nestor's Speech' and 'Satan's Address to the Sun.' But the moment we look at the man we are confronted with a mass of inconsistencies and contradictions. Like his own Zimri, he had been everything by starts and nothing long. He began with Republican principles; he was soon an uncompromising Tory. In 1658 he was panegyrising Cromwell and his partisans; in 1660 he was hailing Charles II. as the saviour of an  
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erring nation. In 1673 he was doing everything in his power to inflame the prosecution of the Dutch war; ten years later he was cursing Shaftesbury for his share in it. He exhausted compliment in his allusions to Charles II., and was simultaneously assisting Mulgrave in libelling him. In 1687 he had attached himself to James II.; in 1690 he was speaking respectfully of the Revolution. The truth is that he probably cared little either for religion or politics, either for Charles or James, either for Ormond or Hyde. He was a poet, with all the sensitive susceptibilities of his race; he was a man of letters, whose proper sphere was the library; but with the temperament of the one and with the accomplishments of the other, he combined the coarser instincts of a mere worldling. Not naturally a man of high spirit or lofty aims, the age he lived in did little to supply them. He soon ascertained the marketable value of his endowments, and he carried them, with unscrupulous alacrity, to the highest bidder. Thus while motives of self-interest determined the direction of his energy, the native genius thus brought into play soon created genuine enthusiasm, and he at last became what he at first affected to be. He addressed himself to religious controversy as he had addressed himself to politics. When he took the step which has laid him open to so much suspicion, he took it under that pressure on the part of circumstances which had never failed to dictate his actions; but having taken it, he soon persuaded himself that he was sincere. We may therefore accept that magnificent poem in which he fights the battle of his adopted creed as the genuine voice of genuine conviction, not merely as the hollow rhetoric and conscious sophistry of an interested apostate.

His pen was not suffered to remain idle, and he was at once employed to defend both in prose and verse the religion he had adopted. From an entry of Tonson's at Stationers' Hall, Dryden had, it seems, intended to translate Varilla's 'History of Revolutions in matters of Religion,' but for some reason, which it is now useless to guess, the work was abandoned, and he proceeded to engage in a controversy which added little to his reputation. Soon after his accession, James ordered some papers to be published which had, it was alleged, been discovered in the strong box of Charles II. They consisted of two documents in the handwriting of the deceased King, asserting that the only true Church was the Church of Rome. To these James added the copy of a paper written by his first wife, Anne Hyde, stating the motives which had induced her to become a convert to the Catholic religion. No sooner had these manuscripts appeared, than their authenticity was called into question by the Protestant

divines. Stillingfleet, then Dean of St. Paul's and one of the most accomplished theologians in England, produced a pamphlet, in which he boldly contended that the papers were forgeries. Dryden was selected to reply. He was, however, no match for an adversary who at twenty-four had written the 'Irenicum,' and whose whole life had been a long training in theological polemics. Dryden confined himself to the defence of the paper attributed to Anne Hyde, and his vindication betrays a coarse license of vituperation, a shallowness and ignorance, which Stillingfleet, in a second pamphlet, contented himself with exposing in a few stinging sentences. The Laureate had the good sense to quit a field on which he could scarcely hope to retrieve himself, and to betake himself to a weapon in which he was not likely to find his match. He went down into Northamptonshire, and there, amid the rural beauties of Rushton, produced a poem which, in point of plot, is grotesque in the extreme, but which, in point of execution, must rank among the masterpieces of English literature. 'The Hind and Panther' was written with the immediate object of obviating the objections of those who disputed James's right to dispense with the Test Acts. The Hind—milk-white and immortal—represents the Church of Rome; the Panther—the fairest creature of the spotted kind—represents the Church of England. Surrounded with Socinian foxes, Independent bears, Anabaptist boars, and other animals typifying the innumerable sects into which the Protestant community was subdivided, these fair creatures confer on their common danger, discuss the points on which they differ, comment on current topics, smile, wag their tails, and interchange hospitalities. On this monstrous groundwork Dryden has raised the most splendid superstructure of his genius. 'In none of his works,' says Macaulay with happy discrimination, 'can be found passages more pathetic and magnificent, greater ductility and energy of language, or a more pleasing and various music.' There was one circumstance connected with the composition of this work which must have been inexpressibly mortifying to the author, and which still deforms, with an ugly inconsistency, the conduct of its argument. The original policy of James had been to attempt an alliance between the Catholic and the Protestant Church, for the purpose of uniting them against the Dissenters. Dryden had therefore, in the course of his poem, treated the Protestant Church with respect and forbearance and the Dissenters with contempt. But the King, finding that such an alliance was impossible, suddenly veered round and adopted a conciliatory tone with the Dissenters, without acquainting his apologist, who was away from London,

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with the circumstance. The poem was on the point of going to press, and Dryden saw with chagrin the mistake he had made. He proceeded at once to do all in his power to rectify it. He softened down his praises of the Protestant Church and his sneers at the Dissenters. He introduced two episodes, 'The Fable of the Swallows' and 'The Fable of the Doves,' in which the clergy of the Church of England are bitterly assailed. Both in the conclusion of the poem and in the preface, he exhorts the Dissenters to make common cause with the Catholics against their common enemy, the Established Church. Thus altered to meet the new emergency, 'The Hind and Panther' made its appearance in April 1687. It was at once violently assailed, and the poet had to bear the brunt of the odium which the sullen tyranny of his royal master was now beginning to excite on all sides. Whigs and Tories united to attack the apologist of their common enemy. The plot, the argument, the style of the work, were caricatured. The inconsistencies of its author's political career were scoffingly enumerated. One opponent raked up the 'Elegy on Cromwell,' with comments from the 'Astræa Redux' and the 'Threnodia Augustalis;' another reprinted the 'Religio Laici.' Two or three of the more unscrupulous among them charged him with gross profligacy in private life, and descended to personalities about his domestic troubles, his red face, and his short stature. Most of these productions have sunk below the soundings of antiquarianism: one, however, may still be read with interest, even by those familiar with the refined parodies of Canning and the brothers Smith. This was 'The Hind and Panther' transversed to the story of 'The Country Mouse and the City Mouse,' written by two young adventurers, one of whom was destined to become the most distinguished financier of the eighteenth century, the other one of the most graceful of our minor poets—Charles Montague and Mathew Prior. The old poet had, it seems, treated both Prior and Montague with great kindness; and he is said to have felt their ingratitude very keenly. He must have recognised the wit of their exquisite satire, and was perhaps not insensible to the justice of their attack. A translation of the Life of St. Xavier, and a poem on the birth of the young Prince, June 10th, 1688, hurriedly but vigorously executed, concluded his services for James II. Six months afterwards William III. was on the throne.

Dryden's position was now lamentable in the extreme. He was not only in declining years and in miserable health, but he was deprived of all those Government offices which he had laboured so hard to secure, and on which he relied for permanent income. He was deprived of the Laureateship and the

Historiographership, and he had the mortification of seeing them conferred on his old enemy Shadwell. His place in the Customs was taken from him. He had pledged himself too deeply to the religious and political principles which were the abhorrence of the new dynasty and its supporters to dream of recanting. He had nothing but his pen to look to. An ordinary man would have sunk under the weight of such an accumulation of misfortunes. Dryden grappled with them with all the spirit of youth renewed. Never was the divine energy of genius, the proud loyalty to an artistic ideal more jealously preserved in spite of sordid temptation to hurried and slovenly work, or more nobly illustrated than in the ten years still allotted to him. He might engage to provide Tonson with ten thousand verses for a wretched pittance of three hundred guineas; but he took care to make those verses worthy of immortality. He might engage to translate the whole of Virgil for a sum little more than his friend Southerne cleared by two plays; but he strained every nerve to make it worthy of the name it bore, 'and refused to be hurried.' It seems to us, indeed, that in this last decade of his life his work was more conscientiously executed, in spite of his pecuniary exigencies, than had been common with him before. In 1689 he betook himself once more to the stage, and in less than a year produced the tragedy 'Don Sebastian,' which has long been regarded as his masterpiece, and a comedy 'Amphitryon,' which holds a respectable place even in an age which witnessed the comedies of Wycherly and Congreve. 'Don Sebastian' was, he tells us, laboured with great diligence, and of that diligence it bears evident traces. The subordinate characters are more carefully discriminated than was usual with him. Dorax and Sebastian are noble sketches, and Almeyda is not unworthy of her lover. In depicting the hero friendless, desolate, and ruined, the old poet was not improbably thinking of himself, and when Sebastian cries

'Let Fortune empty all her quiver on me,  
I have a soul that like an ample shield  
Can take in all, and verge enough far more.  
Fate was not mine, nor am I Fate's,'

there speaks in trumpet-tones the indomitable energy which made Dryden's last dark years the most glorious epoch in his artistic life. If we except Otway's two tragedies, 'Don Sebastian' is beyond comparison the finest tragedy the English stage had seen since its great master had passed away. The celebrated scene in the fourth act between Dorax and Sebastian is one of the gems of the English drama. 'Had it been the only  
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one Dryden ever wrote,' says Scott, 'it would have been sufficient to insure his immortality.'

He could scarcely expect to get a hearing from the new monarch, but both these plays were anxiously dedicated to men who would be likely to have weight with him, Philip, Earl of Leicester, and Sir William Leveson-Gower. 'King Arthur' and 'Cleomenes' need not detain us, and with 'Love Triumphant' the veteran dramatist took leave of the stage for ever. In the conspicuous failure of his last play he probably read the advent of a new age, and with that graceful magnanimity which is such a pleasing trait in his character, he resigned the sceptre which he had swayed so long to his friends Southerne and Congreve. He was now busy with his translation of Juvenal and Persius. Of the former he translated the first, third, sixth, tenth, and sixteenth satires, intrusting the rest to his sons Charles and Erasmus, to his former coadjutor Tate, and to Creech. The whole of Persius was executed by himself. To this work, brought out in folio in 1693, he prefixed a 'Discourse on Satire,' dedicated in an exquisitely courtly strain to the Earl of Dorset. It is somewhat ungracefully garnished with what Scott calls the sort of learning in fashion among the French; but it is still valuable for its occasional remarks on points of criticism; for its eloquent declamation against the abuse of satire; for its admirable delineation of the Latin satirists; for its interesting autobiographical particulars; and, above all, for the ease, variety, and vigour of the style. The versions themselves have all the air of original compositions. In accordance with those principles of translation laid down by Chapman, Cowley and Denham, and already illustrated by himself in his versions from Lucretius and Ovid, he has aimed not so much at reproducing the literal meaning as at transfusing the spirit of his authors. He is not therefore to be tried by any canons of exact scholarship. He has indeed spoken contemptuously of the servile fidelity of Barton Holiday. He approaches Juvenal pretty much as Horace approached Archilochus and Alcæus. He confesses himself a disciple, but he spoke not so much what his master dictated as what his master suggested. He writes, he says, as Juvenal may be supposed to have written had Juvenal written in English; and he has not scrupled to boast that he has taught Persius to speak with a purity and precision to which he was in his own language a stranger. In this bold experiment he has on the whole succeeded. He has produced translations which may be read with delight by those who cannot read the original, and if in the versions from Juvenal he who can read the original will miss the incisive terseness, the piercing wit, the keen and polished rhetoric



rhetoric of the Roman, he must impartially confess that in the Sixth Satire the Englishman has almost made the palm ambiguous. He must admit that the noble verses at the conclusion of the Tenth, which are one of the proudest gems in the coronet of Roman literature, have by the genius of Dryden been set as a precious gem in the coronet of our own. With regard to his Persius, scholars will, we suspect, continue to prefer the fascinating perplexities and the harsh enigmatical phrase of the poet Casaubon loved, to the flowing diction of his English interpreter. It must, however, be allowed that if Dryden has diluted he has not enervated, and that in two memorable passages—the conclusion of the Second Satire and the lines to Cornutus in the Fifth—he has gone far to make good his promise. To a third and fourth volume of ‘Miscellanies,’ which appeared in 1693 and 1694, he also contributed; but with the exception of the fine ‘Epistle to Kneller,’ which, like his ‘Eleanora,’ written a year before, evinces rare powers of varied and mellow versifying, none of these contributions added anything to his high reputation. About this time he made the acquaintance of Congreve, who had been introduced to him by Southerne, and who had just written his first comedy, the ‘Old Bachelor.’ This play, revised and adapted by Dryden’s experienced hand, had been received with marked approbation; but a second play, the ‘Double Dealer,’ a far superior performance, had been a comparative failure. Upon this, Dryden addressed to his young friend that eloquent ‘Epistle,’ in which he hails with rapture a disciple who had already outstepped his master, and contrasts his own desolate sunset with the glorious dawn—so runs this exquisite flattery—of one whom every grace and every muse adorned. He now commenced his translation of Virgil. It occupied him three years, and though the labour was great, it was lightened during its continuance by the hospitality of the Earl of Exeter, Sir William Bowyer, and of his cousin John Dryden; and, at its termination, by the contributions of his friend Dr. Knightly, Chetwood, and Addison. Chetwood furnished him with the ‘Life of Virgil’ and with the ‘Preface to the Pastorals;’ and Addison, then a young man at Oxford, supplied him with the arguments of the several books and with an ‘Essay on the Georgics.’ Into his bickerings and pecuniary difficulties with Tonson we cannot enter. They may be read at length in his correspondence, and have been enlarged upon with unprofitable minuteness by Malone and Mr. Christie. The work, originally suggested it is said by Motteux, was impatiently expected by the public, who had all along evinced an universal interest in its progress. It appeared in July 1697, and from that day to this

this it has maintained a high place among English classics. Marred by haste, marred by miserable inequalities, marred by reckless carelessness, it is still a noble achievement. It is a work instinct with genius; but it is instinct not with the placid genius of Virgil, but with the impetuous energy of Dryden. The tender grace, the stately majesty, the subtle verbal mechanism of the most exquisite artist of antiquity will be sought in vain in its coarse and facile diction, in the persistent homeliness of its tone, in the rushing and somewhat turbid torrent of its narrative. It is indeed one of those works which will never cease to offend the taste and never fail to captivate the attention. The critic will continue to censure, but the world will continue to be delighted; and Dryden, we suspect, cared little about the suffrage of the former if he could secure the support of the latter. He was, as usual, careful to adorn it with dedications. The 'Pastorals' were inscribed to Lord Clifford, the 'Georgics' to the Earl of Chesterfield, the 'Æneid' to the Marquis of Normanby. The latter dedication is a long discourse on epic poesy, and is one of the most pleasing of his critical essays. To 'Virgil' he added a postscript, which it is impossible to read unmoved, though we may temper our pity with the reflection that if the veteran poet had so much to complain of, he had much still left to soothe and encourage him. Indeed, we are by no means sure that the undertone of discontent and querulousness which runs through most of his latter writings is not to be referred rather to the nervous irritability of his temperament than to any insensibility either on the part of the public or on the part of his personal friends. He complains bitterly of his poverty, and poor he undoubtedly was, yet he never could have wanted the necessities of life. He had, on the contrary, we suspect, a full share of its luxuries. He had constant engagements with Tonson; and Tonson, though mean, was honest and punctual in his payments. He had been paid for each one of the 'Miscellanies'; he had been paid for 'Juvenal'; he had received five hundred pounds for his 'Eleanora.' The Earl of Dorset had presented him with a large sum; he had a small property of his own, and the Lady Elizabeth was not dowerless. He had cleared at least thirteen hundred pounds by his 'Virgil.' He complains of ill-health, but what alleviations two of the most eminent surgeons of the day could afford him, he enjoyed in the unfee'd attention of Hobbes and Guibbons. He complains of the malice of his enemies, and yet he might have solaced himself by remembering his friends, for he could number among them some of the most illustrious, the most hospitable, and the most charming of his contemporaries. In that brilliant society  
which

which had sate round the Duke of Ormond he had held a conspicuous place,\* and he had numbered among his intimate associates the elegant and sprightly Sedley, the brilliant Dorset, the refined and accomplished Sheffield. The country seats of many of the nobility were open to him, and of their hospitality he frequently availed himself. At the house of his cousin, John Dryden, he was always welcome; and he could gossip with his old love Honor, who, it is said, repented of her early cruelty. At Cotterstock he could be happy in the society of his beautiful relative Mrs. Stewart, who seems to have taken an affectionate interest in his studies, and to have consulted with an anxious solicitude his tastes and his comforts. At the pleasant farm of his friend Jones of Ramsden, he could indulge in his favourite amusement of angling; and when the ill-health under which he latterly laboured made it necessary for him to abandon the fishing-rod, he could still complacently discuss D'Urfey's bad angling, and his own superior powers while the Fates were kind. His manners, we are told, were not genteel; but the genial kindliness of his disposition seems to have made him welcome in every circle, and a man whose large sympathies embraced almost every branch of human learning then cultivated was not likely to be a dull companion.

But there was another scene with which Dryden will always be associated, and where we love to picture him. His short stout figure, his florid careworn face, his sleepy eyes, his 'down look,' his snuffy waistcoat, and his long gray hair were for many years familiar to the frequenters of Wills' Coffee House, in Russell Street, Covent Garden. There his supremacy had never been shaken. There, whatever had been the vicissitudes of his public and whatever may have been the annoyances of his private life, he could forget them amid loyal and devoted companions. Round his arm-chair, placed near the fire in winter and out on the balcony in summer, hung delighted listeners,—gay young Templars, eager to hear the reminiscences of one who could recall roistering nights with Etherege and Sedley, and Attic evenings with Waller and Cowley and Davenant; who could remember the wit-combats between Charles and Killigrew, and the sallies of Nell Gwynne when she was still mixing strong waters for the gentlemen;—students from Oxford and Cambridge, who had quitted their books to catch a glimpse of the rival of Juvenal;—clever lads, ambitious for a pinch from his snuff-box, which was, we are told, equal to a degree in the Academy of Wit;—pleasant humourists, 'honest Mr.

\* See Carte's 'Life of the Duke of Ormond,' vol. ii. p. 554.

Swan' the punster, Tom D'Urfey, Browne, and old Sir Roger L'Estrange; men distinguished for their skill in art and science, whom his fame had attracted thither, Ratcliffe, Kneller, and poor Closterman. There were those who had like himself achieved high literary distinction, but who were nevertheless proud to acknowledge him their teacher, Wycherly, Southerne, Congreve, and Vanbrugh; Thomas Creech, whose edition of 'Lucretius' had placed him in the front rank of English scholars; William Walsh, 'the best critic in the nation;' George Stepney, 'whose juvenile poems had made gray authors blush;' young Colley Cibber, flushed with the success of his first comedy; and Samuel Garth, whose admirable mock heroic poem is still remembered. There too were occasionally to be seen those younger men who were to carry on the work he was so soon to lay down, and who were to connect two great ages of English literature. Pope, indeed, was a child of twelve when his young eyes rested for the first and last time on his master; Addison was in his twenty-sixth year; Prior in his thirty-fourth; Hughes in his twenty-first; Rowe, residing on a comfortable patrimony in the Temple, was twenty-four; St. John, nineteen; Arbuthnot, then deep in his examination of Dr. Woodward's account of the Deluge, thirty; Atterbury was thirty-five.

Dryden's labours were not destined to end with the translation of Virgil. He had still nearly three years of toil before him. They were years harassed by a painful disease, by malevolent opponents and by pecuniary difficulties, but they were years rich in the production of the mellowest and most pleasing of his writings. Neither age nor sickness could damp his spirits or dim his genius. His energy was the energy of a youth renewed. He meditated a translation of the Iliad. He wrote a life of Lucian. He revised his Virgil, and he was engaged on less important works beside. He contracted with Tonson to supply him with ten thousand verses, and he added upwards of two thousand more. These verses form a volume which has for nearly two centuries been the delight of his countrymen, and on that volume the admirers of Dryden will always dwell with peculiar satisfaction. It was published, under the title of 'Fables Ancient and Modern,' in March 1700. Never were his great powers seen to better advantage, never were his most characteristic defects more happily in abeyance. What Chaucer had told in the ruder speech of the fourteenth century he undertook to tell again in a language which had been enriched and purified by three hundred years of literary activity, and of which he was himself the greatest living master. How he has told the story of 'Palamon and Arcite,' of 'The Cock and the Fox,'

Fox,' of 'The Wife of Bath,' and of 'The Flower and the Leaf,' is known to thousands who would probably have turned a deaf ear to the older poet. To the versions from Chaucer he added from the 'Decamerone' the stories of 'Sigismund and Guiscard,' of 'Theodore and Honoria,' and of 'Cymon and Iphigenia.' So completely has he assimilated both the tone and style of Chaucer and Boccaccio to his own potent genius and majestic diction, that these works may be almost regarded not only as original compositions, but as compositions peculiarly Drydenian. We would willingly linger over the other pieces comprised in this delightful collection; over the prose preface so easy, so graceful, so rich with the mature harvest of a long life of study and reflection; over the exquisite beauty of the verses to the Duchess of Ormond; over that lyrical masterpiece which Scott, Byron and Macaulay have pronounced to be the noblest ode in our language, which Voltaire preferred to the whole of Pindar, and which even now stands unrivalled for varied, rapid, masculine melody; over that Epistle which the old poet laboured with such care and which he pronounced to be one of the best of his later compositions; over the venerable portrait for which sate 'the saintly Ken, and which furnished Goldsmith with a model for his happiest delineation. But time and space fail, we must hurry to the end:—

‘Sciolzo il collo fumante et levo il morso,  
Però che spatio assai con esso ho corso.’

‘By the mercy of God,’ he wrote in February 1700, ‘I am come within twenty years of fourscore and eight a cripple in my limbs, but I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my soul.’ On the 13th of the following May he was lying in the Abbey among his illustrious predecessors, of whom he had never, during the course of his long life written or spoken one disloyal word. He died, it appears, somewhat suddenly. Enfeebled by a complication of diseases, he was attacked by erysipelas and gangrene, to which May 1st, 1700, he succumbed in spite of the anxious efforts of his medical attendants. A painful operation might have saved his life; he chose rather to resign it. ‘He received the notice of his approaching dissolution,’ writes one of those who stood round his death-bed, ‘with sweet submission and entire resignation to the Divine will, and he took so tender and obliging a farewell of his friends as none but himself could have expressed.’ His body lay in state for several days in the College of Physicians, and on May 13 was honoured with a public funeral more imposing and magnificent than any which had been conceded to an English poet before.

before. He was laid by the bones of Chaucer and Spenser, and Jonson and Cowley, not far from his old friend Davenant, and his old schoolmaster Busby in

‘The temple where the dead  
Are honoured by the nations.’

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ART. II.—*Burke; Select Works.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by E. J. Payne, M.A., Fellow of University College, Oxford. New Edition. Oxford, 1878.

IT is a matter for satisfaction that the immortal works of Burke continue to find their way to the public in fresh forms and new editions; or, as perhaps it would be more correct to say, that the taste for these works, after a brief suspension of public interest, is again reviving amongst us. In their old, well-known, complete shape they had become less familiar to the present generation than they were to the last; but the University of Oxford has done well in presenting them in a cheap and portable form, with the much-needed accompaniment of annotations for the benefit of modern readers; and it is to be congratulated on having found a competent editor in Mr. Payne. If we cannot always agree with his criticisms of the great author whom he endeavours to interpret for us, the same may be said as to the author himself, who writing, a hundred years ago, on every point which touches the public mind of our own day, would have been more than human if he could have commanded all our sympathies without exception. But Mr. Payne possesses at least the indispensable merit of a true appreciation of Burke's surpassing greatness, and has done his best to bring an impartial judgment to the task before him. Burke, of all political writers the most resolute in striking into the middle path between conflicting party-views, requires a fair-minded editor; and we are glad to quote Mr. Payne's tribute to this especial excellence in his author.

‘Burke knew very well that nothing would stand long which did not stand on its own merits. He led the way in reform, while raising his voice against innovation. . . . Nowhere else, except in the Politics of Aristotle, shall we find these two principles of Reform and Conservatism so well harmonised. . . . He traced their concurrent effect everywhere; and he delighted to regard them in their concrete elements, as well as in their abstract form.’\*

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\* Vol. I., Introduction, p. xxvii.



This view of Burke's position has not been always, or perhaps even generally, observed. He worked for most of his life with the Whigs; sacrificed much for his party, and denounced his opponents much like other party men; but in reality his political writings are the legitimate property of both the older parties; and as time goes on this characteristic becomes more visible. Even in his own later writings he questions whether 'the memory of such ancient divisions as Whig and Tory still exists,' and pronounces that in their place had arisen, on the one hand, the English Jacobins (the Radicals of to-day), on the other, 'those who consider the conservation in England of the ancient order of things as necessary to preserve order everywhere else.\*' It is the thoroughly English, or rather Imperial, spirit of the man which thus dominates over all other considerations. He is a patriot before all things, but a patriot who never regards Great Britain as a selfish and isolated Power.

'The Balance of Power had been ever assumed as the known common law of Europe at all times and by all Powers; the question had only been (as it must happen) on the more or less inclination of the balance. . . . In all those systems of balance England was the Power to whose custody it was thought it might be most safely committed.†

Profoundly impressed with the influence his country had obtained by her maritime position and her series of triumphs in peace and war, yet never shrinking from telling his countrymen the naked, disagreeable truth, even if he stood alone, his writings are saturated with the wisdom required for the government of the empire, and will yet constitute for many generations of Englishmen the chief training in home, foreign, and colonial politics. On the Continent the place occupied by these works has long been more recognized than at home. Mr. Payne quotes with effect a saying of the German philosopher, A. H. Müller, 'that the vast combination of interests which constitutes the British Empire demands a whole lifetime to be adequately understood; and tells us how 'he recommended the learner to study the writings of Burke, in which this combination would be found concentrated and reflected as in a mirror.' But perhaps the following passage from Burke himself may serve still better as a text for the sketch which we are about to present to our readers:—

'For my part I look upon the Imperial rights of Great Britain, and the privileges which the Colonists ought to enjoy under those rights

\* 'Third Letter on a Regicide Peace,' pp. 181, 182.

† Ibid., p. 196.

to be just the most reconcilable things in the world. The Parliament of Great Britain is at the head of her extensive empire in two capacities, one as the local legislature of this island, providing for all things at home immediately, and by no other instrument than the executive power; the other, and I think her nobler capacity, is what I may call her Imperial character, in which, as from the throne of heaven, she superintends all the several inferior legislatures, and guides and controls them all, without annihilating any.\*

It must be admitted that there is a genuine ring about these characteristic lines. Let us note the echo which, at the interval of more than a century, the British Colonies gave back a few months ago, at a moment when it seemed as if the mother country would be obliged, in the defence of public law, to evoke the patriotic spirit of the whole empire. Addressing, in his happiest vein, a vast multitude of Canadians, who testified their exuberant loyalty by continuous cheering, Lord Dufferin, the Governor-General, found himself under no necessity for apology or explanation when he hailed them as 'members of the empire, men of British descent, subjects of Queen Victoria,' and announced that it might soon 'be necessary for them to face the responsibility which their nationality entailed.' He was using no empty language, for, said he, 'almost every mail had brought the most enthusiastic offers to serve in the Queen's armies in the event of foreign war, and these offers had represented not merely the enthusiasm of individuals, but of whole regiments and brigades of men.' Nor was this an exceptional and peculiar case. From all parts of the world arose the same multitudinous shout. Even the Indian Sepoys, so far from remembering with ill-will the decisive issue of their terrible mutiny some twenty years ago, demanded with earnest cries to be led against the common foe, and desired to know no more than that they were going to 'fight by the side of the English somewhere in the West.'

And yet, with all this experience, this encouragement from the past and present alike, this hope for the future, we seem to make little progress in allaying the fears and discontents of a very large section of our countrymen. We are still doomed to hear from the lips of public men the most unworthy expositions of British foreign policy; we are still, with an air of philosophical authority, warned against concerning ourselves with the affairs of the Continent; we are still recommended to relinquish this colony, or that military post, for fear of offending sensitive neighbours, or being called upon to engage in the

\* 'Speech on American Taxation,' Vol. I. p. 156.

defence of our dependencies; we are still told to measure our obligations by the mere calculation of profit and loss—calculations not only illusory and temporary in themselves, but utterly inadequate to bear the weight of the vast issues requiring to be balanced. We still find a large portion of our press unable to rise to any lofty conception of the duties of Great Britain. Too many of us seem to realize Burke's glowing denunciation of those whom he calls 'vulgar politicians':—

'A large, liberal, and prospective view of the interests of States passes with them for romance, and the principles that recommend it for the wanderings of a disordered imagination. Littleness in object and in means, to them appears soundness and sobriety. They think there is nothing worth pursuit but that which they can handle, which they can measure with a two-foot rule, which they can tell upon ten fingers.'\*

We are persuaded that such ideas would seldom obtain currency if it were not for the studious misrepresentation of which the public are the victims in the ordinary methods of accounting for the rise of the British Empire. In our so-called historical references to the last century we are in the habit of indulging a mock-humility; we carry our candour to an absurd extent, and for fear of indulging in national self-laudation and incurring a charge of so-called Chauvinism, we put on sackcloth and ashes, when we should array ourselves in purple and gold. Such treatment of the past is not only false, as well as unjust to the great men who founded our Empire, it is most pernicious in its effects on our national conduct. We propose, then, to take a brief survey of the events which led to the attainment of our present position, and to analyse some of the influences which had a share in producing those events. We may perhaps become more reconciled to our greatness if we measure, with a little more than ordinary care, the steps which led to it. We have said that we cannot always accept Burke's guidance to the letter, but we shall always find ourselves in accordance with the spirit of his teaching. To use his own words, we shall attempt to 'point out by what means the British nation came to be exalted above the vulgar level, and to take that lead which they assumed among mankind.'†

And, first, a few general words on the much-abused Eighteenth Century, the condemnation of which, without much discrimination, we so glibly pronounce in the present day. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the tendency of our modern literature is to impress us with the belief that the less said about that

\* 'First Letter on a Regicide Peace,' p. 105.

† *Ibid.*, p. 64.

century the better. We are to regard it as an era of clumsy, vulgar, uncultured life, stagnant life, most uninteresting by the side of the Stuart, Tudor, or Plantagenet periods of English history, scarcely indeed deserving the attention of historians. The reigns of 'the four Georges' have been bitterly satirized by Mr. Thackeray, writing much in accordance with prevailing sentiment, in the persons of those Sovereigns. We feel almost ashamed of sympathy, not only with the rulers, but with the people over whom they ruled. At the best, they occupy with us the same sort of dull position which the poet ascribes to the social aspect of middle life:

'Sweet is the infant's waking smile,  
And sweet the old man's rest;  
But middle-age by no fond wile,  
No soothing calm is blest.\*

It is voted a middle-aged period. This estimate of the last century we believe to be totally unfounded and unfair. We may trace the growth of the false sentiment partly to the extraordinary development of our modern material prosperity, to the rapid course of improvement in all departments of social and political life which has been going on under the eyes of the last two generations, and which has obscured the true perception of the preceding men and times. Perhaps we may also attribute something to the solidity of the barrier between our own age and the earlier years of George the Third, formed by the tremendous period of the Revolution Wars which lie midway. The energies of our race were then so severely taxed, the whole body politic so deeply scored and coloured, that those engrossing years throw back into dim distance what is indeed only the time of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers. Yet it cannot be denied that we as a people are in every point and circumstance just what they shaped out for us. If we are to comprehend the relations in which we stand to the world around us, however useful our earlier history may be, it is to the time which stretches behind the barrier of the Revolution Wars that we must go for the assistance with which we can on no account dispense. And, lastly, our writers for special classes must bear some part of the blame. In order to magnify the theological reforms and revivals of our day, it has become a sort of cant to cry down the eighteenth century, as if we were so very much superior to our immediate ancestors; and this prejudice propagates itself, and is often unconsciously propagated, through a great variety

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\* Keble's 'Christian Year,' St. Philip and St. James's Day.

of channels. Philosophers like Mr. Leslie Stephen are just as bad in their way.\* The people of that age were too stupid, we are told, to follow, as they should have done, their intellectual leaders in the paths of free thought! There could not be a better sign of their intelligence.

It will not indeed be denied that the early Hanoverian period has largely deserved its evil fame. The political circumstances attending the change of dynasty could not but operate disastrously. The measures absolutely necessary for the establishment of the new Royal family and for the repression of Jacobitism in Church and State, the corruption of Parliament, the absence of effective party-conflict, the furious quarrels at Court, and the degraded domestic life of the two first Sovereigns of the House, the sense of a lowered position amidst the rising Powers of the Continent, and especially of the revival of enemies over whom we had so recently triumphed,—no doubt all this, and much more which might be reckoned up if not too tedious for the present sketch, deeply felt at the time, and reflected on our own minds, has contributed to form that disagreeable impression which is generally entertained of the earlier period. But even this period had its all-important place in eliciting the true position of Great Britain; and we must take the utmost care not to confuse it with the period embracing the later years of George the Second and the reign of George the Third, during which the foundations of our modern British Empire were securely laid.

No Englishman can forget the earlier glories of his country's eventful history; but it is not too much to say that she did not permanently emerge out of the position of a second-rate Power into the first rank among the nations till the eighteenth century. At previous times she had for a while grandly supported this pretension; but for more than a hundred years before the present date, for some four generations, her place has been steadily fixed and universally acknowledged. How was it attained? We can scarcely remain satisfied with the common answer to this question. Our readers would not thank us for merely reminding them of the greatness of Chatham and of the galaxy of fine officers whose prowess he called forth. In a very rough way, for mere summaries written for schools, this will be sufficient. Great men arose at a critical moment, and their deeds will go down to posterity along with those of Greek and Roman heroes. But great, original, world-influencing as they were, these men must also be regarded as subordinate agents in

\* 'History of Religious Thought in the Eighteenth Century,' *passim*.

that general course of affairs which, commencing with a very few obvious considerations, necessary by way of introduction, we will now trace.

No monarchy has ever made any considerable advance during a period of disputed succession. It can undertake no great operations at home or abroad. It is happy, truly happy, if it can move in the beaten track with tolerable tranquillity, if the people can be induced to follow their national bent without creating disturbances, if peace with its neighbours can be preserved almost at any price. This was the state of Great Britain for more than a generation after the advent of the House of Hanover; and considering this as the normal condition of things at the period, the country, it must be admitted, was admirably served by both her sovereigns and statesmen. Whatever might be the deficiencies of the first two Georges, they had that primary requisite of common sense which teaches people to conform to their situation; and, without mentioning other ministers, Walpole was of all men the most exactly suited to the times. To speak of these men as virtuous kings or lofty statesmen would be absurd: the point is that they at that time filled the exact place which the country required. She deserved, and she could obtain, nothing better. The large majority of the people were Tories at heart and Jacobites in sentiment; they were restrained from active efforts in behalf of the exiled family solely by their inbred Protestantism, the strongest ingredient of all in the national character. It was therefore absolutely necessary, and the people themselves knew it, that they should be governed on Whig principles, ruled by the great families which had happily brought about the Revolution and the new Succession, swayed by the Dutch, the Hanoverian, the "moneyed" interests, intolerable as they were from the romantic, sentimental point of view, but tolerable as the necessary bulwark of Protestantism, and round which in the last resort the people were prepared to rally.

Moreover, the Government, with its policy of peace and commerce, conciliated the people by what they best understood and required after the storms of the preceding reigns. Trade and commerce had indeed flourished in spite of those storms; but time and rest were needed to develop the resources which the nation was only gradually discovering that it possessed. It entered upon its new course with characteristic ardour. The inflated speculations which issued in the South Sea bubble were but indications of the general prosperity; the subsequent rearrangement of the public finances, conducted with such splendid



skill by Walpole, was the commencement, in its more exact form, of that settled system of funded debt under which we now live, and by means of which we have so often met our national requirements. By the year 1729, so entirely had public confidence rallied round the King and his dexterous Minister, that the real contest among the public creditors was as to who should be last paid. In short, the country settled down to her work; the British nation became, as Napoleon called it at a later date, a nation of shopkeepers. That long lull in home and foreign politics left an indelible mark, worn in the deeper with ever-growing years.

But the Continental Powers soon found themselves in error when they presumed upon the change which appeared to have come over the islanders whose fierce and turbulent nature had been their chief characteristic in the pages of history. When Spain, slowly recovering from the wounds of the War of Succession, and encouraged by her secret 'Family Compact' with France; when the latter country, profiting by her long peace with England, had at last, under the consummate management of Cardinal Fleury, gained the long-coveted prize of Lorraine; when these hereditary enemies of England, whose separation from one another it had been her policy for centuries to secure, combined to dispute with her once for all the empire of the seas and the commerce of Asia, Africa, and America—then it was that, slowly and sullenly rousing herself, shaking off one by one the chains which had so long fettered her, this country made that bound to Imperial greatness which we may indeed, in one sense, connect with her ancient glories, but which is in reality the product of little more than one century's magnificent enterprise.

The first thing that strikes us in connection with this fact is that the impulse proceeded from the people themselves, the very same people who had appeared to coincide with the Government in the peace-policy of so many years. The 'fable of Captain Jenkins' ears' has become a sort of synonym for the credulity and political folly of the multitude. Burke himself has endorsed this view; but it is one of the points on which we are unable to follow him. He tells us that 'the people were inflamed to this measure by the most leading politicians, by the first orators, and the greatest poets of the time,'—Bolingbroke, Pope, Johnson, Glover. 'It was a war of plunder.\*' Had he lived a little further away from the time of which he wrote, and thus been enabled to take a larger sweep of history, he might have given a different verdict. There might have been much to blame in detail;

\* 'First Letter on a Regicide Peace,' p. 53.

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'Jenkins' ears' might have been a fable; but as calling forth and representing the resolute will of the British people that they would no longer put up with the claim of Spain to exclude our commerce from South and Central America, from the Pacific Ocean, from the islands of the East and West Indies, the cry had a most profound significance, as well as a serious justification. Like the Sacheverel Riots, which, however disgraceful, proclaimed the settled will of the English people to support Church and Queen; like the Gordon Riots, which, still more disgraceful as they were, yet represented the resolution of the same people to protect the Protestant safeguards of the Church—so the cry for war with Spain, which Walpole obstructed, decried, and then meanly adopted, with ruinous consequences to himself, was no idle offspring of misplaced sentiment or criminal covetousness. It was the result of a profound instinct and steady conviction, which made way against all obstacles, and deserved to open up the path, as it did, to gigantic issues. It was not known till some time afterwards how entirely this warlike impulse was justified by the secret existence of the above-mentioned Treaty, the precursor of the more famous Family Compact, by which the Bourbons aimed at nothing less than the destruction of their ancient foe. The popular instinct anticipated and divined the great political secret, refused to be hoodwinked by diplomatic subtleties, formed its judgment as to the real meaning of high-handed proceedings by the tone of studied insult and neglect which it observed in foreign Courts, took the matter into its own hands, and never rested till it found at last a Government which understood what was due to the dignity of a great country, and showed itself capable of effectually supporting that position.

On this point, where so many have erred by blindly following authority instead of exercising a little independent criticism, we find, as we might expect, a solid judgment in the pages of the great German historian of England. 'The fall of Walpole,' says Ranke, 'was not the fall of an ordinary Minister, but the fall of the political system based on the first union of the House of Hanover with the Regent of France. It was a return to the policy which had at that time been abandoned—the policy of war against France and the Bourbon interest in Europe; and that at a moment when these had the upper hand both by land and sea.'\* It is essential to this survey to observe that the Bourbons, under the crafty guidance of one of the ablest Ministers ever known in Europe, had added to Spain and the Indies not only

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\* 'History of England,' Oxford edition, Vol. V. p. 405.

Lorraine but South Italy. The two peninsulas of Italy and Spain, commanding the whole Mediterranean, which it had been the determined policy of Great Britain for so many years to keep in separate hands, were now practically in the same. The Partition Treaties of William, the bloody wars of William and Anne, the famous Treaties which ensued upon those wars, had failed at last on this cardinal point. If the Eastern Question of to-day is vital for England, how much more was the Western Question of the last century! France, great enough before, was now at last enabled to present a secure front on the German side; the Bourbons, on her throne and on those of satellite kingdoms, were in possession of realms as boundless as those of Charles the Fifth. Louis Quatorze had never attained such a position. This mighty force was about to be put forth against what our people fondly believed—and events have proved that they were not wrong—to be the last home of freedom, against the country which, as Burke says, William had once taught to regard herself as 'the arbitress of Europe, as the tutelary angel of the human race.'\*

We shall say no more on this part of our subject, suggestive as it is in many directions. The conviction that England was called upon to act with the utmost vigour and resolution, if she would not only develop her industry but save the priceless jewel of her independence, was righteous and wise; but what a melancholy picture does the history of the next few years present! Now was discovered the inherent weakness for foreign policy of the system under which the country had been governed—necessarily, as we have seen, but unfortunately governed—for so many years. The supreme place which had been occupied by Walpole, almost as if by birthright, could be filled by no one else, for he had kept the reins in his own hands for a whole generation. Pulteney and Carteret, the ablest of men, the Pelhams, by no means the least dexterous, only made themselves conspicuous by their ignominious failure. The open corruption of members of Parliament disclosed its features in a far more hideous form when the process was carried forward by men trained in Walpole's school without having caught the consummate statecraft of their master. But thus only could it have been brought to the bar of public opinion and finally suppressed. The extreme jealousy of a standing army entertained by the people under the memory of the times of James II. and William, had kept the numbers of our troops beneath even the low standard necessary for domestic order, and far below what was required for dealing

\* 'First Letter on a Regicide Peace,' p. 62.

with a Jacobite rebellion. The navy, then, as ever in our history, the theoretical bulwark of the land, had been so starved and pinched that officers dared not run the necessary risks of battle for fear of losing the ships which there were no funds to replace. The obligation under which we thus found ourselves involved to employ foreign troops to do the work which we should have done ourselves, produced still further demoralization. To read at this interval of time the fierce denunciations which rang throughout the land, of the Hanoverian and Hessian levies which fought our battles and protected our shores, one would have supposed that the people were only too willing to enlist on the service for which they clamoured. We find nothing of the kind. Turbulent and riotous indeed they were, and that to an extent scarcely ever before known; but the soldier-spirit seemed to be lost and gone. Something, no doubt, is to be attributed, in the Rebellion of 1745, to the absence of public interest in the Succession; but it is utterly impossible to ascribe the disgraceful attitude of the country during that period solely to the indifference of the people. It must indeed be admitted that there was nothing in the treatment of our soldiers and sailors which was likely to give much encouragement to men who might have been tempted to fill the ranks.

The officers were little better. Their effeminacy was proverbial: it was a joke. Mrs. Montagu, then Miss Robinson, a most intelligent critic, writing in 1741, playfully says:—

‘How do our scarlet beaux like this scheme of going abroad? Do the pretty creatures who mind no other thing but the ladies and the king like to leave the drawing-room and the ridotto for camp and trenches? Should the chance of war bring a slovenly, unhandsome corpse betwixt the wind and their nobility, can they abide it? Dare they behold friends dead and enemies living? I think they will die of a panic and save their enemies’ powder. Well, they are proper gentlemen. Heaven defend the nunneries! As for the garrisons, they will be safe enough!’\*

Another letter of hers, from London, in 1745, affords a painful indication of the rotten state of society:—

‘People of the greatest rank here have been endeavouring to take the utmost advantage of the unhappy state of their country, and have sold the assistance it was their duty to give. Self-interest has taken such firm possession of every breast that not any threatening calamity can banish it in the smallest instance. It is terrible to see people afraid to trust each other on this occasion: everything is turned to a job, and money given for the general good is converted too much to private use.’†

\* Mrs. Montagu’s ‘Letters,’ &c., 1809, Vol. I. p. 183.

† Ibid., Vol. III. p. 40.  
Yet

Yet there were numerous indications that the old spirit was not extinct. Only two years after the 'scarlet beaux' were aroused by the notes of war, they showed much more of the ancient English valour at the Battle of Dettingen than their enemies liked; and in the very year when the people at home flinched from a handful of savage Highlanders, their little army abroad astonished the world at Fontenoy. When the naval glory of England had sunk so low that even a vapouring admiral like Vernon was a hero, so proud were the people of him, that Mrs. Montagu reports how 'all the ladies in Suffolk give place to Mrs. Vernon, even those of the highest rank.'\*

It could only be by slow degrees that this good material could be applied to its proper use. Many were the miserable failures, the doubtful successes, the painful complications, through which Great Britain was forced to pass before her Imperial star emerged from the floods. Even Pitt failed at first like the rest; for in the Seven Years' War the conflict had extended to America and India, to Africa and the islands of the Pacific; it had become a struggle for life or death, and we were far from being properly prepared for it. Indeed, it seemed at the end of eighteen years as if we were about to sink under the weight of a coalition which we had rashly undertaken to confront. The memories of our former greatness drove the iron into our souls. 'To a people who have once been proud and great, and great because they were proud, a change in the national spirit is the most terrible of all revolutions.'† The depression, almost despair, of the nation in 1757 may be judged by the following extract from the Sermons of a very trustworthy observer, dated early in 1760, when the clouds had at last disappeared, and the blaze of victory right overhead was lightening every countenance:—

'The time is not long since the wisest among you thought that our ruin was near at hand: the anxious inquiries after public news, the despair seen in every countenance on the least miscarriage of our fleets and armies, our distrust of each other and slavish dread of the enemy, were melancholy symptoms of a nation's fears; and indeed that fear was far from being groundless. We were deeply engaged in a burdensome and expensive war; a strange concurrence of accidents had left us the choice of only one ally [Frederick the Great], whom all the world, unacquainted with the resources of his genius, imagined must soon fall an easy prey to his numerous enemies; every attempt we made for the recovery of our possessions in America, so unjustly torn from us, was shamefully defeated; our army in Europe

\* Mrs. Montagu's 'Letters,' &c., 1809, Vol. II. p. 55.

† Burke's 'First Letter on a Regicide Peace,' p. 4.

returned home from an ill-planned and ill-executed expedition with signal disgrace, and our fleet was inactive from a supposed neglect. Then at home affairs were, if possible, in a still worse condition; a general dissatisfaction at the Ministry, unhappy quarrels and contentions for power among the great, supplies raised with murmurs, and paid slowly with sullenness; and, to complete all our unhappiness, the poorer sort of people throughout the whole kingdom were feeling the quick approaches of what may not improperly be called a general famine, raised and continued, as there is but too much reason to believe, by the arts of avaricious wretches who wanted to make a price of the miseries of their fellow-creatures. . . . The merciful goodness of God has now given us blessings directly opposite to every one of these calamities. . . . I offer to your compassion two public-spirited charities lately set on foot, which seem more particularly adapted to the solemnity of this fast; I mean the clothing of the unhappy French prisoners, victims to their prince's merciless ambition, and contributing all in our power to the necessities and distresses of our brave countrymen abroad." \*

The contrast presented in this sermon must have been indeed striking. Since the *annus mirabilis*, the year 1706, when Marlborough and Eugene, Peterborough and Galway, brought the Bourbons on their knees, no such triumphs had roused the spirits of the British people as distinguished the year 1759. It was, perhaps, the most glorious our country ever witnessed. Under Pitt's leadership our flag flew triumphant in every quarter of the globe. Hawke, Wolfe, Boscawen, Amherst, added victory to victory. The Battle of Minden saved our allies on the Continent. Canada, completely delivered from the French, became a British possession; and with it, as none could doubt, came all North America. A continent was won for the British race when Wolfe fell in the arms of victory. The conquests of Clive in Bengal had been extended to the Carnatic, and all India lay at our feet. In East and West the rivalry of any and all European nations with this country was for ever at an end.

From the position thus attained at the close of the reign of George II. we have never receded, but in spite of occasional, most useful, checks, made further and further advance. In attempting to account for the marvellous change which came over these islands, and distinguished their destiny from that of Sweden, Holland, Denmark, or Switzerland, it has been said already that we cannot be satisfied with referring it to the genius of any one, two, or three men. Perhaps we shall proceed best if, in our search for deeper causes, we begin with recounting the obstacles which had been surmounted.

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\* MS. Sermon by a London Clergyman.



The first of these obstacles was removed by the Battle of Culloden. It was not till the Jacobite spirit of the nation, which had paralysed our foreign policy, and necessitated an unpopular, and in itself unworthy, treatment of affairs both in Church and State, had been absolutely crushed, that any better Government than Walpole's became at all possible; and even then only by slow degrees. It was easy to treat the 'Patriots' with scorn as long as the hard, practical necessity of staving off or keeping down a rising in favour of the Pretender was the one obvious condition of Government. And for some years after the Rebellion—who could say that it was safe to disregard those glowing embers while occasional elections, even as late as the Oxfordshire contest in 1754, turned upon the choice of a member, not between Whigs and Tories, but Whigs and Jacobites, and while the Pretender was able to visit London incognito, as he did in 1750, without betrayal? Can we unsparingly condemn the King and Ministers, who still found safety alone in bribing Members of Parliament, when even the incorruptible Pitt found himself obliged to wink at the practice, and to leave the dirty work to be done by the well-accustomed hands of Newcastle? At last, however, Jacobitism had disappeared, leaving nothing but a certain vain sentiment behind; and a united English people rallied round their leaders.

Along with a united English people were now marshalled, shoulder to shoulder, their ancient rivals and enemies, the Scotch. No more important effect ensued upon the ruin of the Pretender's cause. The Union between the two countries, which was the glory of Queen Anne's reign, had done much; but they were never really united till the Battle of Culloden extinguished the practical independence of the Highlands. Now at last, in mountain and plain alike, the law reigned supreme, and the power of the feudal chiefs was abolished. Now at last these gallant savages were disarmed, and what they felt at first far more, disrobed of their picturesque attire. From this time forth they fairly set out with characteristic energy upon that race of education and civilisation on which their Lowland brethren had already started, and in which the Scotch people have outstripped all competitors. They were soon to find themselves among the foremost ranks of the British forces, when the genius of Chatham called forth their warlike spirit into a legitimate channel by enlisting them as Highland regiments under Highland officers.

And Ireland was at this same period in a happier condition through the splendid administration of Lord Chesterfield. At a critical moment of our history another obstacle to British progress

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progress was at least partially removed by his means. Nor did the effects of his admirable measures, which kept Ireland so quiet during the Rebellion of 1745 that troops quartered there were spared for the English emergency, pass away with his period of office. We cannot but connect it with the subsequent rapid increase in the value of Irish land, and the eagerness with which tenants now sought to obtain leases at largely increased rates. Thus agriculture began to supply in some degree the void which English jealousy had created in the trade and commerce of the sister island; and when after some years this immediate source of prosperity received a check, a compensation was found in the general reclamation of bog and waste lands, and in a course of general improvement to which the troubles of the latter part of the century alone brought a cruel and too-prolonged suspension.

If it is suggested that Chesterfield's administration was too short to produce such results, arguments in favour of the view expressed above will not be wanting to those who consider that he was the first Lord-Lieutenant, since the subjugation of the island by William, to treat the Roman Catholics with thorough confidence, to introduce order and economy into Irish finance, to encourage Irish science, and to seek out and employ merit without reference to interest. Thus, to quote the words of an address presented to him, Ireland, during the height of the Rebellion in England and Scotland, 'enjoyed a serenity unknown to the greatest part of Europe;' and when he left the country we are told that 'he was attended to the shore by persons of all ranks, denominations, and religions, by the universal acclamations of the people, who praised him, blessed him, and entreated him to return.' Nor was the success of this unwonted policy purchased by the depression of the Protestants, whose associations for the defence of the island received his earnest encouragement, still less by the neglect of efficient preparations for soldierly defence if the wave of Jacobitism should break upon his shore. This mixture of firmness and conciliation produced one happy moment for Ireland;—'Religion became what it ought to be—a bond of union, instead of an instrument of discord; superstition was enlightened, fanaticism disarmed.'\*

To the general basis of strength afforded by the union of the three kingdoms, accomplished for the first time in the course of so many ages, may be added another element—the cessation of the bitter, continuous strife of which the Court of Frederick

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\* *Maty's 'Chesterfield,'* Vol. I. pp. 150-168.

Prince of Wales had been the centre. That most unamiable and contemptible member of the whole Royal family died in 1751, and with him the chief disturbing factor in English politics. The terrible quarrels between him and his parents (not by any means his fault alone) were demoralizing and disastrous; their effects spread throughout society. It was indeed by no means wholly undesirable that the political discontents raised by Walpole and his successors, under their narrow, exclusive system, should find, during the abeyance of party-government, a focus at the Prince's Court. It was only by some such rude substitute that the Constitution could be gradually brought back into working order. It was under this very shelter that Bolingbroke propagated those political ideas which were soon to bear such wholesome fruit. But the indirect usefulness had come to an end, and the direct mischief largely predominated. Never has a kind Providence more happily interposed for our country than when this prince was removed, and the young boy of twelve left in his place, to imbibe religious and political influences, not always at the best sources, but on the whole such as were to prove in after time the salvation of his kingdoms and the foundation of the modern strength of the Empire.

The obstacles to national development being thus cleared away, what were the positive causes to which we may trace the onward movement? We shall not be far wrong if we assign a high place to the growing confidence of the nation in King George II. And here we are on tender ground. So violent has been the feeling propagated by the popular writers of the last fifty years against the earlier Hanoverian Sovereigns that it requires no little courage to say a word in their favour. Even the most moderate recognition of their merits runs a risk of being misunderstood. But there are two Courts of Appeal in this case, which, if not Final Courts, at least deserve respect. We may find a very different estimate from that which now prevails if we turn to the contemporary writers, and we shall be confirmed in our appeal to them by the judgment of the great German historian to whom we have already referred.

In our present sketch George I. scarcely comes under review, and we only notice him because he has suffered exactly the same hard fate as his son. It must have appeared strange to many readers that Ranke should dwell with great emphasis on the merits of this king; but if we can rid ourselves for a moment of the vision of a spectral ogre conjured up for us by those who dwell exclusively on such circumstances as his ungainly figure, his ugly mistresses—(it would seem this royal vice might have been

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been pardoned had the ladies only been handsome)—his rapacious German Court, his ignorance of English, and his unfeigned delight when he could turn his steps once more to his beloved Hanover; if we could pass judgment on his immorality with the common fairness required by the consideration that amongst kings, princes, and nobles of that date, including our own, it was all but universal, we should not find it difficult to understand the historical position of George I. In Ranke's pages we shall perceive that he receives his due meed of praise for having, in spite of that strong inclination to absolute rule which caused his sagacious mother, the Electress Sophia, to doubt his capacity for governing England, taken up at once, and unwaveringly maintained, his proper place as a constitutional sovereign. We shall find that, in spite of his affection for Hanover, the profound, enthusiastic devotion of whose people to him must ever be an honourable testimony to his merits, he 'never subordinated British politics to his own.' We shall see that he rendered us the most essential service by his personal influence over Holland, at that time all-important, and established a more beneficial connection with the Continent than even William III. We shall duly note that he, German as he was, entirely represented what even the more sensible of the Jacobites admitted to be the true English interest, viz., 'to keep the Pretender at a distance and to combat the Powers which supported him.' We are little able at this interval of time to measure the value to the English Constitution and national independence which was represented by the sovereignty of a prince who, as our own excellent historian Coxe says, combined a genuine love of peace with well-proved skill and courage in war, and who brought to his elevated post plain manners, simplicity of character, benignity of temper, habits of economy, punctuality, and application to business.\* And many a later historian, not so favourably inclined, has admitted that his conduct was upright and honourable, and has remarked on the steadiness of his friendship and his habit of forgiving injuries. His merits certainly justified William in selecting him as his eventual successor, though far down on the roll of descent,† and no less did they do honour to the sagacity of the people who received him, foreigner, and therefore distasteful, as he was. A hundred years of foreign masters, observes Lord Stanhope,‡ was the inevitable result of the Civil Wars of the seventeenth century—their result, we may add, the result of the errors of the

\* Coxe's 'Walpole,' Vol. I. p. 57.

† At about the period of the Peace of Utrecht he was fifty-eighth on the roll.

‡ 'History of England,' Vol. I. p. 100.

Stuart Sovereigns and of the suicidal policy of the Laudian school of divines.

A very similar mixture of good and bad will be found in any true view of the character of George II. Brought up in the same loose school of morality as his father, with an appearance and manner still more open to ridicule, and with habits of economy which passed for avarice, our best historians yet assign him the praise of courage, honour, and veracity, justice, temperance, and habits of business—a catalogue which at least embraces the cardinal virtues of the heathen: and it has been justly said of him, that he never throughout his reign ‘once invaded the rights of the nation, or harshly enforced the Prerogative of the Crown.’\* It is true, as his chamberlain, Lord Hervey, says, that ‘he was often told in Parliament and in print that his crown was the gift of the people and on conditions, and that if he broke any of them the gift would be resumed.’† But this does not diminish his merit in restraining within due bounds a spirit as vigorous and a courage as clear as those of any of his most illustrious predecessors.

And while on this point we may observe that it is capable of proof that the present low estimate of George II.’s character is very much due to the circulation of two contemporary private memoirs, kept secret for generations, and only brought to light in our own day, when it was not easy, even if the inclination had existed, to balance the impression they produced. Horace Walpole and Lord Hervey were clever and accomplished men, who had access to excellent sources of information, and were indeed, especially the latter, very much behind the scenes. Our generation has learnt much from them, but scarcely digested its learning. We have not made sufficient allowance for the spirit which actuated both of these men in different degrees—the cold, carping, cynical, effeminate, gossiping character of both writers, themselves no better than those against whom they let fly the shafts of ridicule; and we forget, in our delight at finding out that the vices and weaknesses of poor human nature are shared to the full by the greatest people, that no one is a hero in the eyes of his *valet de chambre*. Whose character would stand the test of hostile criticism from those admitted to complete intimacy, noting down hour by hour all defects, and transmitting them, safely bottled up, to a posterity which had lost all knowledge of the other side of the picture? The old-fashioned reverence for the Crown had its dangers, but they

\* Lord Stanhope’s ‘History of England,’ Vol. II. p. 113.

† ‘Memoirs of the Reign of George II.,’ Vol. I. p. 320.

are scarcely so great as those which arise from the temptation to turn everything into ridicule belonging to those who hold positions of rank and influence.

We have remarked that little countenance will be found for this low view of the early sovereigns of the House of Hanover in the memoirs and writings of contemporaries published at or near those times. It may be sufficient here to quote two of them. Here is Burke's estimate, published only ten years, after the death of the old king :

'In times of doubt and danger to his person and family, George II. maintained the dignity of the crown connected with the liberty of his people not only unimpaired, but improved, for the space of thirty-three years. He overcame a dangerous rebellion, abetted by foreign force, and raging in the heart of his kingdoms; and thereby destroyed the seeds of all future rebellions that could arise upon the same principle. He carried the glory, the power, the commerce of England to a height unknown even to this renowned nation in the times of its greatest prosperity; and he left his succession resting on the true and only foundations of all national and all regal greatness—affection at home, reputation abroad, trust in allies, terror in rival nations. The most ardent lover of his country cannot wish for Great Britain a happier fate than to continue as she was then left.\*'

If Burke is suspected of giving the rein to his rhetoric, let us hear Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, 'the English Dacier,' whom even Dr. Johnson admitted to be learned and wise beyond the reach of his criticism, and who uses the following language :—

'The three kings of the Hanoverian line, George I., II., and III., are the three best monarchs that ever sat in succession upon the throne of England.†'

It was not, however, during the administration of Walpole that the people learnt to place confidence in their King, or to feel affection for his person. During the lifetime of their favourite, Queen Caroline, she was regarded as the virtual ruler; and Walpole was himself almost a king. The unpopularity of the policy towards Hanover clouded the relations between the crown and the nation; the military tastes of 'the Captain' were looked upon as rhodomontade. It was not till George at last found the opportunity, for which he had long panted, to show his brilliant courage at Dettingen—not till he had at last inspired the people with something of his own spirit in suppressing the Rebellion of 1745, that they began to understand that they had a leader who, on that side at least of the British character, worthily

\* 'Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents,' Vol. I. p. 20.

† 'Memoirs,' Vol. I. p. 434.



represented them. Whatever mistakes he made after this, whatever the complications of Government which ensued in the interval between Walpole and Pitt, whatever the disappointments of our policy and disasters of our arms, one thing remained,—the dauntless front shown by the King, the encouraging support he invariably gave to those who exhibited military skill and courage, the unwavering identification of himself with the nation in the Imperial movement now commenced. His subjects even learnt to be ashamed of the charge of parsimony so long preferred against their sovereign, when, at the close of his reign, they found that he had poured the whole savings of his life, saved for an evil day, two millions and a half of money, into the coffers of his beloved Hanover. Thus only could it be redeemed from what seemed its final absorption within the domains of its many enemies. If he was long in overcoming the hostility which had sprung up between himself and Pitt, the necessary consequence of the complicated, factious struggles of the period, he proved himself nobly capable of trusting and supporting him when the time of his triumph had at last arrived, and the nation with one voice summoned 'the great Commoner' to the head of affairs.

And the English people themselves, these busy, calculating shopkeepers, these turbulent mobs, these 'bleating' gentry, as George Herbert called them at a still earlier date,—by what sort of training had they become an Imperial stock? Already, in 1754, when the painful process was far from completed, Goldsmith had sketched them with the pen of genius in the somewhat boastful lines, once well known, now too much forgotten:—

'Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,  
With daring aims irregularly great,  
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
I see the lords of half mankind pass by;  
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,  
By forms unfashioned, fresh from Nature's hand,  
Fierce in their native hardihood of soul,  
True to imagined right, above control,  
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,  
And learns to venerate himself as man.\*

It would be easy to show at length that our people were undergoing an education at home and abroad peculiarly suited to produce this result. The merest summary must here suffice. And first on the political side.

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\* 'The Traveller.'

By the middle of the century a marked improvement in the political condition of the country may be observed, owing chiefly, as we have said, to the practical extinction of Jacobitism, but very largely also to Bolingbroke's literary activity. Excluded from Parliament, and fortunately thus reduced to serve his country only with his pen, there can be no doubt that his influence in extending a more wholesome idea of the Constitution than had hitherto been entertained, was very great. Though impeded by extravagances and personalities, the extraordinary gifts, the penetrating style of that brilliant politician made their way through every obstacle, and lent their colour to the age. Pitt was more the child of Bolingbroke than he himself knew; the revival of government by party as we now know it was chiefly the handiwork of the man whose 'Patriot King' was to govern irrespective of party. Contests at elections began to excite a deeper interest as men awoke to a higher sense of duty, and they were based on higher grounds than before. Pitt's magnificent speeches were, year after year, step by step, elevating the moral tone of Parliament and the people. How great an effect he produced when, in 1754, he descended in all his dignity from the gallery of the House, sternly rebuked young Delaval for ridiculing the idea of squeamishness on the subject of bribery, and, amidst the dead silence of the terrified members, thundered forth to the Speaker that the time had come when he must intervene to save the ruined character of Parliament, or 'we shall only sit,' said he, 'to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful subject'!\*

What is still more to our purpose, reports of debates now found their way, irregularly, to the public; and thus the House of Commons began at last to take in some degree its modern place as the representative of the popular will. The Press was making a rapid advance, and the growth of political earnestness taught the people to understand their strength and to resolve that misgovernment should come to an end. The pertinacity with which they clung to the great man who was educating them to a higher moral tone is almost affecting to contemplate; for the natural balance of the Constitution had long been out of order, and personal trust was the only way of escape. Party-government had been in suspension for half a century; it was yet to require the stern discipline of many years before it could recover a healthy condition. But the men of the future were forming under a freer atmosphere; and it is important to observe that the revival of a regular party of Government and a regular

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\* Walpole's 'Memoires of the Reign of George II.,' Vol. I. p. 354.

party of Opposition took place under those new Imperial conditions which distinguished the middle and later part of the century from its earlier portion. The treatment of the colonies began to exercise the political mind of England, and to range on either side opinions which had hitherto found little expression except in relation to domestic matters. Above all, the rapid progress of our arms in India excited the imagination much as, in the days of Elizabeth, the romantic and chivalrous aspect of our affairs by sea and land enlarged the ideas and promoted the enterprise of so many gallant Englishmen. If we cherish the memory of the great Minister, who must indeed ever be the central figure of the century, we must remember also the growing grandeur of the people on whose shoulders he rose to power.

Nor must we omit to notice that other element which was by this time beginning to elevate the popular character, the growing sense of religion. In this respect also a whole generation had disastrously suffered by the disputed succession to the throne. The Church of England, torn to pieces by political struggles, had been punished, silenced, bribed, controlled with a high hand; the very life was in danger of being crushed out of it; the people, at least in the larger towns, were relapsing into contemptuous indifference, the educated classes into infidelity. Blow upon blow had been struck against the Christian faith itself. Even as late as 1751 Bishop Butler, in his *Primary Charge*, laments the 'general decay of religion in the nation,' and that 'the number of those who profess themselves unbelievers increases.' Four years earlier, believing it too late to save the Church of England, he had refused the Primacy. But the good Bishop was not himself aware of the enormous effect which, even while he wrote, was being produced by his own immortal work. He in 1736, and Lardner from 1727 to 1743, had been the real instruments in stemming the tide of cultivated scepticism; they had challenged all comers in a manner previously unknown to English literature; a host of followers were ranging themselves by their side; and the noise of controversy, which the Bishop supposed to be an 'increase' of opponents, was but the simulated confidence of a beaten party. When Bolingbroke's philosophical attack on Christianity came out after his death, in 1753, it fell perfectly flat. Hume failed to revive the strength of the party. The battle had been won.

Almost at the very same moment when Butler and Lardner were raising their effective defence, the Methodist movement commenced its extraordinary career. By the middle of the century it had done much to restore religion among the masses; it had exercised a considerable influence on the classes above the lowest;

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it was beginning to rouse the clergy of the Church to wholesome rivalry. In conjunction with the intellectual movement in defence of the Christian evidences, which had once more restored them to their proper place in the educated mind of the country, this movement had made it impossible to say of England, as Montesquieu reported after his visit in 1730, that there was no religion in the land.

As a matter of course the morals of the population began to improve with the sense of the Unseen, which had been once more recovered. The nation began to regain self-respect. One proof of this improved moral sense may be traced in Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act of 1753, which put an end to several shocking abuses, amidst the sneers and the hostility of men like Horace Walpole, who had not marched with the age. Philanthropists like Oglethorpe had already attacked the foul treatment of prisoners, and ameliorated the laws in respect of debtors. The worst haunts of vice began to receive attention from the Government. The vile neglect of our soldiers and sailors received some slight mitigation—slight, indeed, as yet. More and more we find good men and women starting up in this place and that, with a mission to relieve the dark aspect of our English humanity. A growing public opinion opened men's eyes to see that evils which custom had made familiar were no longer tolerable.

And in the literature of the period we may see the reflection of these influences. Poets like Young, philosophers like Dr. Johnson, leaders of literary society like Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Montagu, slowly but surely brought religion into fashion. If the great historical writings of that age betrayed the lingering spirit of an earlier time, they at least, with astonishing effect, set people on reflecting upon the inheritance to which they had succeeded, and played no small part in the education of the higher intellects. The revived taste for Shakspeare and Milton told the same tale. In a word, civilisation, the fruit of many a good seed, was steadily making its way through all obstacles; the rich soil of the British nation was at last beginning to bring forth the crop for which the cultivation of so many ages had prepared it. In a righteous cause it was capable of any sacrifice. It was a match for the world in arms. Perhaps there is no more pleasing evidence of the genuinely high tone of the people than the universal burst of delight which broke forth at the accession of George III., shared by all classes, knowing no bounds; nor was it transitory. The satisfaction of the people at finding themselves at last enabled to indulge their loyalty to the full without trespassing on their sense of right and wrong,

carried them over every error of judgment, every failure in the family of the monarch whom they now considered as their very own, supported him through his bitterest trials, and remains to this day at the bottom of that affection for the Royal Family which the present reign has once more elicited. It was thus that this country has alone among the nations retained that intimate union of monarchical and republican institutions which constitutes our peculiar strength; and if the incorporate growth of what only exists in separation elsewhere is an anomaly, and from time to time brings anomalies to light, it is but a small penalty to pay for such an inheritance.

And now, if we turn from the King, the United Kingdom, and the training of the people, to the more distinctly operative elements in the rise of the Empire, we shall find one of the principal, where perhaps we should least expect it, in the little Hanoverian principality, which it has been so much the fashion of our insular writers to despise, and which has only now, in this very year, finally dropped out of all connection with our British fortunes. There was no more persistent outcry for nearly two generations than this against Hanover; and it is no wonder that its echoes have been repeated down to our own times—repeated, in our opinion, without much thought. For one obstinate, undeniable fact confronts even the most casual student of history, characterising this whole period of popular outcry, and forcing us to look at the question from a larger point of view. How was it that Minister after Minister, Government after Government, found themselves obliged to adopt, when in office, the very Hanoverian policy which, when out of office, they had so vehemently denounced? Out of office each one of them, including Pitt himself, and he the most bitterly of all, condemned this connection with Hanover as the curse of the country. The wealth of England was being drained out of it for the benefit of foreigners; she was being constantly dragged into wars and alliances with which she had no concern; her true interest was to guard the seas and extend her commerce, not to mix herself up with petty Continental squabbles. And yet, each one in turn, and Pitt with the most vigour of all, when in office, found himself adopting this very policy, subsidising, fighting, making treaties, mixing up Hanoverian and English politics, just as if he had never said anything to the contrary before! How was this?

The usual reply has been that the Hanoverian sovereigns were incorrigible; that they exercised with vigour the ancient prerogative of the Crown in the selection of Ministers; that Parliament was bought, the popular voice feeble, and that the country

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country felt so strongly the need of those sovereigns in the face of Jacobite intrigues, that on this one point, the only point on which they never wavered, it was necessary to humour them. Is this sufficient? We venture to affirm that it is far from a complete answer.

Without giving our Hanoverian kings credit for much more than a most honourable affection for their own hereditary domain, we cannot but see that the possession of Hanover played so important a part in that foreign policy of Great Britain which led to our Imperial position that there must have been something cogently pressing on the minds of our statesmen, and also something deep down in the instincts of our people, which justified the curious inconsistency to which we have drawn attention. So large a subject cannot, of course, be fully discussed in this sketch, but the following hints may be suggestive.

When the statesmen who successively came to be responsible for our foreign policy after the Peace of Utrecht, surveyed the situation from the heights of office, they found that the swellings of the political ocean, after the late tremendous storms, were far from leaving an easy navigation. If the Continent had to be carefully watched for no other reason, the network of Jacobite intrigue at all the Courts of Europe demanded incessant vigilance, and the co-operation of friendly Powers. But independently of this, there was no single State which did not believe itself to have been ill-treated at the Peace. This is only what happens after all general pacifications. It was so after the Treaty of Vienna; it may be so after the Treaty of Berlin; but the peculiar circumstances attending the Peace of Utrecht, made by the Tories for one set of reasons, and maintained by the Whigs for another, rendered the task of keeping order unusually difficult. The Courts of France and the Empire, Spain and Savoy, Russia and Prussia were each of them striving to recover by art what they had lost by arms, each attempting to overreach the other whenever any fresh event gave them the opportunity; each occasionally appealed to the sword. This was just what England could not do, at least openly and avowedly. The nation was wearied with its past struggles, and yet the glories of the old triumphs under Marlborough were fast fading away. Under those circumstances Hanover afforded an excellent centre of diplomatic operations. Like the Hague in William's time, it became the rallying-point for the alliances which checked the further development of Bourbon ambition, and not far from equally important. It carried with it Holland, which, as an independent State, had collapsed after the wars, and some of the



the petty German States ; and these central Protestant Powers, backed up by British gold and such remainder of wholesome dread as England still inspired, held the balance of Europe. That, in spite of this well-chosen stronghold of diplomacy, France and its outposts gained so much under Fleury's auspices, is not so remarkable as that they did not gain more. It was owing to the bull-dog tenacity of the Anglo-Hanoverian kings, to the good sense of our English Ministers when they had mounted to responsible posts, and to the forbearance of our people to use any stronger weapons than strong language in the matter, that our country was able to profit by an advantage which it cannot be said that she understood she possessed.

It was thus that, as time rolled on, and the attitude of watchful peace was exchanged for European war, Great Britain was able to take once more her old place as the exponent or representative of public law at the critical moment when Maria Theresa seemed to be crushed under the coalition of her greedy neighbours, and the Bourbons judged the time to have arrived when they might dispute the position of their ancient rival by land and sea. It was thus, and to far greater effect, when the Seven Years' War broke out, that she was enabled not only to pay back in kind the threats of invasion, but to establish her empire. For it must be remembered that the interval between these two wars was by no means one of peace. It was but an armed truce. The duel was by no means fought out. The struggle in India and the Colonies never ceased. The time had not yet arrived when France and England could hope to pursue their respective paths in honourable rivalry. The alliances of the different branches of the Bourbon family were no idle compliments. Their conduct both in the wars of the Austrian Succession and in the Seven Years' War was precisely the same as in the time of Louis Quatorze, and, as before, Great Britain was the Power which stood most directly in the way. It was her gold, her diplomacy, her handful of intrepid soldiers, her rising public spirit, which employed the energies of France on her German frontier, while that country was thus crippled for the maritime and colonial struggle in which her interest and honour were so deeply engaged. Thus, almost without knowing it, England was once more developing that consummate strategy which the capacious brain of Queen Elizabeth had devised, once more paralysing her uncompromising foes across the British Channel, while she unfolded her everspreading wings over the habitable globe.

And another operative element in the rise of British greatness was connected with these German politics. As long as we were contented

contented with the humiliating position of having to send for foreign troops whenever we were in danger of an invasion from France, or a rising at home, we remained practically without a militia. As our national self-respect developed, such a state of things became intolerable. A wholesome jealousy of the too-useful foreigners was excited by their arrival amongst us, and kept alive by their un-English aspect. At last it overcame the national prejudice against the creation of a fresh military force of Englishmen. Among Pitt's innumerable services few are greater than his successful efforts, after many discouragements, to establish the militia on what is substantially its present footing.\* It became not only a source of strength to our Government at home and our policy abroad, but also a nursery for our soldiers. Henceforward we could apply a disposable force for the defence of our continental allies or of our colonies, without laying ourselves open to disaster at home. It is almost inconceivable how the measure could have been so long delayed. So far we were now unimpeded in our onward march.

Nor must we omit, even in this slight sketch, the causes which led to the modern development of the British Navy. Here also, as in considering the rise of the Empire, we are in the habit of forgetting how very recent a thing our naval supremacy is. The new position of the one led, no doubt, to the new position of the other; but the steps are not generally observed. The memories of Nelson and his peers eclipse everything else; we may extend our retrospect back as far as Howe and Rodney, and by a convenient process connect these heroes of the last hundred years with Drake and Blake, with Monk and Sandwich, but few remember the dreary interval which elapsed between. Few are aware how much we owe to one great man, whose life has never yet been written, Lord Hawke, for the emergence of the navy out of the low position to which it had sunk. It is not too much to say that it was that consummate Admiral who gave an entirely new impulse to the service, and delivered us from the reign of too prudent or too rash officers, from the period of indecisive battles and disastrous failures.

In using this language we are not unmindful that Lord Anson's name stands deservedly high for the reorganisation of the navy, which his great experience and undaunted courage enabled him to effect. Still less may we underrate the importance of Byng's execution. Iniquitous in itself and damaging to

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\* See Walpole's '*Memoires*,' Vol. I. p. 450, for the very interesting sketch of Pitt's first Militia Bill, December, 1755.

the reputation of every person concerned, not even excepting Pitt, who might have secured attention to his wishes if he had threatened to resign, yet, in accordance with Voltaire's jest, it must have had a certain effect in teaching a lesson to naval officers. British admirals must in future destroy the enemy's fleet, and no reasons to the contrary were to be assigned. The subsequent history of the navy supplies the best comment; the acquittal of Keppel in 1779 (a purely political affair, and in that respect like Byng's condemnation) being the single exceptional evidence of a less lofty spirit in the profession. Yet it was Hawke who gave the great example, the importance of which we cannot overrate. In every action in which he was engaged, and alone responsible, he exhibited the same union of brilliant courage and skilful conduct, till, in 1759, he performed at Quiberon the greatest feat of arms in the annals of the naval service. Nelson, it is true, fought a greater number of battles, and destroyed a greater number of the enemy's ships; but no action of his was fought on a dangerous lee-shore in a gale of wind; no navy in the world before or since ever won a battle with so high a display of seamanship. It was with reason that George II., with his keen eye for military merit, dubbed him 'his own Captain,' and that in the new reign the administration of the navy was so largely given over into his hands. He was thus enabled to imbue his profession with his own spirit; and to the effects of his breeding, through but a few transmissions, we may safely trace the extraordinary grandeur of our modern naval history. Down to very near our own times, the toast still lingered on in that gallant service—'May our officers have the eye of a Hawke and the heart of a Wolfe.'

We have confined our attention to those circumstances connected with the rise of the empire which generally receive the least notice in popular histories; but no sketch, even so slight as the present, should exclude the fullest recognition which can be given of the position occupied by the elder Pitt. It is a mere commonplace to speak of him as the central figure amongst the founders of our modern greatness, but his distinction is of a still higher kind. It cannot be too much insisted upon that among the many brave and able men Great Britain has produced, no one else so early grasped, no one else so fully understood the facts of his day which indicated the Imperial position assigned to this country. His genius foresaw, his genius executed the mission of England; his genius made the instruments, his genius applied them. If we still glow with pride at the record of the times when every month of the year was signalised by some great victory, still reckoned great; if we ask with surprise

prise why the previous times had failed to elicit a Clive, a Wolfe, or a Hawke, an Amherst or an Albemarle, we cluster those rich memories, that fruitful history, we cannot but cluster them, around the name of Chatham. It was that noble spirit which infused itself into all the rest, and taught his countrymen that it was Britannia's destiny 'to rule the waves.' Nor though we remember also his frailties, his caprice, his arrogance, his theatrical style, need we allow these clouds to rise between us and our admiration of the man whose brightness pierced through them all. They are made too much of by those who cannot appreciate a great man when they have got him.

We have thus attempted to trace, through the removal of obstacles to national development, through the direct operation of political, religious, and social forces upon the people, and, finally, through the agency of men who were, in one sense, the product of these forces, in another the personal causes themselves, the rise of the British Empire. It is needless to say that the whole of our subsequent history is that of the defence of what we inherited from Chatham and George II., and of its natural, nay, necessary, expansion. Nor on a true view of this subsequent history can we reckon the loss of the old American colonies as any backward step in the continued progress of our Imperial development. Melancholy as is the retrospect of the American war, with all its disappointments and humiliations, we really lost by our failure to hold those colonies by force of arms far less than we gained by their success in emancipating themselves. We had wholly misunderstood our duties in relation to our free and prosperous offspring. Neglect, incompetence, erratic judgment, wrong principles of action characterised our whole treatment of men who inherited the same qualities as were raising the parent State to greatness, and who easily learnt to imitate our defects as well as our virtues. We lost but little. Even our material losses were not really great. The outlet for our emigrant population continued much as before; much of our commerce found its way back into its old channels, while the energy of the upper classes was the more abundantly thrown into the development of our power in the East, in proportion as the openings were limited in the West. What we positively gained, and perhaps could have gained in no other way, was the art of governing a colonial empire, an art in which, since those days, the British have been excelled by no nation, ancient or modern.

We have not undertaken in this place the task of proving any abstract theory. People may have their own ideas as to the desirableness of a small country in extent, such as ours, becoming

coming the centre of such vast and ever-extending interests. With that we have no concern; we have been looking to facts. No doubt our people have been influenced by mixed motives in the development of this unique power, and have but followed the general laws by which the human race has been led forward in the process of its education. No one would assert that the empire so won, so expanded, so retained, has been an unmixed blessing to mankind; nor are we wholly competent judges on such a question; but that we may at least claim some credit for humanising and civilising the various races under our dominion must, one would think, be generally admitted. May we not claim something more? Not long ago, when the question of decisive action on the part of England as against the outrageous claims put forth by M. Ignatieff for Russia was before the country, the following words were spoken by Mr. Roebuck in an address to his constituents; and we are disposed to think they are not inappropriate to the subject in hand:—

‘England has led the world onward in the course of improvement. Whatever good has been done for mankind you will find the finger of England in the doing of it. She has taught mankind their rights. She has taught men to feel towards each other as men should feel. She has turned Europe from a den of slaves into a great band of freemen. That is the present state of Europe. That is owing to England.’\*

Is this rhetoric? Is this Chauvinism? The world must judge; future generations must decide. At any rate it may be held capable of proof that this empire has rather come to us than been sought as an object of ambition. It has been the natural result of the extension of trade and emigration, and the defence of our traders and emigrants. The defence of our possessions has, indeed, been often indirect, but still, when most indirect, none the less defence; for the reputation of a readiness to defend, a readiness promptly evinced when occasion calls, is the only safeguard from attack; and the defence of a distant possession is often only possible in regions close at hand. Thus, with a true instinct, no country has more steadily supported the principles of International Law than Great Britain, none more vigorously the independence of nations; none has made greater sacrifices to restrain high-handed attempts to destroy that independence. In so doing she has defended the interests of all while protecting her own. In so doing the Imperial position has been justified in the past, and by such action alone can it be justified in the future.

\* Speech at Sheffield, June 17, 1878.

Considerations like these convey more than a hint that this position has not been conferred upon Great Britain by accident, that it involves the most tremendous responsibilities, and may yet require the greatest sacrifices. It is not surprising that even now, at this advanced stage of our progress, the nation occasionally displays a momentary incapacity for understanding that it is the centre of enormous dominions involving us in political complications, different not only in degree but in kind from those to which we were liable when our possessions stretched little beyond the coasts of Great Britain. It is not surprising that on such occasions even the sacred name of religion is taken in vain by protests in the so-called interests of peace against measures which alone are capable of preserving peace. We must be patient. It is not given to all men to realise even the most absolute facts. The growth of the empire, though vast, has been during the last three generations almost insensible, and problems of defence and government must often arise for which the precedents of the past afford no sufficient guidance. But it is absurd to ignore what we cannot deny to exist, idle to wish we were unpledged before the world to the responsibilities we have been forced to assume, monstrous to entertain the idea of receding from a position which, indeed, has in all probability still greater issues before it. The general circumstances of that position, and the method by which it has been attained, we may contemplate with honest pride, and yet without vainglory; and the contemplation is wholesome, for it is a steadfast gaze at the truth, and mans us to face the future with faith, courage, and active intelligence.

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ART. III.—*Thirteen Years among the Wild Beasts of India: their Haunts and Habits, from personal observation; with an account of the modes of Capturing and Taming Elephants.* By G. P. Sanderson, Officer in charge of the Government Elephant-catching Establishment in Mysore. London, 1878.

A REALLY good book on wild beasts is very seldom met with. There are stay-at-home naturalists who study the animals at the Zoological Gardens, and the distorted forms of the hay-distended creatures at the British Museum: such writers compile books on natural history by gleaning anecdotes from the numerous sporting works of Indian and African authors, but all such attempts at description must be necessarily flat and unsubstantial: they lack the spirit and originality of the active hunter and naturalist, and they are untrustworthy.

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There is another class of sporting books more interesting, but nevertheless unsatisfactory. England is a nation of hunters, and our youth is full of vigour and adventure. The vast improvement in rifles and the general extension of rifle practice, induces all those who can afford the means, to visit wild countries for the sake of larger game than the red-deer of our Scottish forests. India offers a wide field of adventure; also Africa, America, Ceylon; and in fact there are few corners of the world attainable by the sportsman that are not penetrated by the British enthusiast.

Such daring hunters make special expeditions, and usually return to England after their foreign excursions, and write books. With some exceptions such narratives are tedious: the experience of the authors has been limited, and they cannot be accepted as authorities on natural history; their books are journals of slaughter which often offend the susceptibilities of their readers. Men who start from England for a shooting trip may be excellent shots, good sportsmen, and fluent writers, but their narration of facts must be confined to a comparatively narrow area; they kill as many animals as possible within a certain interval of time, but they cannot have acquired sufficient knowledge of the nature of their game to enable them to write sporting works as valuable additions to literature.

The veteran hunter of wild animals must confess that he is always learning something new in his practical study of nature. It is a mistake to suppose that all animals of a certain class are the same in instinctive capacity: individuals possess their peculiar endowments precisely as human beings vary in intellectual power. We see daily the various degrees of intelligence as displayed among dogs; thus, when we consider the difficulty attendant upon the study of wild animals in their native pastures, we may at once agree that a limited experience must be of little value to the lover of natural history. The book we require as a standard authority must be the result of many years' practical study, and intimate association with the animals described. It is impossible that one man can have had experience sufficient to embrace all portions of the world, and the fault of many writers consists in their attempting too much. If an individual will confine his description to that particular branch of sport and natural history which he has carefully mastered, neglect all hearsay evidence, and relate only that which he has positively accomplished and personally witnessed, his book will be received as a welcome exception to the general rule.

The work now before us, 'Thirteen Years among the Wild  
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Beasts of India,' is a most valuable contribution to works upon natural history. Especially may the author be accepted as one of the highest practical authorities upon all that concerns the elephant. There is perhaps no animal that interests mankind more deeply than this huge and sagacious creature. We find it depicted on the coinage of ancient Carthage; and by the peculiar formation of the African species we know that both that and the Indian variety were introduced into Northern Africa and Europe. How the African elephant was led across the great Sahara we cannot conceive; and we must believe that in by-gone ages this animal existed along the north-western coasts of that continent, and was captured and brought to Carthage by way of Morocco. The presence of the elephant domesticated at that date, proves the great extension of geographical knowledge since the more remote biblical era. In the Old Testament there is no mention made of such an animal, neither is there a drawing upon the Egyptian temples that would denote their acquaintance with the elephant; and yet we hear of ivory having been brought to Solomon!

Although the elephant has attracted the special attention of many writers, there are few accounts that can be relied upon, for the simple reason that the animal has been seldom studied at the same time in both its wild and domesticated condition.

The author of the new work now before us, Mr. G. P. Sanderson, has been engaged for some years, and is still employed, in catching and taming the wild elephants of India for the Imperial Government. He went to Madras in 1864, and was appointed Assistant Channel Superintendent upon the irrigation works of Mysore. His headquarters were Hoonsoor, twenty-eight miles from the capital, and his employment is thus tersely explained: 'My work consisted in looking after about 150 miles of river-drawn irrigation channels, all of them works of antiquity.' To a young enthusiastic sportsman such a position afforded every opportunity for developing his tastes. At the end of 1868 he was advanced to the head of the department in that district, and acquired the charge of 716 miles of water channels.

'The city of Mysore became my headquarters. I had a large extent of country, including several fine jungles, in addition to my old haunts, to travel over in the prosecution of my work. I had a sufficient salary to afford a good battery, and the money necessary for getting good sport; and I spent most of my leave and all my cash upon it. In 1873 an opportunity was afforded me of changing what had hitherto been my favourite recreation only—sport—into the business of my life. I had before this time shot all the kinds of  
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large game found in the Mysore country, and had become familiar with jungle matters. I had been especially interested in noting the habits of wild elephants; and upon my repeated representations, aided by the support of an official of high standing—a thorough sportsman, and able to form an accurate opinion on my proposals—the Mysore Government was induced to undertake the capture of some of the herds which roamed, useless and destructive, through various parts of the province, and I was appointed to carry out the experiment. . . .

‘I succeeded, as I shall hereafter relate, in capturing a large number of elephants, and in consequence was appointed to the temporary charge of the Bengal Elephant-catching Establishment, in September 1875. I worked in Bengal for nine months, during which time I visited the Garrow and Chittagong hill tracts, wild and little-known regions. I returned to Mysore in June 1876, after capturing eighty-five elephants in Chittagong.’

This concise programme introduces the author to his readers as a man already experienced by some years’ practice with the wild game of India, about to undertake the exciting and interesting duty, not of slaying and exterminating, but of capturing and training to industrial purposes the true king of beasts, the elephant. Painfully mindful of the doubt attached to ‘travellers’ tales,’ he prefaces his descriptions with these remarks: ‘I claim one merit for my jottings, which I hope will cover their numerous failings—at least in the eyes of brother sportsmen—and that is, that they are all strictly true.’ We cordially accept this declaration, and shall give every credit to the author’s innocence of exaggeration.

The second chapter gives an interesting description of the Mysore country, followed by much useful information respecting the productions of the country, which prove that Mr. Sanderson is not simply a sportsman, but that he has taken pains to study the interesting subject of development.

The third chapter introduces us to the ‘Mysore jungles,’ and the author commences his description with the young grass after—

‘the first showers in April, which by July has attained the height of a man. . . . This season is the time *par excellence* for stalking and shooting large game. The animals are intent on the new supply of fodder; occasional rain makes tracking easy; and after May the sky is usually obscured by clouds and driving mists in the hills, and considerable exertion may be undergone without discomfort.’

To a sportsman the information respecting seasons is absolutely essential, and many works on wild animals are sadly deficient in affording the necessary data for the hunter travelling in

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in search of game. A certain district may abound with the beasts natural to the locality, but they disappear at seasons according to the changes in the pasturage; thus a stranger may arrive in the new country, and his bag may be filled only with disappointment, unless he possesses a thorough knowledge of the seasons. One of the first studies necessary to a hunter is the food-searching instinct of every animal; he must learn to know the grasses, or bushes, or wild fruits that are loved by the game, and he will then be guided to the happy hunting grounds. All animals are fond of salt, and they are invariably attracted to the young grass which quickly appears after the annual burning of the prairies. In tropical countries the herbage attains a height of from eight to thirteen feet, and at the end of the dry season this becomes parched, and highly inflammable. It is so dense as to impede the progress of man, and it is accordingly cleared by firing. The ashes which remain after the flames have swept the surface are rich in potash; and as the tender blades of young grass rapidly appear, the animals, which have been temporarily driven from the neighbourhood, quickly return to the new feeding ground from secluded swampy coverts which have escaped the fire.

Much has been written concerning prairie fires, and illustrations have been given of men on horseback and wild herds of animals racing at full speed from the advancing flames which threaten to overtake them. This is simply sensational nonsense. In a hurricane it may be possible that a prairie fire would advance with sufficient speed to overtake a man on foot, but the author is perfectly right in declaring that, in average weather, jungle fires do not travel beyond four miles an hour, and even this speed must depend upon a brisk breeze. A graphic description is given of the appalling sights and sounds afforded by the whirling mass of flames, and the barren and blackened surface in the rear of the line of fire.

'Long after the main conflagration has passed, isolated bamboo-clumps and dried trees are seen burning fiercely like pillars of flame, till they fall over with a sudden crash, and are quenched. Many trees smoulder for months. I knew one of enormous size, the roots of which—some of the girth of a bullock, or greater—burnt for three-and-a-half years, the fire smouldering slowly underground in the roots long after the parent stem had fallen. . . . Elephants, bison, &c., do not retreat straight before a fire, but to one side or the other. The fires seldom form a long front, so this outflanking movement readily succeeds. At the first distant crackle or smell of smoke, wild animals at once retire.'

It must be remembered that the author is describing his personal

personal experience in Mysore, but the length of line of prairie fires must depend upon the conditions of localities. When the ground is intersected by nullahs, ravines, or small streams, the line of fire would be much restricted; but upon the vast level and unbroken plains in many portions of Africa, the advancing front of flame will frequently exceed five or six miles in length. Nevertheless, the wild animals escape destruction, as Mr. Sanderson is quite right in describing their retreat towards the flanks of the line, and not directly before the fire. It must not be forgotten that the animals have received annual experience of jungle fires from the time of their birth, therefore they are well acquainted with the tactics of retreat.

The large game of Mysore consists of the elephant, bison or gaur, sambur deer, spotted deer, tiger, panther, leopard, bear, Indian antelope, wild hog, and a variety of smaller animals such as wolves, jackals, &c. &c. A long and tempting list of winged game is given; the rhinoceros, wild buffalo, Neelgai and ibex do not exist in Mysore.

Very large fish are caught in the rivers and artificial lakes or tanks.

‘There is now in the Museum at Bangalore the head and skin of a fish, a species of carp or mahseer, caught by me in 1871 in the Lutchmenteert, which measured 60 inches in length, and 38 inches in girth. I was unfortunately unable to weigh this fish, but I estimated it by rough tests at not less than 100 lbs. I have seen much larger fish, without doubt upwards of 150 lbs., caught by natives, chiefly by netting during the months when the rivers are low.’

The crocodile seems to belong to an inferior family, and to differ from those of other countries in possessing a harmless character.

An interesting but painful description is given of the vestiges of former prosperity which are to be met with in the jungles of Mysore. Old irrigation works, dams of squared granite blocks, the ruins of temples, monuments and sculptures, ‘mark the material prosperity of the country ages ago.’ In fact, the forests of Mysore appear to be much in the same position as those in Ceylon—merely an overgrowth of jungle upon a surface which in former ages was thickly populated, and in the highest state of cultivation. Some of the author’s descriptions suggest a very intimate acquaintance with the ‘Rifle and Hound in Ceylon,’ more especially the retrospect of ancient glories on page 15.

In the fourth chapter we come to the prime object of the book, ‘elephant-catching.’ Mr. Sanderson took up his quarters

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at a locality named Morlay, in the south-eastern corner of Mysore, near the foot of the Billiga-rungun hills, where elephants abounded; he writes:—

‘Morlay is a charming place. The views of the Billiga-rungun hills, and the more distant Neilgherries, the splendid sheets of water close at hand and the stretches of green rice-fields which they nourish, the groves of date-trees and cocoa-nut gardens fringing the borders of artificial lakes for irrigation, are very beautiful. Such a place as Morlay for sport surely never existed, at least for diversity of game.’

This sounds very attractive, and such a description might occasion a sudden exodus of the sporting world from England, were it not followed by an ominous contrast.

‘Morlay is not, however, a very healthy place, and my people and myself have all suffered severely from fever at various times. . . . During our second year at Morlay we lost at the rate of two hundred per *mille* per annum amongst servants, &c., which is I believe about five times the death-rate of the most unhealthy towns in England.’

The author closes this account of the sanitary conditions of Morlay with the alarming announcement, ‘I am now the last, as I was the first European here.’ There was no jostling for precedence in that hunter’s Paradise, and Mr. Sanderson had every opportunity for carrying out his enterprise. His first endeavour was to make friends with the natives; this necessary preliminary step was rendered easy by his isolated position as sole European. Having carefully studied their customs, he quickly obtained their confidence, and by a judicious management he recruited valuable allies, and formed an organised body of hunters. The following description will explain the natural aptitude for the profession which belonged to the natives:—

‘Living on the borders of the jungle amongst the game, the Morlayites have for generations applied themselves to hunting. They have no guns, only spears and nets. They have strict caste rules on the subject, and maintain excellent discipline in their hunts. Each house has to supply a net and spear when big game is followed, and a net and cudgel for hare-hunting. Their nets are of two kinds—the first for tigers, bears, deer, &c.; and the second for small game. They are both made of home-grown hemp (*jute*, *Crotalaria juncea*), and are manufactured by themselves. The large nets are made of rope as thick as a finger, and are 40 feet long and 12 deep, with a mesh large enough to admit a man’s head. The small-game nets are of twine, and are 180 feet long, and 4 deep, with a mesh to admit a small fist.

‘With fifty to a hundred of these nets, large or small, a considerable extent of country can be enclosed. Whether deer or pig, with large nets, or hares, mouse-deer, or porcupines, with small nets,  
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are hunted, the plan pursued is to support the nets on upright light props across the line of country which the game when driven is expected to take; a man is posted in ambush here and there behind the line of nets, and the remainder drive the jungle. The animals generally gallop into the nets, their heads become entangled in the meshes, the net falls and envelopes them, and they are speared while struggling. Powerful animals, as sambur deer, large boars, &c., often tear through the nets; and tigers and bears occasionally bite the rope. When much hunted, beasts grow cunning, and frequently break back; or when one knocks the net down, the others make for the gap and escape at that point.'

This system of net-hunting and spearing of wild animals is probably one of the oldest methods of the chase, as it is met with in the most savage countries. Among the tribes of Central Africa the organisation of the net-hunt is very extraordinary, as it is conducted upon a scale far more extensive than that described by Mr. Sanderson, but the principle is exactly the same; and, curiously, the same custom prevails, 'that every house must furnish a net of given dimensions.' In Africa the net is twelve paces long—about 36 feet. The author alludes to the 'strict caste rules of the hunts.' It is a common argument among those who advocate the abolition of game laws in England, 'that wild animals are the free property of man;' but nothing can be more erroneous than such a theory. One of the first laws in a primitive community, which mainly exists upon the proceeds of the chase, is to protect the rights of individual hunters; thus we find, that among the most savage tribes there are certain hunting grounds, which, although apparently a wilderness, are nevertheless held by the rights of acknowledged proprietors; and every public hunt is conducted according to rules of the native society.

The chief industry of Morlay is salt-manufacture, and the people who are engaged in this pursuit are termed Oopligas: these may be said to represent the chief portion of the population; they are a simple tribe, and are never intoxicated with fermented drinks, thus there is but little crime. They are generally poor; but as their wants are few, which is exemplified by their scanty clothing, riches would be of little use to them. Some of their domestic laws might perhaps be interesting to Lord Penzance, and might lead to modifications in our Divorce Court.

'Infidelity among their women is common enough, but their rules and ideas on this subject are very moderate, and a husband who feels himself aggrieved, instead of flying into a temper, addresses himself to the head-man, a *punchayet* or council is convened, and the defendant

is probably fined a few rupees. At the same time a check is placed on husbands having recourse to too much litigation by fining them occasionally for having adulterous wives!

'If a woman does not like her husband, and any other man, married or otherwise, fancies her, she may go with him if he pays her husband Rs. 45, which is the fixed capitalised value of the marriage expenses. If a woman's husband cannot support her, she may find some one else who can.'

These simple and primitive people were the material which Mr. Sanderson had to organise into a band of disciplined elephant-catchers.

'They soon began to pride themselves on belonging to the Keddah service, and it is now amusing to hear them abusing and ordering their fellow-villagers at work or in sport; they regard their untrained brethren as a very degenerate lot.

'Five of the best men were appointed as elephant-trackers, their duty being to find out their whereabouts, and generally to keep me informed of all jungle occurrences. In elephant or other hunting these scouts are my right-hand men. They have the most dangerous duties to perform. More plucky and reliable men I never had, and their knowledge of the habits of all animals is only equalled by their skill in following them.'

Mr. Sanderson had a wide field before him at Morlay.

'There was formerly a good deal of cultivation under the Hongle-waddy channel at several points between its course and the lake, but almost the whole of this has been gradually abandoned, owing to the depredations of elephants and tigers. Up to the time of my settling at Morlay, it was no uncommon occasion for a tiger to rush out and kill one or both the bullocks in a plough, if the driver left them for a moment.'

His task was to kill the tigers, and to reform the elephants by capture and education. The necessary devotions and sacrifices were made by the priests and people, and thus secured from the dangers of wild animals, the band of hunters was ready to accompany their European master. The worship of an evil spirit may be accepted as the first instinct of adoration in the uneducated human mind, and we find among all primitive tribes that the religion consists in the propitiation of some god, whether idol or ideal, which is feared. This is well exemplified in the simple description given by Mr. Sanderson of the sacred shrine.

'Three miles from Morlay, situated in a beautiful glade on the banks of the Honhollay River, surrounded by pine-trees and jungle, is Koombappen Goody, or the temple of Koombappah, the shrine whither the Morlayites and other adjacent villagers repair at certain

times to pay their devotions. The temple is 16 feet long, 8 broad, and 9 high; it has a flat roof, and is composed throughout of large dressed slabs. It was built in old days, probably when an adjacent village, the site of which is now marked by ancient trees and stones, flourished. Worship has been kept up, although the village has ceased to exist. . . . Koombappah is regarded as an evil god who must be propitiated. The priest often told me he was "a very bad god indeed," and if his poojah were not conducted properly, it would be a poor look-out for himself.

Chapter VI. is devoted to a description of the Asiatic elephant, and is of such interest, that copious extracts will be readily welcomed, as Mr. Sanderson must be accepted as a thoroughly practical authority. After describing the chief localities in which he gained his experience, he continues—

'Herds of elephants usually consist of from thirty to fifty individuals, but much larger numbers, even one hundred, are by no means uncommon. When large herds are in localities where fodder is not very plentiful, they divide into parties of from ten to twenty; these remain separate, though within two or three miles of each other. But they all take part in any common movement, such as a march into another tract of forest. The different parties keep themselves informed at all times of each other's whereabouts, chiefly by their fine sense of smell. I have observed that tame elephants can wind wild ones at a distance of three miles when the wind is favourable. Each herd of elephants is a family in which the animals are nearly allied to each other. Though the different herds do not intermix, escaped tame female elephants, or young males, appear to find no difficulty in obtaining admittance to herds.

'In a herd of elephants the females with their calves form the advanced-guard, whilst the tuskers follow leisurely behind, as the unencumbered tuskers have no one to see to but themselves. I have never known a case of a tusker undertaking to cover the retreat of a herd. A herd is invariably led by a female—never a male—and the females, with young ones, are at all times dangerous if intruded upon. The necessity for the convenience of the mothers of the herd regulating its movement is evident, as they must accommodate the length and time of their marches, and the localities in which they rest or feed at different hours, to the requirements of their young ones; consequently the guidance of a tusker would not suit them.

'Elephants make use of a great variety of sounds in communicating with each other, and in expressing their wants and feelings. Some are uttered by the trunk—some by the throat. The conjunctures in which either means of expression is employed cannot be strictly classified, as fear, pleasure, want, and other emotions are sometimes indicated by the trunk, sometimes by the throat. An elephant rushing upon an assailant trumpets shrilly with fury; but if enraged by wounds or other causes, and brooding by itself, it expresses its

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anger by a continued hoarse grumbling from the throat. Fear is similarly expressed by a shrill, brassy trumpet, or by a roar from the lungs. Pleasure by a continued low squeaking through the trunk, or an almost inaudible purring sound from the throat. Want—as a calf calling its mother—is chiefly expressed by the throat. A peculiar sound is made use of by elephants to express dislike or apprehension, and at the same time to intimidate, as when the cause of alarm has not been clearly ascertained, and the animals wish to deter an intruder. It is produced by rapping the end of the trunk smartly on the ground, a current of air, hitherto retained, being sharply emitted through the trunk, as from a valve, at the moment of impact. The sound made resembles that of a large sheet of tin rapidly doubled.

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 'Whilst in open country the herds move about a good deal during the day in cloudy, showery weather. On very stormy and inclement days they keep to bamboo cover, which is close and warm. During breaks when the sun shines for a few hours, they come out eagerly to warm their huge bodies. They are then fond of standing on the sheet-rock so common in the Mysore country about hill ranges. The young calves and staid mothers, in small groups, half dozing as they bask, form tranquil family pictures at such times. Elephants are partial to rocky places at all seasons.

'Whilst marching from one tract of forest to another, elephants travel in strict Indian file. They seldom stay more than one or two days at the same halting-place, as the fodder becomes exhausted. They rest during the middle hours of the night, as well as during the day. Some lie down, and they usually dispose themselves in small, distinct squads of animals which seem to have an affection for each other. (Tame elephants frequently display a particular liking for one or other of their fellows.) About three o'clock they rise to feed or march, and by ten o'clock in the day they are again collected, and rest till afternoon; at eleven at night they again rest. In showery, cool weather elephants are frequently on the move all day long.

'When a calf is born, the herd remains with its mother two days; the calf is then capable of marching. Even at this tender age calves are no encumbrance to the herd's movements; the youngest climb hills and cross rivers, assisted by their dams. In swimming, very young calves are supported by their mothers' trunks, and held in front of them. When they are a few months old they scramble on to their mothers' shoulders, helping themselves by holding on with their legs, or they swim alone. Young calves sent across rivers in charge of our tame elephants often did this, though they could swim by themselves if necessary.

'Full-grown elephants swim perhaps better than any other land animals. A batch of seventy-nine that I despatched from Dacca to Barrackpur, near Calcutta, in November 1875, had the Ganges and several of its large tidal branches to cross. In the longest swim they

were six hours without touching the bottom; after a rest on a sand-bank they completed the swim in three more; not one was lost. I have heard of more remarkable swims than this.

This power of swimming which is possessed by the elephant will be new to many of Mr. Sanderson's readers, and is a fact not generally known to students of natural history. The carcase of an elephant is exceedingly buoyant, and will float immediately should the animal be shot in a deep river. The power of flotation must necessarily depend upon the quantity and quality of food contained in the stomach and intestines; but when the immense capacity of these is taken into consideration, and the light quality of the food, which, consisting of leaves and herbage coarsely masticated, is most loosely packed, it may readily be imagined that the body of an elephant is distended to a degree that offers a small displacement in proportion to its actual size. The head of a dead elephant sinks deep, but the convex surface of the flank generally appears about eighteen inches above water. The body of a hippopotamus, on the contrary, sinks to the bottom immediately when killed, and does not reappear upon the surface for an interval of an hour-and-a-half or two hours, according to the depth and temperature of the water.

In Mr. Sanderson's varied experience, an incident is described at page 172 which is quite inexplicable, as it contradicts the facts already established of the elephant's power of flotation, and its dexterity as a swimmer. The author, who was an eye-witness of the events, confesses his perplexity. A recently captured tusker, worth 600*l.* to the Government, was lashed between two tame and well-trained females, valued at 300*l.* each, who were swimming down a river, guided by the mahouts upon their necks. Suddenly the tusker sank, and before the mahouts could cut the cords to release the females, they were dragged beneath and drowned. 'Their mahouts sat down and cried like children over the faithful beasts they had tended for years.' In due time the bodies floated, but no cause could be assigned for the accident. It is quite possible that the ropes may have caught either a snag of timber or the point of a submerged rock, in which case the current would probably have borne down the elephants, and the subsequent distension and floating of the bodies may have released the rope.

'Much misconception exists on the subject of rogue or solitary elephants. The usually accepted belief that these elephants are turned out of the herds by their companions or rivals is not correct. Most of the so-called solitary elephants are the lords of some herds near. They leave their companions at times to roam by themselves,

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usually to visit cultivation or open country, whither less bold animals and the females encumbered with calves hesitate to follow. Sometimes, again, they make the expedition merely for the sake of solitude. They, however, keep more or less to the jungle where the herd is, and follow its movements. . . . Single male elephants spend their nights and sometimes days in predatory excursions into rice and other fields in the immediate vicinity of villages. They become disabused of many of the terrors which render ordinary elephants timid and needlessly cautious. These elephants are by no means always evil disposed. A solitary elephant I knew intimately at Morlay was a most inoffensive animal, and, although bold in his wanderings, never injured any one. Some male elephants, however, as much wandering herd tuskers as really solitary animals, are dangerous when suddenly come upon, but rarely wantonly malicious.'

The arguments respecting "rogue," or vicious solitary male elephants, have always remained a vexed question. Although Mr. Sanderson may be perfectly right according to his experience, there can be no doubt that the character of elephants must vary according to the conditions of the localities they inhabit. In the vicinity of well-populated villages, where extensive rice-grounds or other alluring crops are present, the solitary males will become accustomed to the futile attempts to scare them, should the natives be unprovided with fire-arms. In such positions the animals will quickly discover their own superiority, and when they have once proved their power by chasing a runaway native instead of being themselves hunted, they will lose respect for man, and become the terror of the neighbourhood. Although there can be no contradiction to the assertion 'that male-elephants are in the habit of waiting in the immediate vicinity of the herds, but occasionally wander as solitary animals for a short season,' there is the unquestionable fact, that in Ceylon certain localities have been infested for years by particular vicious solitary elephants, which are termed 'rogues.' The tank districts, where ancient artificial lakes of large extent still remain as vestiges of former irrigation works, are spots where rogue-elephants used to abound, and every individual animal was thoroughly known to the natives as a permanent nuisance in the locality. They were always there, although they were brought into more prominent notice during the dry season when the tanks were shrunk to the smallest dimensions, and became mere ponds in the centre of extensive plains. At such times the elephants are obliged to leave the jungles to drink and wallow in the pools; and the rice-crops in the absence of other vegetation become an additional attraction. Many of this class of elephants were exceedingly fierce, and at the same time wary and destructive; these were the true 'rogues.'

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The Ceylon Government offered a reward for the destruction of elephants generally, and it is much to be regretted that they were destroyed instead of being captured. The excuse for a slaughter by sportsmen, which would otherwise have been wanton, was the fact of Government encouragement, and every elephant hunter considered that he was effecting a public benefit. Mr. Sanderson mentions an exception to his theory which came under his own observation.

‘I have only known one instance of two full-grown male elephants, unconnected with herds, constantly associating together. These were a tusker and muckna (tuskless male) in the Kitankoté forests. They were inseparable companions in their night wanderings, but always remained a mile or two apart during the day. I knew the pair well in 1870-72; in the latter year I shot the tusker, as he had become dangerous, and had been proscribed by Government for killing people.’

The writer of this article has known many instances of two vicious males consorting together, and very numerous cases of purely rogue elephants which the natives solicited him to destroy.

Mr. Sanderson has one great superiority over the generality of sportsmen; he is averse to guess-work, and is most particular in his actual measurements of animals; thus the student of natural history may depend upon his heights of elephants, and his lengths of tigers, as facts. It is exceedingly difficult for a novice to guess the height of an elephant at the shoulder, and an absurd amount of exaggeration has been published upon this subject, although there can be no difficulty in ascertaining the truth. The Indian elephant is smaller than the African species, a female of the latter being about equal in shoulder-height to a male of the former. The African elephant now at the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens measures 10 feet 4 inches perpendicular height from the ground to that part of the shoulder which corresponds to the withers of a horse.

‘There is little doubt that there is not an elephant 10 feet at the shoulder in India. . . . Out of some hundred of tame and newly-caught elephants which I have seen in the South of India and in Bengal, also from Burmah and different parts of India, and of which I have carefully measured all the largest individuals, I have not seen one 10 feet in vertical height at the shoulder. The largest was an elephant in the Madras Commissariat stud at Hoonsoor, which measured 9 feet 10 inches. The next largest are two tuskers belonging to His Highness the Mahárajah of Mysore, each 9 feet 8 inches, captured in Mysore some forty years ago, and still alive.

‘Of females, the largest I have measured—two leggy animals in  
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the stud at Dacca—were respectively 8 feet 5 inches and 8 feet 3 inches. As illustrating how exceptional this height is in females, I may say that out of 140 elephants captured by me in keddahs in Mysore and Bengal, in 1874 and 1876, the tallest females were just 8 feet. The above are vertical measurements at the shoulder.'

Those in England who may interest themselves upon this subject will at once compare the height of the African male at the Zoological Gardens with that of the Indian males which Mr. Sanderson has quoted. He gives the height of the largest males he has seen as from 9 feet 6 inches to the maximum 9 feet 10 inches. Thus the Goliath of Indian elephants is six inches lower at the shoulder than the African specimen in England; and it must be remembered that the latter has been reared in captivity from a small creature of about two years old, and is by no means a fine example of its species. The average height of Indian males may be accepted as 9 feet, and the females as below 8 feet.

The longevity of the elephant is undetermined, and can hardly be arrived at by experience with domesticated animals. These are subjected to labour and exposure to the sun, which in a wild state would be avoided, and they miss both the desired quality and quantity of food, in addition to their natural hours of rest. But, when we reflect upon the special arrangement which Nature has supplied for the reproduction of the grinding tooth by the secretion of dental matter, and the advance of laminae that adhere in plates, and actually replenish the molar, we must admit that such an extraordinary provision would suggest a necessity occasioned by extreme longevity, during which ordinary teeth would not support the work required.

The native mahouts informed the author that 120 years constituted the average life of an elephant; but he considers that in the wild state the animal lives to 150 years. This is of course a matter of mere conjecture; but upon reading Mr. Sanderson's account of the great mortality of tame elephants (ten per cent. per annum), we must assume that the lives of the survivors are considerably shortened by captivity.

In Ceylon the natives consider that the period of gestation in the elephant is about two years, but the experienced natives informed the author, that this depends upon the sex of the calf, the male requiring twenty-two months, and the female only eighteen. The average weight of a newly born calf is stated to be 200 lbs. They rarely breed in confinement, 'owing to the segregation of the sexes.'

Mr. Sanderson directs attention to—

'The extreme gentleness of elephants; the care they take never to  
push

push against, or step upon their attendants, doubtless arises from an instinctive feeling designed for the protection of their young, which a rough though unintentional push, or blow with the legs of such huge animals would at once kill. Amongst all created animals the elephant stands unrivalled in gentleness. The most intelligent horse cannot be depended upon not to tread on his master's toes, and if terrified makes no hesitation in dashing away, even should he upset any one in so doing. But elephants, even huge tusked whose heads are high in the air, and whose keepers are mere pigmies beside them, are so cautious, that accidents very seldom occur through carelessness on their part. In the keddahs, though elephants are excited by struggling, they never overlook the men on foot engaged in securing the captives; and though there would seem to be great danger in being amidst the forest of huge legs and bulky bodies of the tame elephants, they evince such wonderful instinct in avoiding injuring the men, that I have never seen an accident occur through them.

'When an alarm occurs in a herd, the young ones immediately vanish under their mothers, and are then seldom seen again. A herd containing a large number of calves would be supposed under the circumstances by the uninitiated to consist entirely of full-grown elephants. The mothers help their offspring up steep places with a push behind, and manage to get them through or over every difficulty with great ingenuity.'

The extreme sagacity which has been universally attributed to the elephant receives a somewhat unpleasant negation from the experience of Mr. Sanderson. From his observation, it would appear that many of the acts of these tamed animals, which are considered by the looker-on to be spontaneous, are merely in obedience to the whispered mandates of the driver.

'The opinion is generally held by those who have had the best opportunities of observing the elephant, that the popular estimate of its intelligence is a greatly exaggerated one; and that instead of being the exceptionally wise animal it is believed to be, its sagacity is of a very medium description. Of the truth of this opinion no one who has lived among elephants can entertain any doubt. It is a significant fact that the natives of India never speak of the elephant as a peculiarly intelligent animal; and it does not figure in their ancient literature for its wisdom, as do the fox, the crow, and the monkey. . . . One of the strangest features in the domesticated elephant's character is its obedience. It may also be readily taught, as it has a large share of the ordinary cultivable intelligence common in a greater or less degree to all animals. But its reasoning faculties are undoubtedly far below those of the dog, and possibly of other animals; and in matters beyond the range of its daily experience it evinces no special discernment. Whilst quick at comprehending anything sought to be taught to it, the elephant is decidedly wanting in originality.'

An interesting discussion might be raised upon this theory.  
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There can be no doubt that the tales generally accepted of the extraordinary sagacity of elephants are frequently exaggerated; but, on the other hand, the facts which Mr. Sanderson admits, that 'it may also be readily taught,' and that it possesses 'a large share of the ordinary cultivable intelligence,' are sufficient to prove a special mental power of adaptation to the uses required from the animal when employed by man. The unfavourable comparison with the dog is hardly fair to the elephant. It must be remembered that the domestic dog of Europe is the progeny of a race which has always been domesticated, therefore the animal has inherited the abilities which have been cultivated in its ancestors, and it has never suffered the disadvantage of a relapse into the wild state. We never hear of extraordinary sagacity in wild dogs, neither have we satisfactory experience of the qualifications of such animals as may have been caught and tamed. The wild dog is generally a vicious and intractable animal; while the wild elephant when captured at *any age* is easily tamed, and can be educated to serve the purposes of man. In Eastern countries the dog is not regarded with the esteem that is bestowed upon our European companion: 'Is thy a servant a dog that he should do this?' would not denote that the animal held a place of honour in the creation.

Mr. Sanderson differs from the views of Sir Emerson Tennent in many points; but the author of the 'Wild Elephant' had the disadvantage of not being a hunter. Thus Sir Emerson Tennent, having witnessed the operations of the tame elephants at a kraal, or elephant-catching scene in Ceylon, attributed the clever movements of the animals to their natural sagacity; little knowing that every act was in obedience to the orders received from their drivers. Mr. Sanderson thus explains the mysteries of elephantine sagacity:—

'I have seen the cream of trained elephants at work at the catching-establishments in Mysore and Bengal; I have managed them myself under all circumstances; and I can say that I have never seen one show any aptitude in dealing, undirected, with an unforeseen emergency. I have a young riding-elephant at present, Soondargowry, often my only shooting companion, which kneels, trumpets, hands up anything from the ground; raises her trunk to break a branch, or passes under one in silence; stops, backs, and does other things at understood hints as I sit on her pad: but no uninitiated looker-on would perceive that any intimation of what is required passes between us.

'The elephant's chief good qualities are obedience, gentleness and patience. In none of these is he excelled by any domestic animal; and under circumstances of the greatest discomfort, such as exposure to the sun, painful surgical operations, &c., he seldom evinces any  
irritation.

irritation. . . . The elephant is excessively timid both in its wild and domestic state, and its fears are easily excited by anything strange.'

The writer of this article has had frequent experience of this timidity among tame elephants. A clever female was employed in a Ceylon forest to push down large trees when only cut half-through, in order to spare the labour of the axe-men. On one occasion a squall of wind suddenly broke a neighbouring tree, which fell upon the elephant's back; she was never to be trusted afterwards, as she would immediately rush off through the forest if she heard the slightest crack during the operations of felling. Another large elephant was capsized with a vessel, and landed upon the island of Manaar, together with her Moormen owners. She could never be induced to enter another ship, and for a short time she was exceedingly profitable to her proprietors, who sold her repeatedly to strangers upon their arrival. As the purchasers could never persuade the elephant to leave the island, they were glad to return her to the Moormen at half-price. After a few sales and fruitless endeavours to embark the purchase for the mainland, her character became widely known.

It would be impossible in a review to follow Mr. Sanderson through his exhaustive and interesting accounts of elephants; he affords his readers the fullest description, not only of their habits both in a wild and domesticated state, but he gives photographs of the principal classes, of the high caste 'Koomeriah,' and the long-legged, active, and often vicious caste the 'Meerga,' which will recall to Ceylon sportsmen the picture of a 'rogue.'

The amount of fodder required by an elephant is much greater than is usually supposed. The Government allowance in Bengal and Madras for an elephant of full size is as follows:—

*Bengal.*

	lbs.
Green fodder, viz. grasses, branches of trees, sugar-cane, &c.	400
Or, in lieu of the above, dry fodder, stalks of grain, &c. ..	240

*Madras.*

	lbs.
Green fodder .. .. .	250
Or, dry fodder .. .. .	125

It would be interesting to inquire into the condition and the mortality of the Madras animals, as, according to this account they must be half-starved.

'But the amount of suitable green fodder which a full-grown elephant

elephant will consume in eighteen hours I have found, by numerous experiments, to be much greater than this; *i.e.* between 600 and 700 lbs. This is what a beast of average appetite will actually eat, excluding what is thrown aside; and I have seen a large tusker eat 800 lbs., or 57 stone, in eighteen hours.

'Eight hundred lbs. may be looked upon as the minimum weight of good fodder that should be placed before full-sized elephants per diem. This amount only allows a margin of 150 lbs. for waste, so the fodder must be good. A good elephant-load of fodder weighs 800 lbs., so as much as an elephant can bring in may be looked upon as necessary for his requirements.'

This information will prove that elephants are not adapted for military service in countries where fodder is not abundant, as the animal digests daily more than half the weight of the load which he should transport.

In Bengal the wages of the attendants and the total cost of food and sundries for an elephant amount to twenty-four rupees monthly. In Madras the expense is exactly double, which may account for the reduced rations of the animals, and, we may conclude, their inferior condition.

Mr. Sanderson's first effort in elephant-catching was a failure, owing to the over-excitement of his inexperienced followers. Elephants are exceedingly afraid of an open trench, which suggests to their minds a trap or pit-fall; it is, therefore, an easy matter to guide the movements of a wild herd into the desired enclosure, by having previously excavated a ditch in the right direction. The author, who was provided with a large force, employed 800 men to dig a trench 8 feet deep,—and 8 feet wide at the surface, the bottom being 6 feet. The trench was arranged in the required lines to intercept the elephants from crossing a small river at a ford, which was annually used by the herds upon their periodical visit to the locality. A similar ditch then directed the animals into a thick jungle, which was their habitual resort; in the midst of this dense thicket a space had been enclosed with strong palisades, protected from the inside by a ditch, in order to diminish the power of an elephant's attack, should it attempt to force the barrier. This enclosure or pound was the terminus of the guiding trenches, which led to an entrance sufficiently large to admit a single elephant. Above this was suspended a powerful gate, which would be dropped like a portcullis upon the entry of the rearmost animal, by the simple act of cutting the rope upon which it hung.

A month had been occupied in these arrangements, and upon the second attempt Mr. Sanderson was rewarded by the capture  
of



of fifty-three elephants. The vivid description given in his book will well repay the reader, although too long for present insertion.

The greatest interest lies in the individual custody of the huge prisoners within the kraal or keddah. Every elephant within this enclosure had to be separately secured with ropes, and this could only be effected through the assistance of the trained animals.

'On the day after the drive we commenced the work of securing the wild ones. Out of seventeen tame elephants belonging to the Maharájah and Commissariat department which I had in camp, ten of the most steady and courageous males and females were told off for work in the enclosure, and the rest to bring fodder for the captives. Water was supplied to them through bamboos across the trench, emptying into an improvised trough. As none of the mahouts had seen elephants caught before, except single ones, they were rather nervous about entering with but ten among so many wild ones. P—— rode one pad elephant in advance, and I another, to encourage the men. The wild ones all mobbed together when we entered, and showed great interest in our elephants. After some little time we separated a few from the herd, and a mahout slipped off under cover of our tame elephants, and secured a noose round a young tusker's hind-leg. The tame elephants then dragged and pushed him backwards nearly to the gate of the keddah, where we secured him between two trees. We afterwards found, however, that it was much easier to hobble each elephant's hind-legs, and then to let it fatigue itself by dragging them after it for some time before we finally secured it, than to proceed as we did at first. In ten days we secured all the elephants. Calves were allowed to go loose with their mothers. The captives were led out of the enclosure by our elephants as fast as they were secured, across the river, and were picketed in the forest. Water-troughs were made for them of hollowed lengths of date-trees. These were pushed within their reach by a bamboo, and withdrawn by a rope to be again filled. Two men were appointed to each large elephant, and one to each small one. They made themselves shelters of boughs and mats, just beyond reach of their charges, and by constantly moving about them, singing to and feeding them, many could handle their elephants in a few days. Their elephants at first kicked or rushed at their captors (they very seldom struck with their trunks); but as soon as they found nothing was done to hurt them they gained confidence, and their natural timidity then made them submit without further resistance. There was a great variety of temperament observable amongst them. The small elephants, about a third grown (particularly females), gave the most trouble. The head jemadár ascribed it to their sex and time of life. "Wasn't it so with human beings?" he said. "How troublesome women were compared to men, who were always quiet!" He was a Mussulmán and had several ladies in his establishment; so, as I was an inexperienced bachelor, I

did

did not presume to question his dictum. One young elephant lost the sole of one foot with three toes attached, after it had become loosened from her violence in continually kicking up the ground, and died soon afterwards. A mahout and I mounted a full-grown female on the sixth day after she was removed from the enclosure, without the presence of a tame elephant, which shows how soon elephants may be subjugated by kind treatment.'

Mr. Sanderson describes an unexpected peculiarity in the wild elephant, 'that it seldom or never will attack a person who may approach it upon a tame elephant.' He met with one exception, which nearly proved fatal to himself, but, as a rule, the wild animal seems to be completely puzzled by the strange appearance of one of its own species mounted by a human being. The males with large tusks are generally respected by other members of the herd, from their formidable powers of attack; and the author gives a vivid description of a struggle between one of the trained elephants and a refractory tusker in the enclosure, which ended in the defeat and capture of the untrained animal.

The camping of a herd of elephants after they have been led out of the enclosure or trap, and are individually committed to the charge of their native attendants to be educated, is a sight of extreme interest. Mr. Sanderson's first capture realised a sum of 3754*l.*, 'which, after deducting 1556*l.*, the total expenditure from the commencement of operations in 1873, left a surplus to Government of 2198*l.*'

The lately wild females, which are hobbled and secured by the leg to trees in the open forest that forms the encampment after capture, are sometimes the innocent cause of ruin to the independence of wild males, who, in their nocturnal rambles, are allured by the scent of the scattered prisoners. The author gives an exciting account of the capture of an elephantine lover.

'I was just getting up at dawn one morning, when a mahout rushed into my tent, saying, "Wild elephant! wild elephant!" and away he went again. The word he used for elephant might mean one or any number; and imagining a herd must have come, and was threatening interference with our captives, I ran down to the elephant-lines just as I was, in my flannel sleeping-suit. I found the men unshackling three of our best females, and seizing spare ropes; they now told me that a single male elephant was amongst the new ones picketed across the river. I jumped on to Dowlutpeary, behind the mahout. We only had girth-ropes on her, no pads, and not even dark-coloured blankets to cover ourselves. Crossing the river, we saw some mahouts in a tree, who pointed to the jungle on the left, where we found the elephant, a fine tusker, but with the right-hand tusk missing. He was a young elephant, and would be a prize indeed. We all lay flat on

on our elephants' necks. Presently the tusker approached us, and my elephant's mahout turned Dowlutpeary round, with her stern towards him, that he might be less likely to see us. He put his trunk along her back, almost to where I sat. I took the goad from the mahout, so as to job his trunk if he came too near me, but he seemed satisfied. Bheemruttee and Pounpeary, the other two elephants, now made advances to him, under the direction of their mahouts, and he soon resigned himself unsuspiciously to our company.

'He now led us through the lines, interviewing several of the captured elephants, whose position he did not seem to be able to understand, and then retired to a shady tree, as the sun had risen. I signed to the hiding mahouts to get the other tame elephants quietly across the river, but to keep them out of sight; and as soon as the elephant stood perfectly still, my mahout and Bheemruttee's slipped off, whilst Pounpeary's rider and I kept the three elephants close against the wild one, to prevent his seeing the men. They had been at work tying his hind-legs for a considerable time, when he attempted to move, and found himself hobbled! The critical knot had just been tied, when he shifted his position! He was on the alert in an instant. Our elephants sheered off with great celerity, as he might have prodded them with his sharp tusk. The mahouts each threw a handful of dust in his face in derision before they retired, and now the fun began. Men came running from all directions with ropes, to the dismay of the tusker, who trumpeted shrilly and made off at an astonishing pace, scuffling along with his hind-legs, which were not very closely tied to each other, and which he could use to some extent. He rushed away through the low jungle, the whole of our elephants and men in hot pursuit. He was red with a peculiar earth with which he had been dusting himself, and formed a great contrast to the black tame elephants. Our tuskers were all slow, and we did not gain on the elephant for nearly half a mile. The men on foot were running in a crowd alongside him, to his intense terror. At last he turned into a thicket and halted, and we quickly surrounded him. Dowlutpeary and Bheemruttee again went in, and he was secured and marched back between four elephants in triumph. I sold him subsequently (for Government) for 175*l*.; had he had both tusks he would have brought double that sum.'

Mr. Sanderson remarks:—

'Nor are there any elephants which cannot be easily subjugated, whatever their size or age. The largest elephants are frequently the most easily tamed, as they are less apprehensive than younger ones.'

It is unnecessary to quote further from the author's most interesting accounts of the wild and tame elephants; the extracts that have been made will fully illustrate the character of his work. His useful occupation of capturing and training wild elephants for the Indian Government was varied by many exciting encounters with those vicious rogue elephants whose  
destruction

destruction was a boon to the villagers. All his stories are well told, and there is a vivacity in his descriptions, and a total absence of any attempt at fine writing which stamps all his pictures with the impression of truth.

The sportsman desirous of declaring war against heavy game will not neglect the practical advice given in Chapter XIV. upon the necessary battery, and the superiority of spherical bullets over conical projectiles for heavy rifles at short ranges as bone-smashers. Nothing can be better than the opinions expressed upon this all-important subject, upon which all theories have been completely exploded by undeniable experience. Drawings are given of the exact size of bullets, according to the calibre of various rifles. Diagrams are afforded of the elephant's skull, showing the true position of the brain, and the angles required to attain this mark according to the manner in which the head may be carried while in the act of charging. In fact, nothing is neglected in the shape of practical information in this most painstaking volume.

As Mr. Sanderson is particular in giving the actual measurements of all animals that he kills or captures, he is proportionately severe upon those writers who simply publish upon hearsay. There can be no question of the value of exactness, and all lovers of natural history should feel deeply indebted to any person who undertakes the personal trouble during the heat and fatigue of tropical hunting, of measuring and weighing the various animals.

The length and size of tigers have been carelessly stated by many authors, who would doubtless have shunned any wilful exaggeration. We frequently read of tigers that measured 12 feet from nose to tip of tail. Mr. Sanderson denies all such statements. He has had much experience, and his book relates his encounters with 'Maneaters' and others of the tribe; he has sought for testimony from hunters of high reputation, and he has never proved to his own satisfaction that any tiger of such enormous dimensions as 12 feet exists in India. He quotes a well-known authority, Dr. Jerdon's 'Mammals of India,' as thoroughly correct. He says: 'The average size of a full-grown male tiger is from 9 feet to 9½ feet, but I fancy there is very little doubt that *occasionally* tigers are killed 10 feet in length, and perhaps a few inches over that.'

'I know two noted Bengal sportsmen who can each count the tigers slain by them by hundreds, whose opinions entirely corroborate Jerdon. My own experience can only produce a tiger of 9 feet 6 inches, and a tigress of 8 feet 4 inches as my largest.

'I have only weighed one tiger, a very bulky well-fed male. He weighed

weighed by two different scales 349½ lbs., or 25 stone all but half a pound.'

In conclusion we can thoroughly recommend 'Thirteen Years with the Wild Beasts of India' as a sound and practical work, abounding in interest for all classes of readers. The illustrations are few, but superior to the average publications, and the pictures of the principal animals are from actual photographs of the living creatures. Mr. Sanderson has returned to his exciting profession in India; and the readers of his first book will look forward with pleasure to the publication of his future experiences with the 'Wild Beasts of India.'

ART. IV.—*Petrarch.* By Henry Reeve. Edinburgh and London, 1878.

THE true position of Petrarch in the history of modern culture has recently been better understood, owing to a renewed and careful examination of his Latin works in prose and verse. Not very long ago he lived upon the lips of all educated people as the lover of Laura, the poet of the 'Canzoniere,' the hermit of Vacluse, the founder of a school of sentimental sonneteers called Petrarchisti. This fame of Italy's first lyrist still belongs to Petrarch, and remains perhaps his highest title to immortality, seeing that the work of the artist outlives the memory of services rendered to civilization by the pioneer of learning. Yet we now know that Petrarch's poetry exhausted but a small portion of his intellectual energy, and was included in a vaster and far more universally important life-task. What he did for the modern world was not merely to bequeath to his Italian imitators masterpieces of lyrical art unrivalled for perfection of workmanship, but to open out for Europe a new sphere of mental activity. Petrarch is the founder of Humanism, the man of genius who, standing within the threshold of the middle ages, surveyed the kingdom of the modern spirit, and by his own inexhaustible industry in the field of study determined the future of the Renaissance. He not only divined but, so to speak, created an ideal of culture essentially different from that which satisfied the medieval world. By bringing the men of his own generation once more into sympathetic relation with antiquity, he gave a decisive impulse to that great European movement which restored freedom, self-consciousness, and the faculty of progress to the human intellect. To assert that without Petrarch this new direction could not have been taken by the nations at the close of the middle ages would be hazardous.

The

The warm reception which he met with in his lifetime and the extraordinary activity of his immediate successors prove that the age itself was ripe for a momentous change. Yet it is none the less certain that Petrarch did actually stamp his spirit on the time, and that the Renaissance continued to be what he first made it. He was in fact the Hero of the humanistic struggle; and so far-reaching were the interests controlled by him in this his world-historical capacity, that his achievement as an Italian lyricist seems by comparison insignificant.

It is Mr. Reeve's merit, while writing for the public rather than for scholars, to have kept this point of view before him. Petrarch, he says, 'foresaw in a large and liberal spirit a new phase of European culture, a revival of the studies and the arts which constitute the chief glory and dignity of man;' and there are some fine lines in his 'Africa,' in which he predicts the advancement of knowledge as he discerned it from afar:—

'To thee, perchance, if lengthened days are given,  
A better age shall mark the grace of Heaven;  
Not always shall this deadly sloth endure:  
Our sons shall live in days more bright and pure;  
Then with fresh shoots our Helicon shall glow;  
Then the fresh laurel spread its sacred bough;  
Then the high intellect and docile mind  
Shall renovate the studies of mankind,  
The love of beauty and the cause of truth  
From ancient sources draw eternal youth.'

With reference to Mr. Reeve's life of the poet-scholar it may be briefly said that none of the more interesting or important topics of Petrarch's biography have been omitted, and that the chief questions relating to his literary productions have been touched upon. The little book is clearly the product of long-continued studies and close familiarity with the subject; it is, moreover, marked by unvarying moderation and good taste. Those who have no leisure for studying the more comprehensive biographies of De Sade and Koerting, or for quarrying for themselves in the rich mine of Signor Fracassetti's edition of the poet's letters, will find it a serviceable guide. One general criticism must here be added. Mr. Reeve is not always particularly happy in the choice of his translations. He quotes, for example, not without approval, Macgregor's version of the Canzone to Rienzi, which renders the opening lines by this inconceivable clumsiness of phrase:—

'Spirit heroic! who with fire divine  
Kindlest those limbs, awhile which pilgrim hold  
On earth a Chieftain, gracious, wise, and bold.'



It might also be parenthetically questioned why he prefers to call the river Sorgues, which in Italian is Sorga, by its Latin name of Sorgia. But these are matters of detail. The book itself is sound. Taking this volume of 'Foreign Classics for English Readers' in our hand, we shall traverse a portion of the ground over which Mr. Reeve has passed, using such opportunities as offer themselves for expressing disagreement upon minor points with his conclusions.

The materials for a comprehensive life of Petrarch are afforded in rich abundance by his letters, collected by himself and prepared for publication under his own eye. Petrarch was an indefatigable epistolographer, carrying on a lively correspondence with his private friends, and also addressing the dignitaries of his age upon topics of public importance. Self-conscious and self-occupied, he loved to pour himself out on paper to a sympathetic audience, indulging his egotism in written monologues, and finding nothing that concerned himself too trivial for regard. His letters have, therefore, a first-rate biographical importance. They not only yield precise information concerning the chief affairs of his life; but they are also valuable for the illustration of his character, modes of feeling, and personal habits. The most interesting of the series is addressed to posterity, and is nothing less than the fragment of an autobiography begun in the poet's old age. Of this remarkable document Mr. Reeve has printed a translation into English. Next in importance to the letters rank the Epistles and Eclogues in Latin verse and the Italian poems; while apart from all other materials, as furnishing a full confession of Petrarch's passions, weaknesses, and impulses, stand the Dialogues upon the Contempt of the World. The preoccupation with self which led Petrarch to the production of so many autobiographical works, marks him out as a man of the modern rather than the medieval age. He was not content to remain the member of a class, or to conform his opinions to authorised standards, but strove at all costs to realise his own particular type. This impulse was not exactly egotism, nor yet vanity; though Petrarch had a good share of both qualities. It proceeded from a conviction that personality is infinitely precious as the central fact and force of human nature. The Machiavellian doctrine of self-conscious character and self-dependent *virtù*, so vitally important in the Renaissance, was anticipated by the poet-scholar of Vaucluse, who believed, moreover, that high conditions of culture can only be attained by the free evolution and interaction of self-developed intellects. Nature, besides, had formed him for introspection, gifting him with

with the sensibilities that distinguish men like Rousseau. Subjectivity was the main feature of his genius, as a poet, as an essayist, as a thinker, as a social being. By surrendering himself to this control, and by finding fit scope for this temperament, he emancipated himself from the conditions of the middle ages, which had kept men cooped in guilds, castes, cloisters. Determined to be the best that God had made him, to form himself according to his ideal of excellence, he divested his mind of superstition and pedantry, refused such offices of worldly importance as might have hampered him in his development, and sought his comrades among the great men of antiquity, who, like himself, had lived for the perfection of their own ideal.

After the materials afforded to the biographer by Petrarch's own works, may be placed, but at a vast distance below them, the documents furnished by the Abbé de Sade in his bulky *Life*. These chiefly concern Laura, and go to prove that she was a lady of noble birth, married to Hugh de Sade, and the mother of eleven children. It would hardly be necessary to refer to these papers, unless Mr. Reeve had expressed a too unqualified reliance on their authority. He says (p. 33) 'These facts are attested beyond all doubt by documents in the archives of the De Sade family.' Yet it is still an open question, in the absence of the deeds which the Abbé professed to have copied and printed, whether he was not either the fabricator of a historical romance very flattering to his family vanity, or else the dupe of some earlier impostor. It is true that he submitted the supposed originals to certain burghers of Avignon, who pronounced them genuine; but we may remember with what avidity Barrett and Burgon of Bristol swallowed Chatterton's forgeries about the same period: nor, even were we convinced of the Abbé's trustworthiness, is there much beyond an old tradition at Avignon to justify the identification of Petrarch's Laura with his *Laure de Sade*. Mr. Reeve is therefore hardly warranted in asserting that it is 'useless to follow the speculations which have been published as to the person of Laura, and, indeed, as to her existence.'

Petrarch was born at the moment when the old order of medievalism had begun to break up in Italy, but not before the main ideas of that age had been expressed in an epic which remains one of the three or four monumental poems of the world. Between the date 1302, when Dante and Petrarch's father were exiled on one day from Florence, and when Petrarch himself was born at Arezzo, and the year 1321, when Dante died, and when the younger poet was prosecuting his early

studies in Montpellier, the Divine Comedy had been composed, and the mighty age of which it was the final product had already passed away. The Papacy had been transferred from Rome to Avignon. The Emperors had proved their inability to settle the Italian question. Italy herself, exhausted by the conflicts which succeeded to the first strong growth of freedom in her communes, had become a prey to factions. The age of the despots had begun. A new race was being formed, in whom the primitive Italian virtues of warlike independence, of profound religious feeling, and of vigorous patriotism were destined to yield to the languor of indifference beneath a tyrant's sceptre, to half-humorous cynicism, and to egotistic party strife. At the same time a new ideal was arising for the nation, an ideal of art and culture, an enthusiasm for beauty, and a passion for the ancient world. The Italians, deprived of their liberty, thwarted in their development as a nation, and depraved by the easy-going immorality of their rich *bourgeoisie*, intent on only money-getting and enjoyment, were at this momentous crisis of their fortunes on the point of giving to the modern world what now is known as Humanism, and had already entered on that career of Art which was so fruitful of masterpieces in Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. The allegories, visions, ecstasies, legends, myths, and mysteries of the middle ages had lost their primitive vitality. If handled at all by poets or prose-writers, they had become fanciful or frigid forms of literature, at one time borrowing the colours of secular romance, at another sinking into the rigidity of ossified conventionality. Wearied with the effort of the past, but still young, and with a language as yet but in its infancy, the Italians sought a new and different source of intellectual vitality. They found this in the Roman classics, to whom, as to their own authentic ancestors, they turned with the enthusiasm of discoverers, the piety of neophytes.

For Dante the Middle Age still lived, and its stern spirit, ere it passed away, was breathed into his poem. Petrarch, though he retained a strong tincture of medievalism, belonged to the new period: and this is the reason why, though far inferior in force of character and grasp of thought to Dante, his immediate influence was so much greater. For the free growth of his genius and for the special work he had to do, it was fortunate for Petrarch that he was born and lived an exile. This circumstance disengaged him from the concerns of civic life and from the strife of the republics. It left him at liberty to pursue his own internal evolution unchecked. It enabled him to survey the world from the stand-point of his study, and to judge its affairs with the impartiality of a philosophical critic. Without  
a city,

a city, without a home, without a family, without any function but the literary, absorbed in solitary musings at Vaucluse, or accepted as a petted guest by the Italian princes, he nowhere came in contact with the blunt realities of life. He was therefore able to work out his ideal; and visionary as that ideal seems to us in many of its details, it controlled the future with a force that no application of his personal powers to the practical affairs of life could have engendered.

Another circumstance of no little weight in the formation of Petrarch for his destined life-work was his education at Avignon. When his father settled there in 1313, the boy of eleven years had already acquired his mother-tongue at Arezzo, Incisa, and Pisa. Nothing therefore was lost for the future poet of the 'Canzoniere' in regard to purity of diction. But Avignon was a far more favourable place of training for the humanistic student than any Tuscan town could have been. It was the only cosmopolitan city of that time. A fief of Provence, and owing King Robert of Naples for its sovereign, it was now inhabited by the Popes, who swayed Christendom from their palace on the hill above the Rhone. All roads, it is said, lead to Rome; but this proverb in the first half of the fourteenth century might with more propriety have been applied to Avignon. The business of the Catholic Church had to be transacted here; and this brought men of mark together from all quarters of the globe. Petrarch therefore grew up in a society more mingled than could have been found elsewhere at the time in Europe; and since he was destined to be the apostle of the new culture, he had the opportunity of forming a cosmopolitan and universal conception of its scope. His own attitude towards the Papal Court was not a little peculiar. Though he could boast of being favoured by five popes, though he lived on intimate relations with high dignitaries of the Church, though he was frequently pressed to accept the office of Apostolic Secretary, though he owed his pecuniary independence to numerous small benefices conferred upon him by the Pontiffs whom he served, and though he undertook the duties of ambassador at their request, he was unsparing both in prose and verse of the abuse he showered upon them. No fiercer satire of the Papal Court exists than is contained in the 'Epistolæ sine Titulo.' It was not that Petrarch was other than an obedient son of the Church: but he could not endure to see the chiefs of Christendom neglecting their high duties to Rome. He thought that if they would but return to the seat of St. Peter, a golden age would begin; and thus his residence in Avignon intensified that idealization of Rome which was the cardinal point of his enthusiasm.

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Next in importance to his exile from Provence and his education at Avignon, must be reckoned Petrarch's numerous journeys. His biographers have no slight difficulty in following him from place to place. Besides visiting the most important cities of Italy, he travelled through France and the Low Countries, saw the Rhine, crossed the Alps to Prague, and touched the shores of Spain. No sooner is he established in Vacluse than we find him projecting a flight to Naples or to Rome. His residence at Parma is interrupted by return flights to Avignon. He settles for a while at Milan; then transfers his library to Venice; next makes Padua his home; then goes on pilgrimage to the Eternal City. The one thing that seems fixed in his biography is change. How highly Petrarch valued freedom of movement, may be gathered from his refusal to accept any office which would have bound him to one spot. Thus he persistently rejected the advances of the Popes who offered him the post of secretary; and when Boccaccio brought him the invitation to occupy a professorial chair at Florence in 1351, even this proposal, so flattering to his vanity as an exile and a scholar, was declined with thanks. He knew that he must ripen and possess himself in disengagement from all local ties: for the student belongs to the world, and his internal independence demands a corresponding liberty of action. At the same time there is no doubt that he loved a restless life for its own sake; and he expressly tells us that many of his journeys were undertaken in the vain hope of casting off his passion for Laura, in the unaccomplished effort to break the chains of an internal discontent. The effect of so much movement on himself was still further to develop his cosmopolitan ideal of humanism. He was also flung back by contrast on his inner self, and while he made acquaintance with all the men worth knowing among his contemporaries, he remained a solitary in the midst of multifarious societies. Fame came to him upon his travels, and some of his excursions resembled royal progresses rather than the expeditions of a simple priest. In this way he enhanced the dignity of the humanist's vocation. He may be called the first and by far the most illustrious of those poet-scholars who flitted restlessly from town to town in the Renaissance, ever athirst for glory, and scattering the seeds of knowledge where they went.

When we seek to analyse the ideal of life formed by Petrarch in exile, at Avignon, in the solitary valley of Vacluse, and in the Courts of Europe, we shall be led to consider him from several general points of view—as a scholar, as a politician, as a philosopher, as a poet, and lastly as the man who, living still within the middle ages, was first clearly conscious of a modern personality.

personality. The discussion of these topics will also serve as well as any other method to bring the complex qualities of one of the most strangely blended characters the world has ever known into sufficient prominence.

It is a mistake to suppose that, though Greek was lost to Western Europe, the Latin classics were unknown in the middle ages. A fair proportion of both poets and prose-writers are quoted by men of encyclopædic learning like John of Salisbury, Vincent of Beauvais, and Brunetto Latini. But the capacity for understanding them was in abeyance, and their custody had fallen into the hands of men who were antagonistic to their spirit. Between Christianity and Paganism there could be no permanent truce. Moreover, the visionary enthusiasms of the Cloister and Crusade were diametrically opposed to the positive precision of the Classic genius. The intellectual strength of the middle ages lay not in science or in art, but in a vivid quickening of the spiritual imagination. Their learning was a compilation of detached ill-comprehended fragments. Their theology, as represented in the 'Summa,' resembled a vast structure of Cyclopean masonry—block placed on block of rough-hewn inorganic travertine, solidified and weighty with the force of dogma. Their philosophy started from narrow data of authority, and occupied its energies in the proof or disproof of certain assumed formulæ. It was inevitable that medieval scholarship should regard the classical literatures as something alien to itself and should fail to appropriate them. The medieval mind was no less incapable of sympathizing with their æsthetic and scientific freedom than the legendary mathematician, who asked what the 'Paradise Lost' proved, was unable to take the point of view required by poetry. Its utter misapprehension of the subject-matter of these studies was expressed in the legends which made Virgil a magician and turned the gods of Hellas into devils. Nor were the most learned men free from such radically false conceptions, such palpable and incurable 'lies in the soul,' poisoning the very source of erudition, and converting their industry into a childish trifling with the puppets of blindfold fancy. The very fact that, while Greek was a living language in the east and in the south of Italy, it should have been abandoned by the students of the north and west, proves the indifference to literature for its own sake and the apathy with regard to human learning that prevailed in Europe. Had not Latin been the language of the Church, the language of civilized communication, it is certain that the great authors of Rome would have fallen into the same oblivion as those of Athens. An accident of social and ecclesiastical



astical necessity preserved them. Yet none the less did they need to be rediscovered when the time came for a true comprehension of their subject-matter to revive. What Petrarch did for scholarship was to restore the lost faculty of intelligence by placing himself and his generation in a genial relation of sympathy to the Latin authors. He first treated the Romans as men of like nature with ourselves. For him the works of Virgil and Cicero, Livy and Horace, were canonical books—not precisely on a par with the Bible, because the matter they handled had a less vital relation to the eternal concerns of humanity—but still possessing an authority akin to that of inspiration, and demanding no less stringent study than the Christian sacred literature.

The dualism of the Papacy and the Empire, which had struck such deep roots in medieval politics, repeated itself in Petrarch's theory of human knowledge. Just as the Pope was the Sun, the Emperor the Moon of the medieval social system, so, with Petrarch, Christ and the Church shed the light of day upon his conscience, while the great men of antiquity were luminaries of a secondary splendour, by no means to be excluded from the heaven of human thought. This is the true meaning of his so-called humanism. It was this which made him search indefatigably for MSS., which prompted him to found public libraries and collect coins, and which impelled him to gather up and live again in his own intellectual experience whatever had been thought and done by the heroes of the Roman world. At its beginning, Humanism was a religion rather than a science. Its moral force was less derived from the head than from the heart. It was an outgoing of sympathy and love and yearning toward the past, not a movement of sober curiosity. Petrarch made the classic authors his familiar friends and confidants. His *Epistles to Cicero, Seneca, and Varro*, are but fragments of a long-sustained internal colloquy, detached by a literary caprice and offered to the public as a specimen of his habitual mood. Unlike Machiavelli, after a day passed among the boon companions of a village inn, Petrarch had no need to cast aside his vulgar raiment on the threshold of his study, and assume a courtly garb before he entered the august society of the illustrious dead. He had wrought himself into such complete sympathy with the objects of his admiration, that he was always with them. They were more real to him than the men around him. He tells Augustine or Cicero more about his inner self than he communicates to the living friends whom he called Lælius and Socrates and Simonides. These men, of whom we know almost nothing, served Petrarch as the audience of his self-engrossed monologues;

logues; but they were separated from him by the spirit of the middle ages. He held converse with them, and presumably loved them; but he recognised a difference of intellectual breed which removed them to a greater distance than the lapse of years dividing him from antiquity. Only those friends of Petrarch's who were animated by an instinct for humanism, kindred in nature and equal in intensity to his own, emerge from the shadow-world and stand before us in his correspondence as clearly as his comrades of the Roman age. Cola di Rienzo and Boccaccio have this privilege. The rest are formless, vague, devoid of substance—the *κωφὰ πρόσωπα* of his *dramatis personæ*.

When we enquire into the range of Petrarch's knowledge, we find that he had by no means more than belonged to the medieval students in general. It was not the extent, but the intensity of his erudition, not the matter, but the spirit of his scholarship, not its quantity, but its quality, that placed him at an immeasurable distance of superiority above his predecessors. He had so far appropriated Virgil and Seneca, with the larger portions of Cicero and Livy, as to find some difficulty in avoiding verbal reproductions of their works. Had he so willed, he might have expressed himself in a cento of their prose and verse. Horace and Ovid, Juvenal and Persius, Terence, Lucan, Statius, Ausonius, and Claudian, were among his favourite poets. It is possible that he had read Lucretius, and he twice refers somewhat vaguely to Catullus: but Propertius and Tibullus seem to have been unknown to him, while he makes but scanty use of Martial and Plautus. Valerius Flaccus and Silius Italicus he never saw: else it is improbable that he would have chosen Scipio Africanus for the hero of his Latin Epic. With Apuleius he was partially acquainted; but there seems good reason to suppose that he had never read the 'Golden Ass,' though he alludes to it. He knew Macrobius, Aulus Gellius, Solinus, Hyginus, and Pomponius Mela in part, if not completely; for it must be remembered, in reading this lengthy list of authors, that the MSS. were imperfect and full of errors. What Poggio tells us about his finding Quintilian at St. Gallen, proves that the discovery of a good codex was almost equal to the resuscitation of a forgotten author. Cæsar, Sallust, Suetonius, Florus, Justin, Curtius, Vopiscus, Ælius Lampridius, Spartian, together with the anecdotes of Valerius Maximus and the universal history of Orosius, were among the authors he studied and epitomized while composing his great work on 'Famous Men.' Tacitus was unfortunately unknown to him; and he possessed Quintilian only in a mutilated copy. It may also

also be regarded as a special calamity that he was unacquainted with the letters of the younger Pliny, though he possessed the *Natural Histories* of the elder. The style of these letters would have supplied Petrarch with a better model than Seneca's rhetorical epistles; and he could have assimilated it more easily than that of Cicero, partly because it is itself less idiomatic, and partly because the poet of Vaucluse would have recognised a vivid bond of intellectual sympathy between himself and the humane and tranquil dilettante of Como. As it was, Petrarch's letters bear the stamp of Seneca, Augustine, and the middle ages. He found the MS. of Cicero too late (at Verona in 1345) to profit by its study. And here we must express a total disagreement with a passage of Mr. Reeve's '*Petrarch*,' where he says (p. 79): 'But though the style of Cicero was, no doubt, his model, he attained rather to the epistolary than to the philosophical diction of that great master.' It is true that on the next page Mr. Reeve appears to contradict this statement by the following admission: 'As his knowledge of the Ciceronian epistles was not attained till Petrarch had passed his fortieth year, it may be concluded that his own epistolary style was formed before he knew them.' The fact is here correctly given. There is no trace of Cicero's diction, at once epigrammatic and easy, in Petrarch's letters; but in his philosophical treatises, though these reveal the paramount influence of Seneca, St. Augustine, and Lactantius, we occasionally detect an aiming at Cicero's oratorical cadences. The variety of matter handled in his letters, the rapid transition from description to dissertation, their masterly portraits of men, the pleasant wit and caustic humour that relieve the graver passages, the unaffected friendliness of their familiar discourse, the earnest enthusiasm of their political and philosophical digressions, the animation and the movement that carry the reader on as through an ever-shifting ever-changing scene, render this great mass of correspondence not only valuable for the historian but delightful to the general reader. The scholar will detect a less than classic elegance in their diction, and the student will desire less generality of treatment on some personal topics. But both will admit that neither the ear for rhythm nor the quick intelligence which Petrarch recognised among his choicest literary gifts, had failed him in their composition.

It was Petrarch's merit, while absorbing the Roman classics and the Latin fathers, to have aimed consistently at a style that should express his own originality, and be no mere copy of however eminent a master's. The ruling consciousness of self, which formed so prominent a feature of his moral character, lying at the root of his vanity and conditioning his genius as a poet,

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poet, here decided his literary development. He would be no man's ape—not even the ape of Cicero or Virgil. Come good, come bad, he meant to be himself. With this end in view, he forced himself to deal with the most formidable stylistic difficulties, and to find utterance in a practically dying language for thoughts and feelings that were modern. In this respect he contrasted favourably with his Italian followers, and proved that his conception of humanism was loftier than that of Ciceronian Bembo, or Virgilian Vida. They cut their matter down to the requirements of an artificially assimilated standard. He made the idiom bend to his needs, and preferred that purity of form should suffer, rather than that the substance to be expressed should be curtailed. It may indeed be said with truth that Erasmus, at the close of the fifteenth century, returned to the path trodden by Petrarch in the first half of the fourteenth, which had been abandoned by a set of timid and subservient purists on the quest of an impossible ideal.

Petrarch knew no Greek, yet he divined its importance, and made every effort in his power to learn it, if we except the supreme effort of going to the fount of Greek in Constantinople. His opportunities at Avignon were few; and he obtained no hold upon the language. What the subsequent history of Italian scholarship would have been, if Petrarch had but ventured on that journey to Byzantium which Filelfo and Guarino took with such immediate profit, or if by any other means he had acquired the key to Greek literature, it is now impossible to say. The weak side of the Renaissance was that it depended mainly upon Latin: and this explains in no small measure its philosophical superficiality, its tendency to lifeless rhetoric, its stylistic insipidity, the timidity and artificiality that stamp its literary products with the note of mediocrity. It was the echo of an echo, the silver age of a culture which had its own golden age in the Hellenic past: and all that it achieved in close relation to antiquity was consequently third-rate. Whether Petrarch, if he had known Greek, could have resisted the powerful bias which drew Italians back to Rome rather than to Athens, and whether, if he had overcome this tendency himself, he could have had the force to dye the humanism of the Renaissance with Hellenic instead of Latin colours, are questions that cannot by their very nature be decided. But none the less may we regret that tardy and partial impregnation of the modern mind by the Greek spirit which, had it but come earlier and in fuller measure, might have given the world a new birth of Athens instead of Rome. At the moment when humanism was a religion, the Italians absorbed the Latin genius; but now that scholarship

scholarship has passed into the scientific stage, we are directed to Hellas with an unassimilative curiosity. As regards Petrarch's own knowledge of Greek authors, it may be briefly stated that he possessed MSS. of Homer and some dialogues of Plato. But he lamented that they were dumb for him while he was deaf. He read the 'Iliad' in the pitiful Latin version dictated to Boccaccio by Pilatus; and the doctrines of Plato were known to him only in the meagre abstract of Apuleius, in Cicero, and in the works of St. Augustine.

Rome lay near to the Italians on their emergence from the middle ages. They were not a new nation, like the French or Germans; but were conscious that once, not very long ago, and separated from them only by a space of dream-existence, their ancestors through Rome had ruled the habitable world. Therefore Florence clung to her traditions of Catiline; the soldiers on watch at Modena told tales of Hector; Padua was proud of Antenor, and Como of the Plinies; Mantua sang hymns to Virgil; Naples pointed out his tomb; Sulmo rejoiced in Ovid, and Tivoli remembered Horace. The newly formed Italian people, the people who had fought the wars of independence and had founded the Communes, were essentially Roman. In no merely sentimental sense, but as a fact of plain historical survival, what still remained of Rome was indefeasibly their own. The *plebs* of the Italian cities was of Roman blood. Their municipal constitution, in the form and name at least, was Roman. Yet this great memory was but dimly descried through the mist of legends and romance, till Petrarch seized upon it and called his fellow countrymen to recognise their birthright. His letter describing the impression made upon him by the ruins of Rome, dated with pride from the Capitol upon the Ides of March, his epistles to Varro and Cicero, and his burning appeals to each succeeding Pope that he should end the Babylonian captivity and place a crown upon the brows of the world's mistress, prove with what a passion of anticipation he forecast the time when Rome should once more be the seat of empire. In the field of scholarship his enthusiasm was destined to be fruitful. The spirit of Roman art and literature arose from the grave to sway a golden period in the history of human civilization. But in the sphere of politics it remained impotent, idealistic, fanciful.

As a politician, Petrarch continued to the end an incurable idealist. The very conditions of expatriation and pilgrimage, which rendered him so powerful as the leader of the humanistic movement, loosened his grasp upon the realities of political life. We see this on every occasion of his attempting to play  
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a part in the practical business of the world. In his mission from the Papal Court to Naples, after the accession of Queen Joan, and in his representation of the Visconti at Venice toward the close of her long struggle with Genoa, he was unsuccessful, mainly because he thought that affairs of state could be decided upon moral principles, and because he assumed the tone of an oratorical pedagogue. It was only when the rhetorician's art was needed for a magnificent display, as in his embassy from the Visconti to the French Court upon the delivery of John the Good from captivity, in his speech to the conquered people of Novara, and in his ceremonial address to Charles IV. at Prague, that he justified the confidence which had been placed in him. He never saw the world as it was, but as he wished it. And what he wished, was the impossible resuscitation of the Roman Commonwealth. Rome was destined, he believed, to be the centre of the globe again as it had been before. With a thoroughly unpractical conception of the very conditions of the problem, he at one time called upon the Popes to re-establish themselves in the Eternal City; at another he besought the Emperor to make it his head-quarters, and to finish by this simple act the anarchy of Italy; at a third, when Rienzi for a moment evoked the pale shadow of the Republic from the ruins of the Campagna, he hailed in him the inaugurator of a new and better age. It was nothing to Petrarch that these three solutions were discordant; that Pope, Emperor, and Commonwealth could not simultaneously exist at Rome. Whatever seemed to reflect lustre on the Rome of his romantic vision satisfied him. Indifferent to the claims of gratitude in the past, careless of consequences in the future, he published letters which denounced his old friends and patrons, the Colonna family, as barbarous intruders in the Sacred City. Even his humanity forsook him. He burned to play the Brutus, and bade Rienzi to strike and spare not. By the same heated utterances, penetrated, it is true, with the spirit of a sincere patriotism and piety to Rome, he risked the hatred of the Papal See. Nor was it until Rienzi had foamed himself away in the madness of vanity that Petrarch awoke from his wild dream. He awoke indeed, but he never relinquished the hope that, if not by this man or that policy, at least by some other Messiah, and upon a different foundation, Rome might still be restored to her primeval splendour. It would seem as though the great ones of the earth estimated his enthusiasm at its real value, and allowed him to pass free as a chartered lunatic; for, much as he said and wrote about the Republic, he never seriously imperilled his consideration at the Papal Court, nor did he

interrupt



interrupt his friendly relations with the petty princes whom he so vehemently denounced as traitors to the Italian people. There was a strange confusion in his mind between his admiration for the ancient Roman Commonwealth, which he had imbibed from Livy and which inspired his 'Africa,' and his medieval worship of the mixed Papal and Imperial idea. To Dante's theory of monarchy he added a purely literary enthusiasm for the *Populus Romanus*. Yet Petrarch was no real friend of the people, as he found it, and as alone it could exist in the new age. His friendship for Azzo da Correggio and Luchino Visconti, for the tyrants of Padua, Verona, and Parma, and for King Robert of Sicily, prove that, though in theory he desired some phantom of republican government, in practice he accommodated himself to the worst forms of despotism. Democracy formed no portion of his creed; and his plan of Roman government, submitted to the consideration of Clement VI. in 1351, simply consisted of a scheme for placing power in the hands of the Roman burghers to the exclusion of the great Teutonic families. He was possessed with scholarly *hauteur* and literary aristocracy; and if he could not have a senate in Rome, with Scipios and Gracchi perorating before Popes and Emperors in some impossible chimera of mixed government, he did not care how cities suffered or how princes ground their people into dust. His apathetic attitude toward Jacopo da Bussolari's revolution in Pavia, and his sermon to the Novaresi on obedience, would be enough to prove this, if his whole life at Milan, Parma, and Padua were not conclusive testimony.

The main fault of Petrarch's treatises on politics is that they are too didactic. They do not touch the points at issue, but lose themselves in semi-ethical and superficially rhetorical discourses. Thus he prepared the way for those orators of the Renaissance who thought it enough to adorn their subject with moral sentences and learned citations, neglecting the matter of dispute and flooding their audience with conventional sermons. The same fault may be found with his philosophical writings, although a nobler spirit appears in them and a more sturdy grasp upon the realities of life. It was his misfortune to be cast exclusively upon the Roman eclectics—Cicero, Seneca, and Lactantius—for his training in moral science. His ignorance of Greek deprived him of the opportunity of studying any complete system, while his temperament rendered him incapable of absorbing and reconstructing the stoicism of the later Latin writers. According to his view, orthodoxy was the true philosophy; nor did he ever grasp the notion that in the scientific

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scientific impulse there is an element of search and criticism perilous to Christian dogmatism. It need scarcely be said that he was a good churchman, though of a type less monumentally severe than Dante. Early in life he took orders; and here it may be observed that Mr. Reed is possibly wrong in supposing he was never ordained priest. The point seems proved by his own declaration that he was in the habit of saying mass;\* and though his life was not irreproachable from a moral point of view, he never pretended that in this respect his conduct had not fallen short of sacerdotal duty.

St. Augustine, whose mental attitude as an orthodox philosopher was similar to his own, became the author of his predilection. Few moments in the history of thought are more interesting than the meeting of that last Roman, already merging his antique individuality in the abyss of theological mysticism, with Petrarch, the first modern to emerge from that contemplative eclipse and reassert the rights of human personality. Between them rolled the river of the middle ages, which had almost proved the Lethe of learning; but Petrarch stretched his hand across it, and found in the author of the '*Civitas Dei*' a friend and comrade. The exquisite sensibility of Augustine, his fervid language, the combat between his passions and his piety, his self-analysis, and final conquest over all that checks the soul's flight heavenward, drew Petrarch to him with irresistible attraction. The poet of Vacluse recognised in him a kindred nature. The '*Confessions*' were his Werther, his Rousseau, his cherished gospel of tenderness, 'running over with a fount of tears.' But, more than this, Augustine pointed him the path that he should tread; and though Petrarch could not tread it firmly, though he bitterly avowed that love, restlessness, vanity, thirst for earthly fame, coldness, causeless melancholy, and divided impulse, kept him close to earth, when he would fain have flown aloft to God—yet the communion with this sterner but still sympathetic nature formed his deepest consolation. Those who wish to study Petrarch's very self must seek it in the book he called his '*Secretum*,' the dialogues with St. Augustine upon the contempt of the world. Between Augustine's own *Confessions* and this masterpiece of self-description, the human intellect had produced nothing of the same kind, if we except Dante's exquisite but comparatively restricted '*Vita Nuova*.' With a master hand Petrarch touches the secret springs of his character in these dialogues, lays his

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\* See Koerting, '*Petrarca's Leben und Werke*,' p. 51.

finger upon his hidden wounds, and traces the failures and achievements of his life to their true sources. No more consummate piece of self-conscious analysis has ever been penned. It is inspired with an artistic interest in the subject for its own sake; and though the tone is grave, because Petrarch was sincerely religious, there is no obvious aiming at edification. In this intense sense of personality, this delight in the internal world revealed by introspection, it differs widely from medieval manuals of devotion, from the 'Imitatio Christi,' for example, which is not the delineation of a man but of a class.

The 'De Contemptu Mundi' is the most important of Petrarch's quasi-philosophical works, chiefly, perhaps, because it was not written with a would-be scientific purpose. Together with a very few books of a similar description, gathered from all literatures ancient and modern, it remains as a fruitful mine for the inductive moralist. His treatise, 'De Remediis utriusque Fortunæ,' though bulkier, has less value. It consists of sentences and commonplaces upon the good and evil things of life, and how to deal with them, very often acute, and not seldom humorous, and written in a fluent style, that must have made them infinitely charming to the fourteenth century of arid composition. Petrarch had the art of literary gossip; and he displayed it not only in his letters, but also in such studied works as this. The essay 'De Vitâ Solitariâ' has a greater personal interest. Petrarch unfolds in it his theory of the right uses to be made of solitude, and shows how intellectual activity can best be carried on in close communion with nature. What he preached he had fully proved by practice at Vaucluse and Selva-piana. His recluse is no hermit or medieval monk. He does not retire to the desert, or the woods, or to the cloister; but he lives a life of rational study and sustained communion with himself in the midst of nature's beauties. These he enjoys with placidity and passion, mingled in a wise enthusiasm, till, living thus alone, he finds his true self, enters into the possession of his own mental kingdom, and needs no external support of class interests, official dignities, or work among his fellow-men to buoy him up. There is a profoundly modern tone in this essay. Petrarch describes in it an intellectual egotist, devoted to self-culture, and bent on being sufficient to himself. It is, in fact, the ideal of Goethe, anticipated by four centuries, and coloured with a curious blending of piety and paganism peculiar to Petrarch. The 'De Vitâ Solitariâ' might be styled the panegyric of the wilderness, from a humanistic point of view: and here it is worthy of remark that, so far back as the age of

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Alexander, philosophers, bent upon self-culture, had praised the virtues of withdrawal from the world :—

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says Menander. Therefore what Petrarch did was to re-state a classic theory of life, which had been merged in the asceticism of the cloister. He did so, without doubt, unconsciously ; for Menander was a closed book to him. In harsh contrast is the companion essay on the leisure of the religious, 'De Otio Religiosorum,' composed by Petrarch after a visit to his brother Gherardo in his cloister near Marseilles. The fascination which, in spite of humanism, the middle ages still exerted over Petrarch, may be seen in every line of this apparent palinode. If we examine the two discourses side by side, we are almost driven to the conclusion that his command of rhetoric induced their author to treat two discordant aspects of the same theme with something like cynical indifference. Yet this was not the case. In each discourse Petrarch is sincere ; for the mediæval and humanistic ideals, irreconcilable and mutually exclusive, found their meeting-point in him. Their conflict caused his spiritual restlessness, and it was the effort of his life to bring them into equilibrium. At one time the humanist, athirst for glory, bent on self-effectuation, forensic, eloquent, enjoying life, devoting his solitary hours to culture, and communing in spirit with the orators of ancient Rome, was uppermost. At another the ascetic, renouncing the world, absorbing himself in mystic contemplation, fixing all his thoughts on death and on the life beyond the grave, assumed supremacy. In his youth and early manhood the former prevailed. After the year 1348, the year of Laura's death, the year of the Great Plague, which swept away his friends and changed the aspect of society, the latter gained a permanently growing ascendancy. But it may be safely said that both impulses co-existed in him till the day of his own death in 1374. A common ground for both was found in the strong love of seclusion which formed one of his chief characteristics, driving him from time to time away from towns and friends into the country houses he possessed at Vacluse, near Parma, near Milan, and at Arquà. A singular scheme, communicated in 1348 to his friends Mainardo Accursio and Luca Cristiano, for establishing a kind of humanistic convent, of which the members should be devoted to study as well as to religious exercises, shows that Petrarch even meditated a practical fusion of the scholarly and monastic modes of life.

Petrarch was neither a systematic theologian nor a systematic philosopher.

philosopher. He was an orthodox essayist on moral themes, biassed by a leaning towards pagan antiquity. Far more valuable than any of his ethical dissertations was his large and liberal view of human knowledge; and in this general sense he rightly deserves the title of philosopher. Mere repetitions of prescribed formulæ, reproductions of a master's *ipse dixit*, and scholastic reiterations of authorised doctrines, whether in theology or in philosophy, moved his bitterest scorn. He held that everything was worthless which a man had not assimilated and lived into by actual experience, so as to reconstruct it with the force of his own personality. This point of view was eminently precious in an age of formalism. His antipathy to law, in like manner, did not spring from any loathing of a subject redolent with antiquity and consecrated by the genius of Rome. He only despised the peddling sophistries and narrow arts of those who practised it. His polemic against the physicians, condensed into four ponderous invectives, was likewise based upon their false pretensions to science and their senseless empiricism. In every sphere of human activity he demanded that men should possess real knowledge, and be conscious of its limitations. When he entered into the lists against the Averrhoists, his weightiest argument was founded on the fact that they piqued themselves upon their erudition in the matter of stones, plants, and animals, while they neglected the true concerns of man, and all that may affect his destinies for weal or woe. He dreaded a debasement of human culture by Averrhoistic materialism hardly less than an injury to religion from Averrhoistic atheism. A steady preference of the spirit to the letter, and a firm grasp of the maxim that 'the proper study of mankind is man,' formed the pith and substance of his intellectual creed. It was here that his humanism and his philosophy joined hands. Nor can we regard the revival of learning in Italy without regretting that the humanists diverged so signally from the path prescribed for them in this respect by their great leader. They copied his faults of vanity and rhetoric. They exaggerated his admiration of Cicero and Virgil into a servile cult. They adhered to Latin authors and Latin canons of taste, when they might have carried on his work into the region of Greek metaphysics. But they lost his large conception of human learning, and gave themselves to puerilities which Petrarch would have been the first to denounce. Thus the true strength of Petrarch's spirit failed to sustain his disciples; while his foibles and shortcomings were perpetuated. In particular it may be affirmed that the Renaissance in Italy produced no philosophy worth notice until the dawn of modern science appeared in Telesio and

and Campanella, and in the splendid lunes of visionary Bruno.

In his general theory of poetry Petrarch did not free himself from medieval conceptions, however much his practice may have placed him first upon the list of modern lyrists. He held that the poet and the orator were nearly equal in dignity, though he inclined to assigning a superiority to the latter. This estimate of the two chief species of impassioned eloquence, which we are accustomed to regard as separate and rarely combined in the same person, was probably due to the then prevalent opinion that poets must be learned—an opinion based upon the difficulty of study, and the belief that the unapproachable masterpieces of the ancients had been produced by scientific industry. With the same high sense of the literary function which marked his conception of humanism, he demanded that both orator and poet should instruct and elevate as well as please. The content of the work of art was no matter of indifference to Petrarch; and though he was the most consummate artist of Italian verse, the doctrine of art for art's sake found no favour in his eyes. It may, indeed, be said that he overstepped the mark, and confounded the poet with the prophet or the preacher, retaining a portion of that half-religious awe with which the students of the middle ages, unable to understand Virgil, and wonder-smitten by his greatness, had contemplated the author of the 'Æneid.' It was, he thought, the poet's duty to set forth truth under the veil of fiction, partly in order to enhance the pleasure of the reader and attract him by the rarity of the conceit, and partly to wrap his precious doctrine from the coarse unlettered world. This view of the necessary connection between poetry and allegory dates as far back as Lactantius, from whose 'Institutions' Petrarch borrowed the groundwork of his own exposition. That it was shared by the early Florentine lyrists, especially by Dante and Guido Cavalcanti, is well known. It reappears in the diploma presented to Petrarch upon the occasion of his coronation. It pervades Boccaccio's critical treatises, and it lives on with diminished energy until the age of Tasso, who supplied a key to the moral doctrine of his 'Gerusalemme Liberata.' Genius, however, works by instinct far less than by precept; and the best portions of Petrarch's poetry are free from this æsthetic heresy. We find allegory pure and simple, it is true, in his Latin Eclogues, while the *concetti* of the Italian lyrics, where he plays upon the name of Laura, reveal the same taint. In the 'Trionfi' allegorical machinery is used with high art for the legitimate presentation of a solemn pageant; so that we need



not quarrel with it here. The Latin Epistles are comparatively free from the disease, while the 'Africa' is an epic of the lamp, modelled upon Virgil, and vitiated less by allegory than by an incurable want of constitutional vitality. It is the artificial copy of a poem which itself was artificial, and is therefore thrice removed from the truth of nature. What must be said about Petrarch's Latin poetry may be briefly stated. It has the same merits and the same defects as his prose. That is to say, he studiously strove at being original while he imitated; and, paradoxical as this may seem, he was not unsuccessful. His verse is his own; but it is often rough, and almost always tedious, deformed by frequent defects of rhythm, and very rarely rising into poetry except in some sonorous bursts of declamation. The lament for King Robert at the end of the 'Africa,' with its fine prophecy of the Renaissance, and a fervid address to Italy, written on the heights of Mont Genève in 1353, upon the occasion of his crossing the Alps, to return to Avignon no more,\* might be cited as two favourable specimens. But when we speak of Petrarch as a poet, we do not think of these scholastic lucubrations. We think of the 'Canzoniere,' for the sake of which the lover of Madonna Laura is crowned second in the great triumvirate of the *trecento* by the acclaim of his whole nation.

Petrarch, the author of the 'Rime in Vita e Morte di Madonna Laura,' seems at first sight a very different being from Petrarch the Humanist. There is a famous passage in the 'De Remediis utriusque Fortunæ,' where the lyrist of chivalrous love pours such contempt on women as his friend Boccaccio might have envied when he wrote the satire of 'Corbaccio.' In the 'Secretum,' again, he describes his own passion as a torment from which he had vainly striven to emancipate himself by solitude, by journeys, by distractions, and by obstinate studies. In fact, he never alludes to the great love of his life without a strange mixture of tenderness and sore regret. That Laura was a real woman, and that Petrarch's worship of her was unfeigned; that he adored her with the senses and the heart as well as with the head; but that this love was at the same time more a mood of the imagination, a delicate disease, a cherished wound, to which he constantly recurred as the most sensitive and lively well-spring of poetic fancy, than a downright and impulsive passion, may be clearly seen in the whole series of his poems and his autobiographical confessions. Laura was a married woman; for he calls her *mulier*. She treated him with the courtesy of a somewhat distant acquaintance, who was aware

\* 'Ep. Poet. Lat.,' iii. 24.

of his homage and was flattered by it. But they enjoyed no intimacy, and it may be questioned whether, if Petrarch could by any accident have made her his own, the fruition of her love would not have been a serious interruption to the happiness of his life. He first saw her in the church of St. Claire, at Avignon, on the 6th of April, 1327. She passed from this world on the 6th of April, 1348. These two dates are the two turning-points of Petrarch's life. The interval of twenty-one years, when Laura trod the earth, and her lover in all his wanderings paid his orisons to her at morning, evening, and noonday, and passed his nights in dreams of that fair form which never might be his, was the storm and stress period of his chequered career. There is an old Greek proverb that 'to desire the impossible is a malady of the soul.' With this malady in its most incurable form the poet was stricken; and, instead of seeking cure, he nursed his sickness and delighted in the discord of his soul. From that discord he wrought the harmonies of his sonnets and canzoni. That malady made him the poet of all men who have found in their emotions a dream-land more wonderful and pregnant with delight than in the world which we call real. After Laura's death his love was tranquillised to a sublimer music. The element of discord had passed out of it; and just because its object was now physically unattainable, it grew in purity and power. The sensual alloy which, however spiritualised, had never ceased to disturb his soul, was purged from his still vivid passion. Laura in heaven looked down upon him from her station amid the saints; and her poet could indulge the dream that now at last she pitied him, that she was waiting for him with angelic eyes of love, and telling him to lose no time, but set his feet upon the stairs that led to God and her. The romance finds its ultimate apotheosis in that transcendent passage of the '*Trionfo della Morte*,' which describes her death and his own vision. Throughout the whole course of this labyrinthine love-lament, sustained for forty years on those few notes so subtly modulated, from the first sonnet on his '*primo giovenile errore*' to the last line of her farewell, '*tu stara' in terra senza me gran tempo*,' Laura grows in vividness before us. She only becomes a real woman in death, because she was for Petrarch always an ideal, and in the ideal world beyond the tomb he is more sure of her than when 'the fair veil' of flesh was drawn between her and his yearning.

No love-poetry of the ancient world offers any analogue to the '*Canzoniere*.' Nor has it a real parallel in the Provençal verse from which it sprang. What distinguishes it, is the transition from a mediæval to a modern mood, the passage from Cino and Guido to Werther and Rousseau. Its tenacity and idealism

idealism belong to the chivalrous age. Its preoccupation with emotion as a given subject-matter and its infinite subtlety of self-analysis place it at the front of modern literature. Among the Northern nations chivalrous love was treated as a motive for epic poetry in the Arthurian romances. It afterwards found lyrical expression among the poets of Provence. From them it passed to Italy, first appearing among the Lombard troubadours, who still used the *langue d'oc*, and next in Sicily at Frederick's Court, where the earliest specimens of genuine Italian verse were fashioned. Guido Guinicelli further developed the sonnet, and built the lofty rhymes of the Canzone at Bologna. By this time Italian literature was fully started; and the traditions of Provençal poetry had been both assimilated and transcended. From Guido's hands the singers of Florence took the motive up, and gave it a new turn of deeper allegory and more philosophic meaning. The 'Canzoni' of Dante and Guido Cavalcanti were no mere poems of passion, however elevated. Love supplied the form and language; but there lurked a hidden esoteric meaning. It is true that in the 'Vita Nuova' Dante found at once the most delicate and the most poetically perfect form for the expression of an unsophisticated feeling. Beatrice was here a woman, seen from far and worshipped, but worshipped with a natural ardour. He was not, however, contented to rest upon this point; nor had he any opportunity of becoming properly acquainted with the object of his adoration in her lifetime. In the 'Convito' she had already been idealised as Philosophy, and in the 'Divine Comedy' she is transfigured as Theology. Death, by separating her from him, rendered Beatrice's apotheosis conceivable; and Dante may be said to have re-discovered the Platonic mystery, whereby love is an initiation into the secrets of the spiritual world. It was the intuition of a sublime nature into the essence of pure impersonal enthusiasm for beauty, an exaltation of woman similar to that attempted afterwards by Shelley in *Epipsychidion*, which pervades the poetry of Michelangelo, and which forms a definite portion of the Positivistic creed. Yet there remained an ineradicable unsubstantiality in this point of view, when tested by the common facts of human feeling. The Dantesque idealism was too far removed from the sphere of ordinary experience to take firm hold upon the modern intellect. In proportion as Beatrice personified abstractions, she ceased to be a woman; nor was it possible, except by losing hold of the individual, to regard her as a symbol of the universal. Plato in the *Symposium* had met this difficulty, by saying that the lover, having reached the beatific vision, must renounce the love by which he had been led to it.

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A different solution, in harmony with the spirit of their age and their religion, was offered by the *trecentisti*. Their transmutation of the simpler elements of chivalrous love into something mystical and complex, where the form of the worshipped lady transcends the sphere of experience, and her spirit is identified with the lover's profoundest thoughts and highest aspirations, was a natural process in medieval Florence. The Tuscan intellect was too virile and sternly strung at that epoch to be satisfied with amorous rhymes. The medieval theory of æsthetics demanded allegory, and imposed upon the poet erudition; nor was it easy for the singer of that period to command his own immediate emotions, with a firm grasp upon their relation to the world around him, or to use them for the purposes of conscious art. He found it more proper to express a philosophic content under the accepted form of erotic poetry than to paint the personality of the woman he loved with natural precision. Between the mysticism of a sublime but visionary adoration on the one side, and the sensualities of vulgar passion or the decencies of married life upon the other, there lay for him no intermediate artistic region. The Italian genius, in the middle ages, created no feminine ideal analogous in the reality of womanhood to Gudrun or Chriemhild, Guinevere or Iseult: and when it left the high region of symbolism, it descended almost without modulation to the prose of common life. Guido Cavalcanti is in this respect instructive. We find in his poetry the two tendencies separated and represented with equal power, not harmonised as in the case of Dante's allegory. His Canzoni dealt with intellectual abstractions. His Ballate gave artistic form to feelings stirred by incidents of everyday experience. The former were destined to be left behind, together with the theological scholasticism of the middle ages. The latter lived on through Boccaccio to Poliziano and the poets of the sixteenth century. Still we can fix one moment of transition from the transcendental philosophy of love to the positive romance of the 'Decameron.' Guided by his master, Cino da Pistoja, the least metaphysical and clearest of his immediate predecessors, Petrarch found the right artistic *via media*; and perhaps we may attribute something to that double education which placed him between the influences of the Tuscan lyrists and the troubadours of his adopted country. At any rate he returned from the allegories of the Florentine poets to the simplicity of chivalrous emotion; but he treated the original motive with a greater richness and a more idealising delicacy than his Provençal predecessors. The marvellous instruments of the Italian Sonnet and Canzone were in his hands, and he knew

knew how to draw from them a purer if not a grander melody than either Guido or Dante. The best work of the Florentines required a commentary; and the structure of their verse, like its content, was scientific rather than artistic. Petrarch could publish his 'Canzoniere' without explanatory notes. He had laid bare his heart to the world, and every man who had a heart might understand his language. Between the subject-matter and the verbal expression there lay no intervening veil of mystic meaning. The form had become correspondingly more clear and perfect, more harmonious in its proportions, more immediate in musical effects. In a word, Petrarch was the first to open a region where art might be free, and to find for the heart's language utterance direct and limpid.

This was his great achievement. The forms he used were not new. The subject-matter he handled was given to him. But he brought both form and subject closer to the truth, exercising at the same time an art which had hitherto been unconceived in subtlety, and which has never since been equalled. If Dante was the first great poet, Petrarch was the first true artist of Italian literature. It was, however, impossible that Petrarch should overleap at one bound all the barriers of the middle ages. His Laura has still something of the earlier ideality adhering to her. She stands midway between the Beatrice of Dante and the women of Boccaccio. She is not so much a woman with a character and personality, as woman in the general, *la femme*, personified and made the object of a poet's reveries. Though every detail of her physical perfections, with the single and striking exception of her nose, is carefully recorded, it is not easy to form a definite picture even of her face and shape. Of her inner nature we hear only the vaguest generalities. She sits like a lovely model in the midst of a beautiful landscape, like one of Burne Jones's women, who incarnate a mood of feeling while they lack the fulness of personality. The thought of her pervades the valley of Vaucluse; the perfume of her memory is in the air we breathe. But if we met her, we should find it hard to recognise her; and if she spoke, we should not understand that it was Laura. Petrarch had no objective faculty. Just as he failed to bring Laura vividly before us, until she had by death become a part of his own spiritual substance, so he failed to depict things as he saw them. The pictures etched in three or four lines of the 'Purgatorio' may be sought for vainly in his 'Rime.' That his love of nature was intense, there is no doubt. The solitary of Vaucluse, the pilgrim of Mont Ventoux, had reached a point of sensibility to natural scenery far in advance of his age. But  
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when he came to express this passion for beauty, he was satisfied with giving the most perfect form to the emotion stirred in his own subjectivity. Instead of scenes, he delineates the moods suggested by them. He makes the streams and cliffs and meadows of Vaucluse his confidants. He does not lose himself in contemplation of the natural object, though we feel that this self found its freest breathing-space, its most delightful company, in the society of hill and vale. He never cares to paint a landscape, but contents himself with such delicate touches and such cunning combinations of words as may suggest a charm in the external world. At this point the humanist, preoccupied with man as his main subject, meets the poet in Petrarch. What is lost, too, in the precision of delineation, is gained in universality. The 'Canzoniere' reminds us of no single spot; wherever there are clear fresh rills and hanging mountains, the lover walks with Petrarch by his side.

If the poet's dominant subjectivity weakened his grasp upon external things, it made him supreme in self-portraiture. Every mood of passion is caught and fixed for ever in his verse. The most evanescent shades of feeling are delicately set upon the exquisite picture. Each string of Love's many-chorded lyre is touched with a masterly hand. The fluctuations of hope, despair, surprise; the 'yea and nay twinned in a single breath'; the struggle of conflicting aspirations in a heart drawn now to God and now to earth; the quiet resting-places of content; the recrudescence of the ancient smart; the peace of absence, when longing is luxury; the agony of presence, adding fire to fire;—all this is rendered with a force so striking, in a style so monumental, that the 'Canzoniere' may still be called the Introduction to the Book of Love. Thus, when Petrarch's own self was the object, his hand was firm; his art failed not in modelling the image into roundness. Dante brought the universe into his poem. But 'the soul of man, too, is an universe:' and of this inner microcosm Petrarch was the poet. It remained for Boccaccio, the third in the supreme triumvirate, to treat of common life with art no less consummate. From Beatrice through Laura to the Fiammetta; from the Divine Comedy through the Canzoniere to the Decameron; from the world beyond the grave through the world of feeling to the world in which we play our puppet parts; from the mystic *terza rima*, through the stately lyric stanzas, to Protean prose. Such was the rapid movement of Italian art within the brief space of some fifty years. We cannot wonder that when Boccaccio died, the source of inspiration seemed to fail. Heaven and hell, the sanctuaries  
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of the soul, and the garden of our earth, had all been traversed. Well might Sacchetti exclaim :

‘Sonati sono i corni  
D’ogni parte a ricolta :  
La stagione è rivolta :  
Se tornerà non so, ma credo tardi.’

Hitherto we have spoken only of Petrarch’s love-verses. There is a short section of the ‘Canzoniere’ devoted to poems on various arguments, which presents him in another light. The oratorical impulse was only second to the subjective in his genius ; and three canzoni, addressed to Giacomo Colonna, to Rienzi, and to the Princes of Italy, display the pleader’s eloquence in its most perfect lustre. If the ‘Rime in Vita e Morte di Madonna Laura’ bequeathed to the Italians models of meditative poetry, these canzoni taught them how classical form might be given to hortatory lyrics on subjects of national interest. There was a wail, an outcry in their passionate strophes, which went on gathering volume as the centuries rolled over Italy, until at last, in her final servitude beneath the feet of Spanish Austria, they seemed less poems than authentic prophecies. The Italians inherited from their Roman ancestors a strong forensic bias. What the forum was for the ancients, the *piazza* became for them. To follow out the intricacies of this thought would require more time and space than we can spare. It must be enough to remark that in their literature at large there is a powerful declamatory element. It impairs their philosophical writing, and helps to give an air of superficiality to their poetry. They lack what the Germans call *Innigkeit*, and the French *intimité*. What will not bear recitation in the market-place, what does not go at once home without difficulty to the average intelligence of the crowd, must be excluded from their art. It is rarely that we catch an undertone piercing the splendid resonances of their verse, or that we surprise a singer hidden in the cloud of thought, pouring his song forth as the night-bird sings to ease her soul in solitude. Such being, roughly speaking, the chief bent of the Italians, it followed that Petrarch’s rhetorical canzoni had a better and more fruitful influence than his meditative poems on their literature. The Petrarchisti of chivalrous passion attenuated his feeling without realising it in their own lives, and imitated his style without attaining to his mastery of form, until the one lost all vitality and the other became barren mannerism. But from time to time, as in Filicaja’s Sonnet or Leopardi’s Ode to Italy, we catch the true ring of his passionate *Italia mia* !

It will be understood that what has been said in the foregoing paragraph,

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paragraph, about the rhetorical bias of the Italians, is only generally applicable. Their greatest artists and poets—Dante, Petrarch, Signorelli, Michelangelo, Tintoretto, Leopardi—have combined the forensic qualities of the Latins with the *Innigkeit* of the Teutons, just as, from the opposite point of view, we find a similar combination in Germans like Goethe, and in the French intellect at large. Petrarch's preoccupation with self so far balanced the oratorical impulse that, while the latter found its scope in his prose works, by far the larger portion of his poems gave expression to the former.

By right of his self-consciousness and thirst for glory, Petrarch was a modern man, fashioned by contact with antiquity. But dwelling as he did within the threshold of the middle ages, he had to pay the penalty of this emancipation from their intellectual conditions. After all is said, the final characteristic of Petrarch is the state of spiritual flux in which he lived. His love of Laura seemed to him an error and a sin, because it clashed with an ascetic impulse that had never been completely blunted. In his 'Hymn to the Virgin,' he spoke of this passion as the Medusa which had turned his purer self to stone:—

'Medusa e l'error mio m'han fatto un sasso  
D'umor vano stillante.'

Yet he knew that this same passion had been the cause of his most permanent achievements in the sphere of art. Laura's name was confounded with the laurel-wreath, for which he strove, and which he wore with pride upon the Capitol. Even here a new contradiction in his nature revealed itself. Thirsting as he did for fame, he judged this appetite ungodly. The only immortality to be desired by the true Christian was a life beyond this earth. While he expressed a contempt for the world inspired by sympathy with monasticism, he enjoyed each mundane pleasure with the fine taste of an intellectual epicure. Solitude was his ideal, and in solitude he planned his most considerable literary masterpieces: but he frequented the courts of princes, made himself their mouthpiece, and delighted in the parade of a magnificent society. Humanism, which was destined to bring forth a kind of neo-paganism in Italy, had its source in him; and no scholar was more enthusiastic for the heroes of the antique age. But even while he gave his suffrage to the 'starry youth' of Scipio, he was reminded that the saints of the Thebaid had wreathed their brows with the palms of a still more splendid victory. He worshipped Laura with a chivalrous devotion; but he lived, according to the custom of his time and his profession, with a concubine who bore him two children.

children. No poet exalted the cult of woman to a higher level; but no monk expressed a bitterer hostility against the sex. He could not choose between the spirit and the flesh, or utter the firm 'I will' of acceptance or renunciation upon either side. The genius of Rome and the genius of Nazareth strove in him for mastery. At one time he was fain to ape the antique patriot; at another he affected the monastic saint. He pretended to despise celebrity and mourned the vanity of worldly honours; yet he was greedy of distinction. His correspondence reveals the intrigues with which he sought the poet's laurel, pulling wires at Rome and Paris, in order that he might have the choice of being either crowned upon the Capitol or else before the most august society of learned men in Europe. At the same time, when fame had found him, when he stood forth as the acknowledged hero of culture, he complained that the distractions of renown withdrew him from the service of religion and his soul. He claimed to have disengaged himself from the shackles of personal vanity. Yet a foolish word dropped by some young men in Padua against his learning, made him take up cudgels in his failing years, and engage in a gladiatorial combat for the maintenance of his repute. He was clamorous for the freedom of the *Populus Romanus*, and importunate in his assertion of Italian independence. Yet he stooped to flatter kings in letters of almost more than Byzantine adulation, and lent his authority to the infamies of Lombard despotism. It would be easy enough, but weariful, to lengthen out this list of Petrarch's inner contradictions. The malady engendered by them—that incurable *acedia*, that atonic melancholy, which he described to St. Augustine—made him the prototype of an age which had in it, and which still has, a thousand unreconciled antagonisms. Hamlet and Faust, Werther and René, Childe Harold and Dipsychus, find their ancestor in Petrarch; and it is this which constitutes his chief claim on the sympathies of the modern world. He too has left us a noble example of the method whereby the inevitable discords of an awakened consciousness may be resolved in a superior harmony. Through all his struggles he remained true to the one ideal of intellectual activity, and the very conflict saved him from stagnation. His energies were never for one moment prostrated, nor was his hope extinguished. He laboured steadily for the completion of that human synthesis, embracing the traditions of antiquity and Christianity, which, as though by instinct, he felt to be the necessary condition of a European revival. It may be confidently asserted that if his immediate successors had continued his work in the spirit of their leader, the Renaissance would have brought forth nobler fruits.

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We are told that the faces of dying persons sometimes reproduce the features of their youth, and the memory of old men reverts to the events of boyhood. Thus Petrarch at the close of life survived the struggles of his manhood, and returned with single-hearted impulse to the Alma Mater of his youth. From the year 1348 forward, he approximated more and more to the medieval type of character, without losing his zeal for liberal studies. The coming age, which he inaugurated, faded from his vision, and the mystic past resumed its empire. Yet, as a scholar, he never ceased to be industrious. One of his last works was the translation into Latin of Boccaccio's 'Griselda': and on the morning after his unwitnessed death, his servant found him bowed upon his books. But Petrarch was not sustained in age and sickness by a forecast of the culture he had laboured to create. The consolations of religion, the piety of the cloister, soothed his soul; and he who had been the Erasmus of his century, passed from it in the attitude of an Augustinian monk.

At Arquà they still show the house where Petrarch spent his last years, the little study where he worked, the chair in which he sat, the desk at which he wrote. From those soft-swelling undulations of the Euganean hills, hoary with olives, rich with fig and vine, the Lombard plain breaks away toward Venice and the Adriatic. The air is light; the prospect is immense; there is a sound of waters hurrying by. In front of the church-door, below the house, and close beside the rushing stream, stands the massive coffer of Verona marble where his ashes rest. No inscription is needed. The fame of Petrarch broods on Arquà like the canopy of heaven. For one who has dwelt long in company with his vexed, stedfast spirit—so divine in aspiration, so human in tenderness, and so like ourselves in its divided impulses—there is something inexpressibly solemn to stand beside this sepulchre, and review the five centuries through which the glory he desired has lived and grown. Few men capable of comprehending his real greatness, while there standing, will not envy him the peace he found upon the end of life, and pause to wonder when that harmony will be achieved between the wisdom of this world and the things of God which Petrarch, through all contradictions, clung to, and in death accomplished.

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2. *Cyprus. Its Ancient Cities, Tombs, and Temples.* By General Louis Palma di Cesnola. London, 1877.
3. *Cypren. Reiseberichte über Natur und Landschaft, Volk und Geschichte.* Von Franz von Löher. Stuttgart, 1878.

THE traveller who approaches Cyprus from the south-east, and nears the port of Larnaca, can scarcely fail to be unfavourably impressed by the bare and forlorn appearance of a country almost entirely denuded of trees and brushwood, and in the summer months without vegetation. Very different was the aspect which the island presented three thousand years ago to the Phœnician mariner starting on his westward explorations. In those days vast forests and thick underwood stretched down from the mountains to the shore, offering the visitor the prospect of an inexhaustible supply of the materials for ship building. Very probably the need for wood and tar first attracted the Sidonian sailors to the shores of Cyprus. If so, a stronger attraction soon induced them to remain. In the mountains of the island they found an endless supply of that copper which, until the difficulties attending the working of iron were overcome, was the chief of all the means by which man established his dominion over the earth, the beasts of the field, and his fellow man. When, further, we consider the position of Cyprus, lying right over against the Syrian coast, we cannot doubt the truth of the tradition that some of the earliest Phœnician colonies were established in the island. Timidly, as their custom was, the new-comers took their post beneath the long range of mountains which cuts off the southern coast from the broad plain which forms the middle portion of the land, and built their citadels on little hills, easy to be fortified, overhanging sheltered roadsteads and beaches where their galleys could lie safely. So arose Amathus, Paphos, and the mightier Kitium, which became the Phœnician capital, gave its name to the whole island, and was for centuries the chief support and vassal of Tyre.

At this time no doubt the island was already peopled by a race of Greek or semi-Greek stock. The religious practices of the Cyprian people, and, as we now know, both the style of their art and the alphabet they employed, point to a close connection between them and the Lycian, Pamphylian, and Phrygian races of Asia Minor. But these races were as yet in a state of barbarism, and had little culture of their own to oppose to that brought by the Phœnicians from the valleys of the

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the Nile and the Euphrates. They were never so quick-witted as the Ionians, and the latter applied to them in scorn the epithet 'Cyprian oxen.' Modern travellers speak still of the dulness and stolidity of the peasants who dwell in the mountainous and unfrequented parts of the island, and whose ancestors probably lived there three thousand years ago; though Ross on the other hand maintains that the Greek peasants who dwell in secluded valleys in Rhodes are equally stolid, and ascribes their dulness rather to the uneventful and monotonous character of their lives, than to an inherent tendency.

To the primitive Cyprians the Phœnicians brought not only the rudiments of art, trade, and civilisation, but also a religion. At Amathus and Paphos they founded temples to the moon-goddess, the queen of heaven, Ashtoreth or Astarte, the national deity of Ascalon and Sidon. That a people of navigators, in the infancy of navigation, should worship the moon and the stars is so natural as to require no explanation. Astarte guided the Sidonians on all their maritime expeditions, saved them from shipwreck in many a storm, and measured the time of their return; and their gratitude made her supreme in all matters of navigation and commerce, their directress in war, and the wealthy recipient of a large share of the rich spoils which they reaped by force or by commerce in the far west. But as has usually happened when a Semitic people introduces the germs of a religion among an Aryan race, the cultus of Astarte soon changed its form at Cyprus when it came into contact with native customs and beliefs.

Of the cultus of Aphrodite at Paphos we know a little from later accounts, but only a little. No subject could possibly be more obscure than the origin of the elements of that worship. We may be sure that it was planted by the Phœnicians, but of Phœnician belief we know next to nothing. Movers asserts that the worship of the Sidonian goddess was pure from lascivious rites. If so the grosser elements in the later worship of Aphrodite must have been taken either from a Syrian or a Phrygian source. The Syrians as well as the people of Asia Minor worshipped with orgiastic rites a deity of the feminine gender, who represented at once the moon and that warm moisture of which the moon was the symbol, and which is the great fosterer of life and growth in the world. With this female deity was associated an effeminate male divinity, who doubtless symbolised the sun. On all the eastern coasts of the Mediterranean we find among the various peoples pairs of deities of this character under the most varied names and with great variety of legend. In Babylon they were called Sandan and Mylitta, in Phrygia, Atys and Cybele. In Lydia



Lydia the pair were Græcised into Hercules and Omphale, in the Troad into Anchises and Aphrodite. In Cyprus they went by the names of Adonis and Aphrodite. The name of Adonis is probably Semitic, but as worshipped in Cyprus he was certainly a deity of the same class as Atys and Anchises.

We find a further likeness to the religions of Asia Minor and Syria in the strongly organised college of priests, who were attached to the service of the deity of Paphos. Tradition asserted that these priests were all descended from Cinyras. Certainly they were a very wealthy and powerful corporation, with branches in all parts of the island wherever there was a temple of Aphrodite, and great wealth and political power. They ruled at old Paphos almost as kings, and General di Cesnola believes that he has discovered the foundations of their stately palace. Similar to the guild of the Cinyradæ were the colleges of priests of Cybele, and the religious corporations of cities which, like Ephesus, took the tone of their worship from Asia Minor. It is also worthy of observation that in the Paphian temple the goddess was represented by no image, but by a conical stone, just as the Syrian goddess was represented at Hierapolis, Cybele at Pessinus, and the Asiatic Artemis at Perga.

Herodotus tells us of the abominations practised in the temple of Mylitta at Babylon, in words which might tempt the reader to suppose that he is exaggerating, or at least that the abominable sensual excesses of which he speaks could have no connection with any form of religion. Unfortunately religious excitement, when perverted, is but too apt to lead to sensual aberrations, as is proved by the history of the early Christian sects, and too surely even in our own day by the rise of strange communistic societies on a professedly religious basis in America and Russia. In Asia Minor the worship of deities of the Mylitta class was accompanied by sensual indulgence and degrading self-mutilations, a canker which spread at a later time deep into the decaying frame of the Roman Empire. At Cyprus the nature of the climate, which has enervated successively Greek colonists, Frankish knights, Venetian nobles, and Turkish settlers, and the fatal facility of living, both combined with the vague mystical traditions of the Cyprian race to turn the worship of *Astarte* into a vast orgy, and to make the very name of Cyprus stand through the civilised world for a synonym of impurity and debauchery.

In the earliest form known to us of the primitive Greek religion, that kept up by tradition at Dodona, there is already an Aphrodite, who is the child of Zeus and Dione, and is associated with the dove, the great emblem in all times of Aphrodite-worship.

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ship. An Aphrodite under other names is also found in the Pelasgic cultus, which rendered Lemnos and Imbros celebrated. But after the Paphian goddess had been identified thoroughly with the Greek Aphrodite, and was never spoken of by any other name, her worship still retained its repulsive character. Xenophon, however, in the Symposium, carefully distinguishes two forms of Aphrodite. Of these the first is Urania, whose symbol was the planet Venus, who was regarded as a virgin, and whose rites were free from impurity. Of her Phidias made a statue which stood upon a tortoise, and the animal sacred to her was the gentle and loving dove. The other form was Aphrodite Pandemos, fitly symbolised by a goat or a pig, the patroness of harlots and the encourager of all kinds of sexual immorality. It was rather in the latter light that the deity was regarded in Cyprus. The Aphrodisia, which fell at the beginning of April, were stained with the wildest excesses, the two sexes vying one with the other in the bestial rivalry.

Of a scarcely less obscene, though of a more interesting character, was the annual feast of Adonis. In this the love of the goddess for her hero, his death, her passionate lament, and his resurrection from the dead, were represented to the eyes of worshippers by means of images, in a sort of Pagan miracle-play. For one day the crowds of women stood loudly lamenting and beating their breasts, or sat with tearful eyes raised to heaven; sometimes they even shaved their heads in token of mourning. On the next day, with joyful voices, they announced that Hades had been unable to hold back the young, the blooming Adonis, and Zeus had restored him to life and love. For eight months of the year he was to dwell with his loving Aphrodite; only for four he was to remain with Persephone beneath the earth. The worshippers planted quickly growing herbs in carefully-prepared hot-beds: in a few days the tender stalks appeared, when they were thrown into the sea or into wells to typify the sudden end of springing life on the earth. In all this we cannot fail to see allusion to the annual death and resurrection of the sun; a death and resurrection which by the Pagans of that time were not thought of as figurative, but as actual hard fact. In the same way Osiris died and rose again in Egypt, Atys in Phrygia, and Dionysus in Greece.

Until about the ninth or eighth century before our æra, the Phœnicians worked their will and made their fortunes on all the coasts of the Mediterranean. Then the genius of the Greek race began to awake. The 'Iliad' may not be history, but it certainly represents a time when the Greeks began to colonise and to conquer towards the East, and to spread themselves over the

coast of Asia Minor. The tradition tells how Cinyras, the cunning King of Amathus, in Cyprus, promised Agamemnon fifty ships for the siege of Troy, and how in performance of his promise he sent one galley, in which were stowed forty-nine little vessels of terra-cotta, such, no doubt, as are still often found in Egyptian tombs. This Cinyras is clearly meant for the embodiment of the Phœnician race, and the tradition is a touching reminiscence of the remote time when the Greek was not yet a match in the arts of over-reaching for his Semitic neighbour. But if Cinyras did not send ships to Agamemnon, he sent him a suit of armour, of which Homer gives a very glowing description, and which was a masterpiece of Sidonian skill. Agamemnon, if the tradition be trustworthy, did not regard the lesser service as a sufficient compensation for the loss of the greater, and at a later period made war on Cinyras and took his city. At that time many a Phœnician city was falling into Greek hands. History tells us little of the method followed by the supplanters, but no doubt the story of Agamemnon and Cinyras had a hundred parallels in real life at the time.

Nevertheless, the settlers who came to Cyprus from Hellas in the Homeric age, did not primarily attack the Phœnician cities. Cyprus, as everyone who has studied a map of the island knows, consists of a southern mountain-range, a northern mountain-range, and a broad and fertile plain between them, running across the country from east to west. The Phœnicians had already occupied the strip of shore to the south of the southern mountain range. The Greeks began by occupying the strip of shore on the opposite side of the island, to the north of the northern mountain range. These were Peloponnesian settlers. But there came a bolder race of colonists from Attica and Salamis, led, according to tradition, by that Teucer to whom Horace ascribes the motto *nil desperandum*. They established a new Salamis boldly at the eastern end of the great plain, and after a time their compatriots founded Soli to command the other or western end of the plain. So the Ionians held the central plain, the Peloponnesians the northern mountains, and the Phœnicians the southern mountains. This plain was compared in all antiquity with the valley of the Nile, being yearly flooded by the waters of the Pedæus, which left a rich deposit of mud and unexampled fertility behind. At present it is almost a desert, but it may become once more what it has been. The mountains seem to belong to another continent. Herr von Löher compares them to those of the Tyrol; but the lovely glens breaking down to the sea can be like nothing but Greece. In situation, in productions, in climate, Cyprus belongs in part to Europe, in part

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to Asia, in part to Africa, and it has constantly shared in the political vicissitudes and calamities of all three continents.

The early dwelling of the newly arrived Greeks in Cyprus was not unmarked by the splendid bloom so usual in early Greek colonies. The want of fine harbours prevented Salamis and Soli from attaining a wide commerce and becoming the centres of a great colonial empire like Miletus. Nor did they suddenly spring into wealth and lapse into luxury like Sybaris and Tarentum. But they participated to the full, for a time, in the spiritual and intellectual life of Hellas. The Cypria was considered one of the grandest epics of antiquity, scarcely inferior to the Iliad and the Odyssey. The Cypria was ascribed by some of the ancients to Euclus, a poet older than Homer, while others asserted that the poem was the work of Homer himself. They narrated that Homer sojourned in the island with a daughter named Arsiphone, and, giving her in marriage to a man named Stasinus, he gave as a dowry the Cypria. Hence, others again maintained that Stasinus was the true author of the epic, and we are the more inclined to think them right because the name Stasinus has quite a Cyprian sound.

The Iliad seems to fall from the clouds; none can clearly see why it begins where it does, and why it ends where it does. The Cypria seems to have formed a sort of proëm or introduction to it, which begins with the complaint of Earth that she is oppressed with the number of her inhabitants, and her prayer that the crowd may be thinned, and ends at the exact point where the Iliad takes up the tale. It would appear that the poem of Stasinus was more popular, had greater influence over the poets and the painters of Greece, than the poems of Homer. At least, in the poems and plays which have come down to us the subject is oftener taken from the Cypria than the Iliad. In the case of Greek painted vases, whereas representations taken from the Iliad are rare, we find very frequent paintings of the incidents of the Cypria, such as the Judgment of Paris, the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, or the surprise of Troilus and Polyxena by Achilles at the well. And in Greek legend few names are better known than those of Philoctetes, Telephus, Palamedes, and Protesilaüs, the deeds of all of whom are narrated in the Cypria. Indeed, the quantity of local myths the poem embodies is immense, thus showing the close connection which at the period must have existed between the Greek colonies in Cyprus and the mainland of Hellas.

We can scarcely be wrong in tracing, if not a Cyprian origin, at least Cyprian influence in the Homeric hymns to Aphrodite, as well as in that passage of Hesiod's Theogony

which records the birth of the goddess from the foam of the sea. This story, like so many of the Greek mythological legends, has a physical basis. Travellers tell that to this day the seashore at Paphos is covered at certain seasons of the year, and when the wind is in a certain quarter, with thick masses of foam, which sometimes drift inland before the breeze almost on to the spot where stood in old days the temple of the deity. A German man of science, Dr. Unger, has taken the trouble to examine that foam under the microscope, and found it to consist chiefly of the spawn of certain marine crustacea. In this difference between ancient and modern ways of regarding a natural phenomenon there is much that is suggestive.

The date of the Greek settlements in Cyprus cannot be fixed with accuracy. It was earlier, however, than the date of the foundation of the Italian and Sicilian colonies, that is, than the eighth century before our æra. It probably preceded the time when Assyrian influence was strongest on the coasts of Syria and in Asia Minor. Josephus states, that Shalmaneser, about the year 730, made war upon Phœnicia and penetrated to the shores of the Mediterranean. The straits endured by the metropolis, Tyre, naturally brought greater liberty to the colony, Kitium, which from this period began, like Carthage, to have a trade and a far-reaching policy of its own. At the end of the eighth century Sargon was supreme master of the island, and on a pillar preserved at Berlin we find the names of the kings and kingdoms which paid him tribute, Salamis being at this time the Greek and Kitium the Phœnician metropolis of the island. The tribute was continued to his grandson, Esar-haddon.

The enumeration of the periods of early Cyprian history, and of the races who successively held the over-lordship of the island, may be thought wearisome, but when we speak of the antiquities brought to the light by General di Cesnola, it will be seen to have been necessary. In this view it is important to note, that as to the antiquity of the connexion between Cyprus and Egypt there is a quarrel between modern Egyptologists and Herodotus. The former, relying on the evidence of tombs, assert that Cyprus was conquered by Thothmes III., as early as the fourteenth century before our æra; the latter states in positive terms, that Amasis, a king of the new semi-Greek Egyptian kingdom of the sixth century B.C., was the first Egyptian king to conquer the island. The determination of the controversy is the less important, because wherever the Phœnicians had sway they introduced a copy of Egyptian manners and Egyptian art; and at this distance of time it is sometimes difficult to distinguish true-Egyptian from pseudo-Egyptian influence in art-remains.

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After the conquest of Egypt by Cambyses, the supremacy of Cyprus naturally fell into the hands of the Persians; and hereupon the opposition between the Greek and the Phœnician settlers became at once intensified. Like the Phœnicians of the mainland, those of Cyprus seem to have found their wisdom in a general support of Persian policy and the Persian arms, in which all the Greeks saw the most dreaded foes of their nascent civilisation and their ancient liberties. When the Milesians and their allies raised the standard of revolt against Darius, Onesilus, brother of Gorgos, king of Salamis, finding his brother inclined to temporise, had himself proclaimed king in his place. He became master of all Cyprus, except the old Phœnician stronghold of Amathus, and, receiving a contingent of Ionian ships, hoped to hold his own against all Asia. But his success soon came to an end. A Persian army came from the coast of Cilicia; and when the two hosts were drawn up for battle, there was, of course, a traitor in the Greek camp. Stasanor, king of the Greek colony of Curium, went over to the enemy, the brave Onesilus lost his life, his army was dispersed, and Cyprus had again to submit to the Persian yoke; even to furnish contingents to the fleet which blockaded Miletus, and to that which was afterwards gloriously destroyed by Themistocles in the battle on the coasts of Attica.

After the invasion of Xerxes had been rolled back, the gallant Cimon with his Athenians sailed to the coasts of Asia Minor, restoring liberty to the Greek cities. As the great cities of Cyprus, Salamis and Soli, were connected with Athens by ties of blood, he would naturally seek their enfranchisement. And as a matter of fact he did so, and even won a splendid victory on the east coast of Cyprus; but was not finally successful. And now we reach the period most splendid in the ancient history of our island, when the arrival of a great man for a few years makes Cyprus great. It was the period of the peace of Antalcidas, when Persia won back by gold and art much of the territory and supremacy which she had lost to the conquerors of Marathon and Plataea. About the year B.C. 410, the throne of Salamis was occupied by a Phœnician usurper, named Abdemon. Of immemorial right that throne belonged to the family of Teucer, who had founded the city and named it after the island whence he sailed for Troy. Suddenly a member of that ancient family, by name Evagoras, appeared in Salamis with fifty followers, who 'reverenced him as a god,' and followed him implicitly in an enterprise to which a prosperous termination seemed impossible. But the extraordinary personal ascendancy of the leader and the faith of the followers accomplished



accomplished the seeming impossibility. The palace was stormed, the foreign guards slain, and the citizens, who, as Isocrates, who tells the story, says, stood trembling and undecided by, were informed that their ancient line of kings and their legitimate supremacy in the island were restored. Evagoras, prudent as he was valiant, long sought to avoid the inevitable breach with Abdemon's master, the great King of Persia, and even for a time succeeded in maintaining an alliance with him and the Athenian Conon against the Lacedæmonians, whom he defeated in a great battle at Cnidus. But the object of Evagoras' life, the complete Hellenisation of Cyprus, was one the attainment of which Artaxerxes of Persia could not allow so long as he had a soldier or a ship left. On the representation of the Phœnician cities of Amathus and Kitium, supported, *more Græco*, by the Hellenic rival of Salamis, Soli, Artaxerxes sent an army to put him down. Evagoras had long foreseen what turn events must take, and had strengthened his position by making great military preparations and by securing the alliance of the Athenians and Acoris, the native aspirant to the throne of Egypt. Now he drew the sword and flung away the sheath. Aided by the Athenians under Chabrias, he made himself master in a rapid campaign of nearly all Cyprus, sailed across to Phœnicia, took by storm the mighty city of Tyre, which so long defied Alexander the Great seventy years later, and stirred up a revolt against the Persians in Syria and Cilicia. But Artaxerxes was now thoroughly aroused, and, straining every resource, landed upon Cyprus a force amounting, according to Diodorus, to 300,000 men, at a cost, says Isocrates, of 50,000 talents, supported by a fleet of three hundred sail. Even against these forces, for a time, Evagoras held his own. He defeated Persian troops in several small engagements. Then he seems to have formed the plan of suddenly attacking and destroying the hostile fleet, hoping that without its aid the army must starve. Falling upon a portion of that fleet, he crushed it at the first onset; but the reserves came up. The Persian admiral Gaos fought with desperation, and at last Evagoras was overpowered by superior numbers. After this misadventure Salamis was blockaded by sea and land; but even after suffering the hardships of a long siege, Evagoras would not consent to accept a peace offered him on condition that 'he would submit himself to the will and the command of the Persian king, as a servant to his lord;' and, finally, the Persian pride was compelled to accept the terms he offered, and to allow him to retain Salamis on paying an annual tribute and submitting himself 'as a king to a king.' But, notwithstanding, Evagoras' high hopes were shattered,

shattered, and Cyprus lost for sixteen hundred years the chance of playing a part in history.

Cyprus fell easily into the hands of Alexander the Great, and after his death belonged to the Ptolemies of Egypt. It is probable that during their dominion and that of the Romans, who succeeded them, the island maintained a great pitch of wealth and material prosperity. The enormous quantities of silver coin issued by the Egyptian kings at Cyprian mints show that they knew well how to develop the material resources of the land. In the reign of Trajan the Jews of Cyprus revolted and slew, it is said, a quarter of a million of the inhabitants—a fact which testifies at once to the populousness of the island and to its wealth, for where Jews were in such numbers money must have been to be made.

No doubt, during the period at the history of which we have thus slightly glanced, vast changes had taken place in the appearance of the island. Throughout antiquity copper was obtained there in extraordinary abundance. Nor was the quantity alone remarkable, but the quality also. It was noted for its ductility and malleability, and almost rivalled gold in brightness. The Roman monetarii cast their *asses* out of it; artificers in all lands preferred it for objects of use and ornament; while on the spot were formed from it sory, misy, chalkitis, and other mysterious compounds. No one who is acquainted with Cyprian remains can doubt that gold and silver were found in the island; indeed, we know from the writers that gold was dug there by the Venetians, and Cyprian emeralds were prized above all others. In ancient as in modern times, the great salt-lakes at Kitium and Amathus dried up annually and left a thick layer of excellent salt, a marvellous and unfailing source of wealth. Strange to say, of late years the perverse ingenuity of Turkish taxation has managed to make even this source of wealth almost worthless, though in old times people used to say that Kitium produced salt enough for the whole world.

The very name of Cyprus tells how the cypress flourished of old in the island. The fig-trees attracted swarms of fig-peckers (*beccaficos*), a bird still common, and considered one of the greatest delicacies of the Levant; and wherever the Greek went he took with him his beloved olive-tree. Palms grew, but were less common than since the Turkish occupation, nor did the fruit ripen. The mountains still retained their primeval clothing of pine-forests, furnishing an inexhaustible supply of navy-timber, and bringing to the land refreshing showers and cool airs. But during the Ptolemaic and Roman periods corn and wine were the chief produce of the island. The great central plain

plain was covered with waving fields of barley ; the valley of the Pedieus contributed almost as richly as the valley of the Nile and the plains of Sicily towards the great distributions of bread among the lower classes of Rome, which made that city, under the Empire, the lazy and hungry stomach of the civilised world. The wine of Cyprus was proverbial. Possibly it would have seemed somewhat rough to a modern taste ; but for generosity and richness it had few equals. Herr von Löher is enthusiastic in his praise of Cyprian wine, and its adaptation to the climate. He declares that, after the longest and severest day's work, a glass of Commandaria would without fail restore his energies ; and a local proverb calls it the best remedy for all diseases.

We hear very little, after the Greek colonists of Cyprus had become in a few generations acclimatised, of any of them having become distinguished in literature and art. While Rhodes, a day's sail to the west, enjoyed a lofty political career, exhibited the best phases of Greek culture, and was filled with splendid statuary produced by local artists, Cyprus was remarkable only for the luxury, the prodigality, and the dissoluteness of its inhabitants. When Greek fabulists and philosophers wished to bring forward an example of effeminate self-indulgence they quoted or invented a king of Cyprus. The wealth which generous Nature heaped upon the inhabitants they spent in elaborate self-indulgence ; the faculties with which the Greek race was so abundantly endowed they exercised only in the invention of new and abominable forms of sensuality. The moral is no new one. There are spoilt children of nature as well as of society ; and just as the child whom his parents have indulged begins by slighting them and despising their wishes, so the race spoilt by nature begins by violating the ordinances of nature. And yet Cyprus gave birth to the Stoic Philosophy. Zeno of Kitium owed his education to Athens, but he must have owed the nature which moulded that education to his native place. In him the Cyprian spirit, after sounding every deep of profligacy, sick of the vanity of enjoyment, went into the cloister to seek peace in self-control and the limitation of desire.

Everyone knows how, after a thousand years of Roman government and Byzantine bureaucracy, the glory of a second youth burst upon Cyprus. Under the Lusignan family the island became the bulwark of Palestine and the chosen home of the flower of Frankish chivalry. If the life which the medieval writers of romances describe ever became actual fact it was there. The actual law administered between knight and knight was contained in the Assises de Jérusalem, that wondrous monu-

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ment of lofty feelings and gallant aspirations. Then tourneys and combats, conducted according to the most approved methods of fantastic chivalry, took place daily in the plain of the Pedæus. Then rose Nicosia and Famagosta, cities splendid even at this day in their utter decay, filled with churches, some of them built in a style peculiar to Cyprus, a refinement of Norman art. Then the castle of Buffavento was erected on the perpendicular rocks of the northern coast, and rich abbeys like those of Dellapaïs and Acheropithi became the abode of a host of ecclesiastics and the centres of rich cultivation. The materials for the history of this period have been collected with zeal by de Mas Latrie, and the subject is well worthy of an English pen. But we have not here space to recount it even in outline, and we have chosen for our subject rather the ancient than the medieval glories of Cyprus. We will but quote the testimony of Ludolf of Sudheim, an ecclesiastic of Paderborn, who visited Cyprus in the middle of the fourteenth century:—

‘Cyprus is the noblest, most fertile, and most illustrious of islands, and the richest too: none in all seas comes near to it, and in all goods it is richer than the rest. . . . By all sea-ports, Egyptian, Syrian, Armenian, Turkish, and Greek, it is surrounded as with a girdle. To them all one can sail in at most one day. . . . Nicosia is the capital; it lies in the midst of Cyprus, under the mountains, at the most level spot, and under the best and healthiest climate. In this town, because of the mildness and healthiness of its air, lives the king of Cyprus and all bishops and other prelates of the kingdom; and all other princes, counts, nobles, barons and knights for the most part, daily indulging in tourneys, feats of arms, and especially in hunting. . . . Also in Cyprus are princes, nobles, barons, knights, and citizens richer than in all the world. He who should possess a revenue of 3000 florins\* would stand lower than he in Germany who should have three merks. They squander all on hunting. I knew a count of Jaffa who kept more than 500 hounds, and every couple of hounds, as the custom is, has an attendant to itself, to cleanse, bathe and salve it, as is very necessary there for hounds. So a noble has at least ten or eleven falconers. . . . From early morning to evening one hears rumours and news, and all speeches of the world are understood, spoken, and taught in special schools. . . . In Famagosta live a host of wealthy courtesans, some of whom possess more than 100,000 florins; but of their riches I venture to say no more.’

\* The gold florin was equal in value to the sequin or ducat of Venice. Both contained about fifty-four grains Troy of pure gold, and so were worth intrinsically somewhat less than half-a-sovereign. Of course money was in that time more valuable, but to determine the true modern value of a florin of the fourteenth century is an insoluble problem. At this period the entire revenue of England did not very much exceed 150,000*l*. The merk was worth 13*s*. 4*d*. of the time, and equal intrinsically to about two of our sovereigns.

It is probable that the good curate, accustomed to rudeness and poverty at his Westphalian home, where merks were not very plentiful, exaggerated a wealth which dazzled him. Indeed, we are in a position to test his statements and detect his exaggerations; for we possess an official list of the revenues of the landed proprietors of the island, drawn up at the end of the fifteenth century for the use of the Venetian senate. From this list it appears that the wealthiest lord of Cyprus, George Cornaro, brother of the Queen, had a rent-roll of 7000 ducats; no other proprietor had an income of more than 3000 ducats. The average annual revenue of 120 of the richest persons in the island was about 480 ducats, a handsome income, no doubt, for the time, and probably greater than that of many an English nobleman, but still not so enormous as it seemed to the German church-mouse.

Another document which, however, is not official, but drawn up by Bernard Sagredi, on the authority of a 'gentleman fresh from the island,' states that the net revenue received by the Venetian state, just before the Turkish conquest, was 361,669 ducats, by far the larger portion of which was derived from the salt lakes of Kitium. The gross state-revenue was 546,000 ducats, and the sum of the revenues of the landed proprietors, 394,000 ducats. This would seem to be an estimate quite sufficiently high, and we cannot acquit of exaggeration Herr von Löher's statement, whencesoever derived, that Cyprus produced to the Venetians a net revenue of a million 'gold thalers,' in addition to a yearly tribute paid to the Sultan of Egypt of 800,000 'gold thalers.' Immediately on the Turkish conquest, although the Turks confiscated to the state the whole of the lands previously in the hands of private persons, the revenue fell to 208,000 ducats; and as the expenses amounted to 276,000 ducats, the late wealthy island caused an annual deficit to the exchequer of its new masters. The receipts from the salt lakes fell at once from 300,000 ducats to 8000.

When the Frankish knights and the Venetian rulers passed away, they did not leave behind those imperishable remains of roads, ports and aqueducts, which make the inhabitants of all countries which the Romans ever occupied bless the utilitarian character of their genius. Yet they left the island richer far than they found it. By the sixteenth century many products unknown at the Roman period increased the riches of Cyprus. Already in the reign of Justinian, the eggs of silk-worms were brought by monks from India, and Cyprus soon had a flourishing silk-manufacture. The European knights introduced into the island the fruit-trees of France and Italy; the sugar-cane was imported

imported in crusading times from Arabia. The Knights of St. John found the wine of Cyprus capable of higher cultivation, and the improved kind of it is to this day called *Commandaria*, after their chief. The cotton-plant, which was raised from Persian seed, was first cultivated in Cyprus during the same period. There is in the island a tradition that the Venetians paid a sequin for every olive-tree planted. If, in addition to these improvements, we reckon the vast mass of splendid buildings left by the Lusignan princes, and requiring only to be kept in repair, we can scarcely doubt that her Frankish and Venetian masters deserved, on the whole, well of the island.

A Turkish conquest, attended by massacres and ravages greater than usual in such cases, followed by three centuries of Turkish rule, has naturally obliterated the improvements introduced by wealthy Crusader and astute Venetian. But before we glance at the ruin which that withering rule has brought on the fair land, let us in justice mention two blessings conferred on Cyprus by the Turk. The first is the tobacco-plant, which takes very kindly to the soil. The second is the destruction of the locusts, a deed due indeed to one man, the Turkish governor, *Said Pasha*; but the account being so one-sided, it is well to give the Turks all the credit that can accrue from deeds done by any of their number. The locusts were accustomed every year to spread from the north-east corner of the island, southward and westward, destroying every green thing on their course. The evil had grown in *Ross's* time (1841) to such a pitch, that cultivation was almost at a standstill. The Greeks betook themselves to processions and prayers, the Turks submitted themselves quietly to the will of Allah, but their pashas ordered every man in the island to deliver to the authorities so many pounds of locusts. At length *Signor Mattei* of *Larnaca* hit upon the happy expedient of so ranging smooth walls and ditches that the young locusts, which always move straight on and cannot mount a wall, should fall into his snares and be destroyed. But *Said Pasha* lighted on a still more successful expedient. He set men to watch where, on the rough slopes of the northern hills, the female locusts dug the hole in which they laid their eggs. These eggs he caused to be collected and destroyed, to the amount it is said of sixty-two tons in one year; and so the pest was stayed.

But the Turks who destroy locusts do the work of locusts more effectually themselves. Killing the goose which laid the golden egg is a rule which has been occasionally followed in most countries, but in Turkey it is the normal principle of tax-assessing. No form of culture or industry has appeared, but they



they have at once conspired to rob it, and murder has usually followed. The cultivation of tobacco has, according to the testimony of Mr. Lang, late Consul at Larnaca, almost entirely ceased, owing to Government interference. The vine-culture has been well-nigh bled to death by excessive and annoying imposts. Cotton cannot be grown from American seed, superior as that is to the native, because it is less convenient to tax American cotton. It is, then, not to be wondered at that all travellers speak in a manner sometimes quite pathetic of the desolation of the island. Herr von Löher writes:—

‘Never had I anticipated that the interior of Cyprus would be so deserted and desolate. Nowhere was a flock of sheep or goats to be seen. As I looked down from a height over the naked land, water glimmered here and there. The beautiful island seemed to me like a deserted bride with eyes full of tears. And this very plain in antiquity was called *μακαρία*, the fortunate.’

The Turkish improvidence appears not only in their taxation but in all they do. ‘Whenever the Turks wanted a hundred trees for their ships of war, they cut down a thousand; it was so much easier to pick out suitable trees when they were lying on the ground; those not wanted might rot.’ It is not strange that, despite all the virtues of the Osmanlis, so unbusinesslike a race should be dying out, now that they can no longer seize by force the goods of their neighbours. General di Cesnola’s testimony is positive:—

‘In Cyprus the race of the Osmanlis is fast disappearing. This I had opportunities of remarking during my residence there; and I have been assured by competent persons that only forty years ago the capital of the island contained more Turks than Christians: at the present day the latter are in a large majority. . . . The Turk is too poor to allow himself the expensive luxury of having children.’

All witnesses are agreed that the one great necessity for the improvement of the climate of Cyprus is the planting of forest. Thus the heat of the plains would be tempered, the moisture increased, and the malaria done away with. The wanton waste of timber has been appalling. Herr von Löher mentions six causes:—excessive exportation, the wasteful way in which fire-wood is cut, forest-fires, injury done by browsing cattle, burning trees for resin, and, finally, the sheer love of mischief. At length the Turkish governor *pro tempore* became convinced that something must be done, and his way of doing it has been characteristic. He told Herr Seiff, a recent traveller, that he had issued an edict that within a year every male in the island should plant at least one tree. This edict has been less generally

obeyed

obeyed than the sanguine Turk hoped, and Sir Garnet Wolseley will probably find himself compelled to proceed by less direct means.

But since Cyprus has become a British possession we may safely leave the present of the island to the thronging newspaper correspondents, and return to the more attractive past. A link between the two is to be found in native manners and customs, always among the chief of the antiquities of a region. These traces are of less value in Cyprus than in some lands, because in the plains and the cities the present people of Cyprus are a race so mixed of Italian, Tatar, Syrian, and even Negro elements, as to have become a *caput mortuum*, whence no facts of ethnological value can be extracted. Among the mountains purer blood is said to prevail. In the Carpasian promontory of the north-east dwells a race fairer and stronger than the mass of the Cyprians, a race supposed to be of Teutonic blood. But in the Olympus range of the south, Herr von Löher thinks that he has found true Greeks of tall and slight frame and statelier manners. No doubt in Cyprus the Greek element is largely present, as is proved by the persistence of Greek language, Greek customs, and, above all, of that charming closeness and affection of family life, which has preserved the Greek race, as it has preserved the Jewish, through centuries of tyranny and oppression. For ourselves, we are disinclined to think that the people who dwell in the mountains are necessarily of pure blood. They are freer, statelier, more manly, than the dwellers in plains; but that is the constant effect of mountain-life. Amid the mountains of the Morea we have ourselves lighted on colonies of stately, noble folk, whom the traveller could scarcely hesitate to take for remnants of the ancient Dorians, did not history positively assert that they are of Slavonian stock. The Greek of the coast and the plain is not so fine a fellow as the mountaineer, but he is probably quite as much of a Greek.

Many traces of the ancient religion still linger in Cyprus. Aphroditissa is commonly regarded as a mere *alias* of the Virgin Mary, and this not by the ignorant only, but, as Ross assures us, sometimes by the priests themselves. Probably when the worship of the Virgin Mother was introduced into Cyprus, a tradition still lingered of the *virgo celestis* of the Sidonians, and facilitated the identification. Considering that the image in the temple of Paphos was merely a conical stone, it is of interest to compare the circumstance vouched for by General di Cesnola, that in two places in the island conical stones stand erect in the ground with great holes through them, into which holes the young women of the island break their glass jewellery on their marriage,

marriage, or on being betrayed by their lovers ; while old women repair to the spot and burn tapers in the hope of getting rid of their bodily ailments. It is probable that the Primate of the island, who rejoices in the title of *μακαριώτατος* and has the right of signing his name in red ink, inherits influence and more solid privileges owing to the fact that his spiritual ancestor was the high-priest of Aphrodite, representative of Cinyras, and chief of the politically-powerful guild of the priests at Paphos. The very head-dress worn by the parish clergyman is, as is well pointed out by General di Cesnola, identical with that which appears in the statues on the head of the ministers of Aphrodite.

Many other instances might be quoted to show that the modern Greek of Cyprus has not broken entirely away from the traditions of his ancestors. We hear that in one village of the island there are two chapels, both dedicated to St. George, the popular saint, but to him under different surnames. The natives consider these two Georges as quite distinct patrons, and endeavour to play off one against the other, threatening that if the one George does not accomplish their wishes, they will betake themselves to his namesake and rival. We have here a curious parallel to the worship in antiquity, side by side, of various forms or aspects of the same deity. At Argos they worshipped Zeus under the surnames of Meilichius, Nemeius, Mechaneus, and Soter, and no doubt worked these deities one against the other, just as their descendants treat the saints. In all the ancient tombs of Cyprus food and drink were placed for the use of the deceased on his journey. This we know from excavations, and Mr. T. B. Sandwith records a curious remnant of that custom. At the present day when a death takes place the nearest of kin provide doles of food for the poor for a period of forty days. Evidently the Church has in this way Christianised a heathen rite. Customs of a similar character prevail in Macedonia and other parts of Greece.

In the neighbouring island of Rhodes the people retain still more of their old leaven. There, as Mr. C. T. Newton states in his *'Voyages and Discoveries in the Levant,'* the people still believe in *dæmons*, whom they picture to their imagination as Satyrs or Pans, and in a class of female spirits clad in white, called *Anerades*, the sight of whom is a sure sign of approaching death. The latter are doubtless modern representatives of the *Nereids*, who also were supposed to carry off youths in the bloom of their life, as they did young *Hylas*. In the same island the custom prevails, which is doubtless of very great antiquity, of the sticking of coins to the pictures of saints in chapels by those who have a favour to ask at their hands.

In our opinion these remnants of the life of ancient Hellas should be made much of and recorded with respect. We have heard men say that their presumed ancestry is a burden too heavy for the modern Greeks, and retards them in the path of progress. Our opinion is the opposite. In our own country, to come of a good family does not quench, but more often stimulates, the energy of youths who have their way to make in the world. Belief in a descent from the Greeks of old ought to, and perhaps will, raise the modern Greek above the meannesses and falsehoods of Levantine life, and persuade him that his nation has a great future if it can but rise to the height of the opportunity.

However our present concern is rather with the more substantial remains of ancient times in Cyprus: temples, statues, and jewellery. In all the Levant there are exaggerated notions abroad among the people as to the richness of buried treasures on the sites of ancient cities and temples. Nowhere are these notions deeper seated than in Cyprus. The traveller cannot explore any ruins, whether ancient or medieval, without being followed by half-a-dozen gaping natives, who watch every turn and every look in the hope of sharing the treasures which they make no doubt to be buried there, and which the stranger, by the help of his books, can surely find. For the belief there must be good grounds. It is certain that in all times no field of archaeological research has yielded more precious results, if the preciousness is to be measured by money value, than Cyprus. But until lately the statues recovered were broken to pieces by the fanatical fury of iconoclastic Turks; while the objects in gold and silver, which were probably plentiful, found their way at once to the melting-pot. Not until the year 1867 were systematic or conscientious explorations attempted in the island.

In 1868 Mr. Lang, the English Consul in Cyprus, made extensive excavations at Dali, the ancient Idalium, a place situated in the hills a few hours north of Larnaca. He was rewarded by the discovery of a temple, in which stood in rows, each upon its proper pedestal, a vast quantity of votive statues in stone, of all sizes, and representing many different styles of art and ages of manufacture. In that part of the temple which Mr. Lang judged to be the oldest, these statues had sometimes an Egyptian, sometimes an Assyrian, aspect. In the more recent parts a style appeared somewhat different from any to which we are accustomed, a style which was probably native, and peculiar to Cyprus. In addition, mingled with these, were what seemed to be copies of the early Assyrian and Egyptian statues,

statues, together with a few figures which bore unmistakable signs of manufacture in Macedonian and Roman times. The character of the whole find has been fully discussed in two papers read by Mr. Lang and Mr. R. S. Poole before the Royal Society of Literature (1870). The object of that discussion is to prove that the statues were gradually accumulated during a very long period of time, during which the island was subjected to a series of conquests by the leading nations of the Levant, and also subjected to each of their artistic styles in turn; finally, however, developing a native style, chiefly from Assyrian elements, which style runs parallel to the Greek, and is called, by Mr. Poole, Cypriote.\* Mr. Lang also found beneath the floor of the temple two treasures of coins, issued by the various Phœnician and Greek dynasts of Cyprus in the fifth century before our æra.

But by far the most valuable part of his spoil was a bilingual tablet containing Cyprian and Phœnician legends, which has proved the Rosetta Stone of the Cyprian language. It had long been known that the native legends in Cyprus were commonly written in a peculiar character, not so nearly resembling the Phœnician as the cuneiform of Assyria. This character had always defied interpretation; but it could no longer defy interpretation after the discovery of a bilingual tablet. A group of English scholars—Mr. Lang himself; Dr. Birch, of the British Museum; and the late Mr. George Smith, of Assyrian renown—may claim the credit of finding the clue to the mystery. The learned world was electrified six years ago by the discovery that beneath so barbarous and Oriental a character lay hid a mere variety of Greek, expressed, not alphabetically, but syllabically. German scholarship took the clue furnished from England, and has by this time almost forgotten that any credit is due to us in the matter. Herr von Löher calls the Cyprian language a discovery of German philology; but here he is quite wrong, and displays the *chauvinism* which is the great defect of his pleasant and readable little work. Dr. Brandis developed the researches of George Smith. By this time there are in Germany two schools of Cyprian interpretation, headed respectively by Deecke, of Strassburg, and Moritz Schmidt, of Jena. The differences between the two seem to an impartial eye almost microscopic, concerning, not things nor even words, but only the ways of spelling them.

\* Further on, at p. 442, we have returned to this subject, and ventured to develop a somewhat different theory. But the question remains a somewhat open one.

Nevertheless

Nevertheless a controversy has arisen, and been carried on beyond the limits of courtesy fitting to a scientific discussion. In the 'Philologus' (1876-77) Dr. Ahrens, an unquestionable authority on the subject of Greek dialects, gives a summary of the results at present reached in the interpretation of Cyprian, to which we would refer readers interested in the subject.\*

But it is high time to approach, what is in a more special sense our subject, the excavations carried on in all parts of Cyprus for a series of years by General di Cesnola, United States' Consul at Larnaca. Possessed of means, and restless by nature, he was no sooner settled in Cyprus than he began that digging which seems in the Levant to be the one outlet provided for overflowing energy. Finding the heat of Larnaca quite intolerable in the summer months, he removed inland to those Idalian fields, the sweetness of which was proverbial among the ancients. On this spot he found a cemetery of such size as to present an almost unlimited scope to the explorer. In the course of several years, he opened not less than 15,000 tombs; thus probably becoming, if he had to be judged by the moral code of the ancients, the most wicked man who ever lived. But the curses which the old Greeks used to inscribe against those who should disturb their remains have lost their power to harm. These tombs, though of various dates and enclosing antiquities of very different characters, seem to have all been alike in construction. A tunnel or passage, sloping downward from the side into the interior of a hill or mound, led to

'A hemispherical cavity cut horizontally in the earth, and measuring about eight feet in diameter. Moistened clay, mixed with tritulated straw, was used to consolidate the walls and roof of the cavity, so as to keep the earth from falling in. A platform made of sun-dried bricks, one foot and a half high, was then built around its inner base. The width in no case exceeded the height. Upon the platform the dead were laid, with the head always towards the entrance. These oven-shaped tombs were made to contain in most cases three bodies, yet in many of them the remains of two only were remarked, one on the right and the other on the left of the doorway. When the latter was the case, the funeral vases and other mortuary objects composing the furniture of the tomb were invariably found placed upon the unoccupied portion of the platform which faced the door; but when the three spaces were occupied, the objects were deposited on the ground

\* More recently, Professor Deecke has made an attempt to trace the Cyprian letters back to their source in the Assyrian cuneiform. He also maintains that the composite final letters of the Greek alphabet,  $\phi$ ,  $\chi$ ,  $\psi$ , as well as  $\nu$ , were borrowed from Cyprus, through Lycia, by the Greeks. Professor Deecke thinks that the Cyprian character was formed about the eighth century before our era. If so, the *Iliad* may have been first written in it.



towards the head of each body. In some few instances a reversed earthenware plate was found placed under the head, serving as a pillow to the dead.'

The attitude of these corpses was sometimes remarkable.

'The right arm of the skeleton was placed across the breast, the hand resting in a dish at the side of the head. I call the attention of archæologists to this fact, as it is inexplicable to me. I may however mention, that among the antiquities discovered by Layard, and now exhibited in cases in the British Museum, are several circular bronze bowls, each containing the bones of a hand. But whether he found them in tombs, or under what circumstances, I have not been able to learn.'

At Alambra, twenty minutes' ride west of Dali, General di Cesnola found other tombs cut in the rock, containing but one body apiece, and with other interesting peculiarities. In every tomb were articles in copper and small statuettes in terra-cotta, and between these sets of objects an evident relation.

'The tombs which contained a terra-cotta horseman invariably contained one or two spear-heads from seven to ten inches in length; those having a knife, dagger, or hatchet, were accompanied by the figure of a foot-soldier with a shield, the right arm being elevated as in the act of throwing a javelin. The tombs having chariots with movable wheels but no horses, contained artisans' tools and bowls; while in those where a little image of Venus appeared were found always a mirror and long hair-pins and needles.'

In an able paper recently read before the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. T. B. Sandwith divides the tombs of Cyprus into three classes, according to the character of the pottery found in them. In the tombs of the first class, which are found in but a few spots in the island, the pottery consists of large bowls of a coarse reddish clay, with holes for suspension, and in addition bright red or black varnished ware of globular form. Sometimes on the latter geometrical patterns are incised. Such was the pottery found in the Alambra tombs, and both Mr. Sandwith and General di Cesnola believe it to be Phœnician, the latter adding that it closely resembles that of the Museum at Boulak, brought from the site of Naucratis, at the mouth of the Nile. The second class of tombs contains vases of a pale cream-colour, ornamented with geometrical patterns, among which concentric sets of circles are conspicuous. These patterns are painted in brown. The vases are very common, being found in nearly all parts of Cyprus, and Mr. Sandwith thinks that the tombs containing them belong to the native Cyprian population. The third class of tombs contains not terra-cotta, but glass, and is no doubt of a  
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more recent period, belonging to either Macedonian or Roman times.

The next scene of General di Cesnola's researches was the village of Athienu, the well-known head-quarters of the muleteers of Cyprus, who dwell here together in prosperity, and are noted for intelligence. A tradition, which they sedulously preserve and repeat industriously to travellers, states that they are descended from certain of the Venetian nobility, a remnant whom the Turks, weary of slaughter, spared after the capture of Famagosta, and allowed to settle at Athienu. Close to the village is the site identified by M. de Vogué as that of Golgi, a city of Sicyonian origin and one of the centres of the worship of the Cyprian goddess. The excavations were speedily rewarded by the discovery of a sarcophagus covered with reliefs in the archaic Greek style, among which a rendering of the adventure of Perseus and Medusa is especially noteworthy, furnishing an interesting parallel to the well-known Selinuntine relief, of which a cast exists in the British Museum. Near the same spot was found one of those silver pateras of Egyptian design to which all scholars are now agreed to assign a Phœnician origin. One night General di Cesnola was awakened by excited messengers who told him that wonderful discoveries had been made by his diggers, and that the whole population of Athienu was now in the fields digging, discovering, and secreting. Galloping hastily to the spot, the American Consul found that the tale was not without foundation. What had chiefly fired the imagination of the inhabitants was a colossal head, in size approaching that which produced such a consternation among Layard's working parties on the banks of the Tigris; size impresses the uneducated even more than the educated eye. Besides the head, a number of statues had come to light, of which the larger lay on the ground, but many of the smaller had been purloined and carried to the houses of Athienu. To recover the lost sculptures, General di Cesnola adopted a plan which seems to us original, but which could scarcely succeed save among a people of very lively imagination.

‘Having been privately informed which of the peasants retained the missing objects, and having obtained a pretty accurate description of them, I sent for these men, and resorted to the following little stratagem to get the articles into my possession. I had lying upon a chair a volume of Layard’s ‘Nineveh,’ and selecting a page upon which was an engraving as nearly resembling the object I knew the man had concealed as I could find, I told him this book was a book of divination, and that by it I could discern whether or not he had secreted any of the antiquities. Then, boldly turning to the engraving,

ing, I pointed it out to him, and demanded its immediate restitution, but with the promise of a good backsheesh if complied with at once.'

It is, perhaps, not impossible that much is explained by the last sentence, and that the divining-book might have been dispensed with.

In another field at Golgi, General di Cesnola made a discovery almost exactly similar to that above mentioned of Mr. Lang. At a depth of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet he lighted upon a wall of stone 2 feet 10 inches high, and 2 feet thick. Following this in both directions he made out clearly that it had once constituted the base of the wall of a temple, the superstructure built upon it having consisted of sun-dried bricks. Stone capitals were also found, which had probably served, mounted upon wooden pillars, to support the roof. Along the inner walls of this temple were long rows of pedestals which had supported hundreds of statues of calcareous stone. These statues had been dashed to the ground when the temple was destroyed, and now lay on their faces covered by a thick mass of clay, formed by the decomposition of the bricks which had formed the temple walls. About two hundred of the figures were some two feet in height; about thirty were of life or colossal size. General di Cesnola found in them the same variety of style as Mr. Lang had already noticed at Dali. He also observed, confirming Mr. Lang's testimony in this also, that the statues stood in groups, according to style. Those with conical head-dresses stood side by side; those showing a strong Egyptian influence were grouped together; and so with the rest. Only it is much to be regretted that no plan or illustration is furnished us showing the grouping; from such a plan some archæologist might perhaps have gained a clue as to the age and meaning of this remarkable gallery of sculpture.

The next task of General di Cesnola was to ship his rich collection; and here he had of course to surmount the opposition of the Turkish authorities. This he did by a method, very clever, no doubt, in itself, but scarcely calculated to render more easy the procuring from the Turks of firmans by future explorers. Positive and repeated orders had been sent to Cyprus from Constantinople that the American Consul was not to be allowed to ship antiquities. But it happened that at the moment General di Cesnola was acting as Consul for Russia. He repaired to the Director of the Custom-house with the question, 'Have you any orders to prohibit the *Russian* Consul from exporting antiquities?' The Director read over his orders, and admitted that they applied to the *American* Consul only. General di Cesnola instantly made a formal demand

demand that as Russian Consul he should be allowed to export what he chose, and in a quarter of an hour all the porters of Larnaca were at work shipping his cases right under the guns of a Turkish corvette. When the story came to the ears of the Governor, Said Pasha, he merely remarked that it was a pity the author of so clever a device was not a Turk.

So ends the first period of General di Cesnola's excavations. The second period, which is attended by still more brilliant success, takes us to most of the great seats of ancient civilisation in the island.

Ross, whose eye, educated to the level of his intellectual mastery of archæology, missed nothing, observed long ago, a little to the north of Salamis, two tumuli which he judged to be sepulchral, and which he recommended to the notice of future explorers. To the base of one of these General di Cesnola penetrated by means of vertical shafts. But he found that he had been anticipated ages ago by treasure hunters, who, whatever they may have found in the tumulus, left nothing but a plain white marble sarcophagus so damaged as to be worthless. We think it would have been well to have explored to a somewhat greater depth, as the greatest treasures, in the case of tumuli, are often found below the original surface of the ground. After his disappointment, our explorer did not attack the second tumulus.

If Salamis and Kitium disputed in ancient times the political supremacy of the island, both were no doubt far surpassed in wealth and splendour by Paphos, the religious capital, the seat of the metropolitan temple of Aphrodite, and the abode of the religious guild of the Cinyradæ, who seem to have exercised considerable control throughout Cyprus. In the walls of the miserable huts of the village of Kuklia, which now stands on the site of the ancient city, stand masses of marble and granite, which bear to the mud in which they are imbedded much the same relation which holds generally between ancient and modern Cyprus. There exist also massive remains of the cella of the temple erected by Vespasian on the site of the ancient Phœnician edifice; and great quantities of masonry strewed about would make the inexperienced explorer sanguine that wonderful results would be sure to follow from explorations conducted on the site. But, as has so often been the case elsewhere, this promising-looking field of exploration yielded no rich result to General di Cesnola: perhaps partly because he was limited in respect to funds. In the case of a site like that of Paphos the only safe course to pursue is that now being followed by the Germans at Olympia, namely, digging away the entire soil to a depth of  
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from fifteen to thirty feet, and passing much of that soil through the sieve.

But though General di Cesnola considers Paphos as one of his failures, we owe to him many interesting items of knowledge with regard to temple and city. In the medieval castle, at a depth of no less than 52 feet beneath the soil, he found the massive foundations of a palace which no doubt had belonged to the early kings of Paphos. Beneath the temple of Aphrodite, at a far smaller depth, were foundations of a similar character and the same period, which had no doubt belonged to the early temple of the Sidonian goddess. Above these foundations, at a depth of about  $2\frac{1}{3}$  feet below the soil, was a mosaic pavement, and below this pavement again pedestals of colossal statues, bearing inscriptions dating from the Ptolemaic period. It would thus appear that between the early Sidonian temple and its Flavian successor there intervened a temple Greek in origin and probably in style. The coins issued for Cyprus by Vespasian and his successors present us with a copy of the Flavian temple, but a copy not executed with sufficient care and precision to have great archæological value. It is, however, certain that the building owed its main design to Phœnician influence, and this gives additional importance to the measurements and particulars carefully set forth in the book before us.

At Amathus the tombs were of a different character from those of Dali and Alambra. They lay at a depth of from forty to forty-five feet below the soil, and consisted of handsome chambers, sometimes even suites of chambers, built of massive stones, and contained fine marble sarcophagi, from one to six in each room. Most of the sarcophagi were plain, but among them was one bearing at the sides very fine reliefs in Græco-Oriental style, and at the ends designs of a very remarkable nature, representing male and female deities of an Oriental sort. Most of the tombs had been rifled, yet they yielded a Phœnician silver patera and several objects in porcelain of an Egyptian character, together with early vases bearing representations of chariot-processions and the like, which are also probably Phœnician. Indeed, the Phœnician nature of most of the antiquities from Amathus is unmistakable.

But the day on which General di Cesnola best merited the title *felix* was that on which he discovered the treasure of Curium. It was this treasure which England grudged to America when it was announced that the Di Cesnola collections were purchased for New York. Cyprian statues will be found again by the hundred; but a temple-treasury is seldom left unviolated for the modern explorer. The city of Curium was an

Argive

Argive settlement of considerable but unknown antiquity. The chief deity of the place was Apollo Hylates: the situation on the summit of a rock about 300 feet high, which forms a natural citadel, requiring very little art to make it impregnable. The surface formerly occupied by the city is covered with débris, and has apparently been little disturbed. General di Cesnola observed no less than seven spots where columns were lying; among these he selected for excavation one where eight granite shafts lay imbedded in the ground. On removing the shafts he discovered a mosaic pavement, which had already been broken through by treasure-seekers of past ages. But on digging, it appeared that previous explorers had ceased their labour when they reached, at a depth of six or seven feet, the eastern foundation of the temple. General di Cesnola persisted, and found at a depth of twenty-seven feet a passage cut in the rock, at the end of which was a doorway loosely closed with a flat stone. Through the doorway he found a series of four vaulted chambers opening one into the other, rudely cut in the rock, and quite full of fine earth which had drifted into them from above. None of the chambers contained sepulchral remains, but in them was ultimately found a most surprisingly rich hoard of bracelets, necklaces, rings, pateras, and other goldsmiths' wares, scattered either upon the floor or on low ledges running round the side of the rooms. These deep and mysterious vaults had evidently been attached to the temple above, and been used, probably at some time of fear and emergency, as a safe repository for the votive riches it had contained. The guardians of the treasure probably perished, and no one had the secret of the hidden vaults, which remained unentered and undreamed of through all the changing fortunes of Cyprus.

The dazzling spoil included objects of the most varied styles, and apparently the most distant epochs: massive gold armlets bearing the name in Cyprian character of one Eteander, king of Paphos; bracelets ending in lions' heads, or ornamented with rosettes; necklaces of work so delicate and subtle as not to be inferior to those of the Etruscans; earrings of a hundred different designs; pateras and bowls evidently of Phœnician fabrication; jugs and pins of silver; crystal vases; solid gold and silver signets, with designs cut in the metal; and a large quantity of engraved stones, whose devices were sometimes of Assyrian character, sometimes Egyptian or Phœnician or Greek. If hoards of this nature have been occasionally found in the island, it is easy to understand the deep-fixed conviction of the inhabitants that in every ruin are hidden treasures of gold and of silver. It is a piece of great good fortune that so large a store of the  
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precious metals did not fall into the hands of Turks or of ignorant peasants, or it would have disappeared like snow in April.

The problem presented to the historical student of art by the Curium treasure is similar to that presented by the rows of statues in the temples at Golgi and Idalium. It is bewildering, and a new fact in the history of excavation, to find thus in closest juxtaposition objects which reflect the ancient civilization of the valleys of the Tigris and the Nile, and the products of early or mature Hellenic art. Hitherto the domain of classical archaeology has been nearly separate from that of Assyrian and Egyptian archaeology, not only with regard to the ages of which it treats, but even with regard to the geographical distribution of the remains which it treasures. Since excavation began in Cyprus, many new problems which concern all ancient archaeology have arisen. The great problem of all is this: Are these remains in the temples of Cyprus really a store gradually accumulated in the course of long ages; the objects of Assyrian design dating from the times of Assyrian supremacy, the articles of Egyptian design actually made in the age when Egypt was mistress of Cyprus, and so on with the rest? or were the treasures accumulated in a comparatively short period, and made by artists who had the talent to copy styles used in various countries? In studying the course of Cyprian art-manufacture, are we to interpret it on the analogy of a stream which flows straight down past point after point, or are we to interpret it on the analogy of an eddy which turns again and again, and runs in all directions within the space of a few feet?

This question would be much simplified if we could tell, to begin with, whether in attempting it we are to use the Hellenic or the Phœnician analogy. The history of Greek art we know; we can trace it from stage to stage, through archaism, the transition, the period of full development, and the period of decline. The properly-trained student of Greek art will seldom hesitate to what century to give a statue or a gem; while the date of objects of very marked style can be fixed with still greater precision, to a particular province, almost a particular decade. But in regard to the art of Oriental countries, the same precision cannot by any means be attained. And with regard to Phœnician art in particular, we find ourselves in quite a different order of things. Of course it is quite possible that future discoveries and investigations may afford us far more light than we possess as yet on the subject of Phœnician art. But as far as we can judge at present, it would appear that the Phœnicians had no style of art peculiar to themselves. In all the works which can be with the greatest probability assigned to them, we find nothing but

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but copies, of various degrees of goodness or badness, of Assyrian and Egyptian originals. Assyrian reliefs they copy, but confuse the mythology; Egyptian hieroglyphics they imitate, but evidently without understanding them. There may have been a time when they were swayed by Egyptian influence alone, before the Assyrians reached the shores of the Mediterranean; but it is certain that after that time on many of their works of art we find Egyptian and Assyrian representations and emblems mingled in the most intricate and the most confusing way. Phœnician artists seem to have copied at random all reliefs and figures which they anywhere saw, certainly not without considerable taste in grouping and great ability in execution, but quite dropping all higher meaning. It is quite clear, then, that their habits make a classification of their works by date quite impossible, at least in the present state of our knowledge: for a Phœnician artist might introduce on the same patera or vase copies of Egyptian and Assyrian reliefs differing in date one from the other by a thousand years. Thus it would seem that the course of Greek art was like a stream; that of Phœnician art like an eddy. Are we to class Cyprian art with the Greek or with the Phœnician?

We cannot doubt that Phœnician influence was earlier than Greek in Cyprus, and for ages stronger. The history of its gradual retrocession into the second place is obscure, and can be only very partially recovered. We know from the writers, and the unimpeachable evidence of coins, that in the fifth century B.C. there was a strong Phœnician dynasty ruling at Kitium; and we are told that Evagoras had to wrest the sceptre of Salamis from Phœnician grasp. Amathus remained, as its tombs testify, Semitic; but with the foundation of the Greek city of Neopaphos, Phœnician influence must have begun to wane at old Paphos. The Phœnicians probably strongly held the south coast about their two great cities until the time of Alexander the Great, but had by that time lost influence over the remainder of the island.

In spite of the occasional landing of Athenian forces in Cyprus, the Greeks of the island were not strongly under the influence of their brethren in Hellas, and developed to a great extent on a course of their own. They were far more influenced than their compatriots by Phrygian traditions and religion, which must have had a strong hold on the island before the foundation of Salamis and Soli, and by the semi-Assyrian civilization which had spread overland to the coast and to Asia Minor. The native Cyprian alphabet furnishes distinct and incontrovertible proof by its very existence how far Cyprus lay from the stream of  
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Greek progress, and by the forms of its letters indicates a connection with Lycians, Pamphylians, and other semi-Greek peoples of Southern Asia Minor. In the style of his sarcophagi General di Cesnola sees rightly a somewhat close likeness to the style of Lycian reliefs. Under these circumstances, we should be prepared to find in use among the non-Phœnician people of Cyprus a native style for statues and ornament, a style partly Greek, partly Asiatic, partly peculiar.

It has been above stated that the statues found at Idalium and Golgi were in some cases more or less of Egyptian type, in some cases Assyrian in character, and in some cases of a new or Cyprian style, while a few were of unmistakable Greek work. Idalium and Golgi were situate near the limit dividing the Semitic from the Hellenic population. It seems therefore not unreasonable to attribute to Phœnician hands the statues of the first two or Oriental classes, and to native Cyprian artists the remaining figures, while the statues of Greek style may be assigned to Athenian invaders or Ptolemaïc rulers. This seems to us far more reasonable than to assign to many of the statues a very remote antiquity; and to suppose that the inhabitants of Cyprus, on being subdued by an Egyptian or Assyrian army, at once changed the style of their art to suit the conqueror. It should, moreover, be observed that, if the rows of statues had accumulated during a vast period of time, the older ones would have quite lost their freshness and strength of outline, which does not seem to have been the case.

The Cyprian style of art was probably contemporary both in rise and decline with its Greek cousin. If so, although we do not for a moment pretend to give an exact temporal limit, there is no reason why the statues of Idalium and Golgi should mount to a much higher antiquity than the sixth and fifth centuries B.C.; and no doubt many of them are of a much more recent period.

We do not believe that the Curium treasure furnishes any argument against the theory we have stated. But there is of course this difference, that whereas statues of porous stone would not be imported, many of the small objects of gold, silver, and precious stone found in the temple-treasury might well be brought to Cyprus in the course of commerce. The fine Greek gems, and many of the Assyrian cylinders and Egyptian scarabs, no doubt came thus. For the excellence of the jewellers' work shown in the ornaments, whether they were made by Phœnician or Cyprian, we should scarcely have been prepared; but skill and taste in jewellery does not always accompany in a nation equal skill and taste in higher branches of the toreutic art. As  
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to the armlets which bear the name of Eteander, they may have been dedicated by the monarch who paid tribute to Esarhaddon in the seventh century B.C., if indeed his name was Eteander, which seems very doubtful. Or, what is perhaps more likely, they may have been dedicated by an Eteander who lived a few centuries later, for the variety of names borne by Cyprian monarchs was small, and the same one often recurs.

Our conclusion then on the whole will be that there was a current in Cyprian art, though poor and small compared to the noble stream of true Greek artistic activity. Beside the current lay the eddying backwater of Phœnician art. And in our discoveries the works of Phœnician and of Cyprian are mingled, perhaps not undistinguishably. Whether this be the true account of the matter will probably appear in the course of future discoveries. Meanwhile there can be no question as to the value and interest of the new chapter in the history of art opened for us by Mr. Lang and General di Cesnola.

In spite of the cooling of over-sanguine hopes and the disappointment of unreasonable expectations, there can be little doubt that Cyprus will now by degrees recover much of its lost splendour and become a really valuable possession of the English crown. As to the value of the island as a field for archæological study there cannot be two opinions. In future years there will be many English officers in Cyprus, and it will appear whether our army has ceased to produce men like Leake and Yule, like General Cunningham and Sir Henry Rawlinson, no mere treasure-hunters, but thoughtful investigators of ancient life and manners. If such men appear, they will find in our new possession material enough to exercise all their energies, and opportunities for rising to the highest rank among archæological inquirers.

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ART. VI.—1. *Études historiques sur la Vie privée, politique et littéraire de M. A. Thiers* (Histoire de quinze ans, 1830–1846). Par M. Alexandre Laya, Avocat à la Cour royale, ancien chef au Cabinet du Ministre de l'Intérieur. Paris, deux volumes, Oct. 1846.

2. *Histoire populaire de M. A. Thiers*. Par Alexandre Laya, etc. etc. Troisième édition. Paris, 1872.

3. *Francis Franck. Vie de M. Thiers*. Cinquième édition. Paris, 1877.

4. *Histoire complète de M. A. Thiers*. Illustrée, etc. Paris, 1878.

5. *Conversations*

5. *Conversations with M. Thiers, M. Guizot, and other distinguished Persons during the Second Empire.* By the late Nassau William Senior, Master in Chancery, &c. &c. Edited by his daughter, Mrs. M. C. M. Simpson. In 2 volumes. London, 1878.
6. *Le Gouvernement de M. Thiers.* 8 Février 1871—24 Mai 1873. Par Jules Simon. Deux volumes. Paris, 1878.

BACON bequeathed his name and memory to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next ages. By few, if any, who have earned a place in history, could the example of Bacon have been more appropriately followed than by Thiers. It was and is impossible for his countrymen, hardly possible for his contemporaries, to do him justice. The living generation must pass away: the battle between republican and monarchical institutions must be fought out: the French people must arrive at something like a definite conclusion touching Imperialism: passion and prejudice must fade away, or take a new direction, before anything like an impartial estimate can be formed of the career and character of one who was by turns the champion of contrasted forms of government, whose destiny it was at one period or another of his life to be engaged in bitter conflict with each of the great parties that still divide and have so frequently convulsed France. Whilst one of them is comparing him for pure enlightened patriotism to Washington, another will allow him neither patriotism nor statesmanship. Fortunately they are tolerably well agreed upon the facts: *i.e.* that he followed certain lines of policy, that he did or said certain things at given periods. The grand difference regards the manner in which these are to be interpreted. Can his alleged inconsistencies be referred to any broad comprehensive principle? Can the apologist of the Révolution of 1789 be reconciled with the historian of the 'Consulate and the Empire;' the promoter of insurrection in 1830 with the suppressor of insurrection in 1832 and 1835; the youthful democrat with the matured conservative, or the professed Orleanism of his best years, of his prime, with the republicanism in which he died? We shall endeavour to place our readers in a position to answer these questions for themselves, by rapidly recapitulating the leading events of his life, which will be found more than ordinarily replete with the kind of interest which attaches to political and literary biography.

Thiers (Louis Adolphe) was born at Marseilles on the 15th of April, 1797. In the register of his birth he is entered as the son of Pierre-Louise-Marie Thiers, *propriétaire*: but one of his biographers describes the father as a workman, another as a tradesman,

tradesman, and he himself told Senior, 'By birth I belong to the people; my family were humble merchants in Marseilles; they had a small trade with the Levant in cloth, which was ruined by the Revolution. By education I am a Bonapartist; I was born when Napoleon was at the summit of his glory.\*' According to another account, his father held the post of subarchivist in Marseilles. By the mother, he was related to André and Marie-Joseph Chenier; and it would seem that the principal, if not sole, charge of him during infancy devolved upon her:—

'What a mother,' exclaims M. Franck, 'was this cousin of André Chenier! How devoted, foreseeing, attentive to develop in her son the happy natural gifts which nature had bestowed upon him! She spared neither time nor trouble. She was his master, his professor, his Egeria. Left almost without fortune, on the death of her husband, she was obliged to accept for her son an exhibition (*bourse*) at the Lyceum of Marseilles just founded by an imperial decree.'

This exhibition was one of many founded by Napoleon, with the view of consolidating the imperial régime by imbuing the rising generation with its principles. The education being military, mathematics, geography and history formed an essential part of it, and in these Thiers so rapidly distanced his competitors as to raise a general belief, handed down by tradition, that he was destined for something great. He carried off prize after prize, and acquired at the same time, as much by his high spirits and gay joyous temperament as by his intellectual superiority, an extraordinary influence over his fellow-students. A brilliant prospect was opening on him when the Empire came down with a crash, and there was an end to all the hopes and aspirations of those youthful spirits who were stimulating each other by repeating that every French soldier carried a marshal's bâton in his knapsack, and that every road out of Paris led to a European capital.

Thiers' marked predilection for military subjects, and his peculiar aptitude for dealing with them, leave little doubt that arms would have been the profession of his choice, had it not been thus suddenly closed against him. The imperial *élève* had no alternative but to adopt a calling unconnected with Government, and Thiers, now in his nineteenth year, at once elected for the bar, and started for Aix to take the required degrees in law. Then and there began his life-long friendship with Mignet; a rare instance of two gifted men aiming at and attaining the highest distinction in the same walk of literature,

\* 'Conversations,' vol. i. p. 137. The notes of most of the conversations with Thiers appear to have been read over and translated to him.

whose



whose mutual sentiments of admiration, confiding intimacy and esteem, were never ruffled or clouded for an hour by a passing breeze or cloud of jealousy. It is true that there was one wide arena—the political—from which Mignet held aloof, whilst Thiers was winning his way to the highest honours of the popular Assembly and the first employments in the State.

They were in the habit of sharpening their intellects by constant discussion, and their joint speculations on the existence of a God are said to have been made the foundation of a treatise on philosophy more than half-completed by Thiers. Besides 'Cujas' and 'Bartholle,' the 'Institutes of Justinian,' and the 'Code Napoléon,' which formed a regular part of their course of jurisprudence, 'all philosophy—Plato, Kant, Descartes, Bacon, all the literary and artistic marvels of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, were studied, commented, analysed, with an inexorable conscience by the two neophytes; laying up treasure for a future for which they felt themselves predestined.' Thiers especially was at no pains to conceal his ambition or his consciousness of superiority, and he has been credited with one of those numerous boasts which, when once or twice in a century they are wholly or partially realised, are accepted as prophetic: like Nelson's saying that one day or another he would have a gazette to himself, or our present Premier's threat or promise to the House of Commons. Parties ran high in the law-school at Aix; and Thiers, who had become a leader on the ultra-liberal side, was wont to exclaim when the practicability of their doctrines was disputed, 'Well, well, wait till we are ministers.' He told Senior, 'By habits and associations I am an aristocrat. I have no sympathy with the bourgeoisie, or with any system in which they are to rule.' This is in accordance with his early life at Aix, when under the patronage of Madame Reybaud—described as his protectress, his adopted mother—he frequented the most aristocratic salons:—

'He liked to impregnate himself with the air of other times that was breathed in it. The luxury of these old mansions, of many generations' standing, which the proprietors had taken pride in adorning with all the riches of art, could not fail to influence his artistic tastes. It is there, perhaps, that he learnt to compare and to criticise. It is there, perhaps, in the noble salons of the Coriolis and the Albertas, before some panel painted by Boucher or Fragonard, or some precious portraits, that he penetrated the secrets of painting to the point of becoming himself a very skilful miniature painter.'

It was a marked tribute to his personal qualities at this time, that he was made free of a society whose political tendencies were so antagonistic to his own, in which many shook their heads

heads and said of him, 'Il écrit bien : mais il pense mal.' In fact, so strong was the prejudice excited by the freedom and democratic colour of his opinions, that an attempt was made to deprive him of the fairly-won honours of his pen. In 1819 the subject of the prize essay at the Academy of Aix was the 'Eloge de Vauvenargues.' On the earnest recommendation and encouragement of his principal supporter, M. d'Arletan de Lauris, a magistrate and member of the academic board, Thiers entered the lists and produced an essay which would probably have been crowned by acclamation, had the authorship been kept secret. It unluckily transpired through the indiscretion of M. de Lauris, and the board, mostly composed of royalists, unwilling to concede a triumph to an adversary but afraid to stultify themselves, postponed the adjudication for a year, during which the competition was to remain open. Before the expiration of the assigned period, an essay arrived from Paris which elicited a chorus of approbation, swelled by the voices of those who saw in it the defeat and mortification of Thiers; but when the sealed papers containing the names of the respective essayists were opened, the belauded and triumphant Parisian was found to be no other than the presuming and provoking young democrat of Aix. The second (the prize) essay, which has been reprinted, comprises a review of the leading French moralists and writers of maxims, Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, and Vauvenargues. The general conclusion is:—

'It follows that Montaigne is an amiable dreamer; La Rochefoucauld, a melancholy philosopher; La Bruyère, an admirable painter. Vauvenargues alone seems to me to have given a complete doctrine on man, his nature, and his distinction.'

Thiers was received advocate (called to the bar) in 1820, and sprang at once into reputation by a speech, or rather by a *mot*. An advocate of Aix had run away with the daughter of a colleague, hardly sixteen years old, the Lothario being past fifty. He was arrested, and brought before the tribunal of Aix. Thiers, who was retained for the prosecution, enlivened the ordinary routine of professional pleading by an apostrophe, 'You are not a seducer; you are only a corrupter.' This *mot*, we are assured, did more for his reputation than the *Eloge* of Vauvenargues. 'The whole of the South, whose attention had been concentrated on the case, resounded with his name.' But the whole South, with its capital, no longer afforded breathing-room for the nascent statesman and historian, who had become conscious of his powers. He felt cabined, cribbed, confined in a provincial although applauding public. Mignet, similarly impelled, had already (July, 1821) left

left Aix for Paris, when (September, 1821), only a few months after his forensic triumph, Thiers arrived in the metropolis to share the humble apartment (*Passage Montesquieu au quatrième*) of his friend.

The embryo celebrity commonly brings with him to the metropolis (as Johnson brought 'Irene') the manuscript of a work which is to take the town by storm. Neither Mignet nor Thiers came armed or provided in this fashion. Their primary reliance was journalism, then a well-ascertained stepping-stone to fame and fortune. Mignet had found ready admittance to the staff of the '*Courrier Français*,' under the auspices of Châtelain. Thiers brought letters of recommendation to Manuel, who introduced him to Etienne, one of the chief conductors of the '*Constitutionnel*,' an opposition journal of constitutional principles, which was vigilantly enforcing the strict observance of the *Charte*. His value as a contributor was recognised from the first, and in March, 1822, he wrote an article which is mentioned as having formed an epoch in his career. The subject was the celebrated work of Montlosier on '*La Monarchie Française*.' His versatility and variety were no less remarkable than his vigour, energy, and dash. In the same year he wrote a series of articles on the '*Salon*' (annual exhibition) followed by '*Impressions of Travel during a Tour of the Pyrenees*.' The articles on the '*Salon*' were collected and republished in a volume, with a preface, in which he traces the progress of the arts of design, and describes their actual state in France. It is a coincidence worth noting, that in this preface he handles the precise range of topics to which M. Guizot subsequently devoted a book, '*Le Vrai, le Beau, le Bien*.'

'The true, the beautiful, the good, form an end to which all tend, towards which some advance, at which very few arrive: it is a long march, and this is as it should be: if man had been thrown here below with the truth found, the beautiful known, the good realised, there would have been nothing more to do, nothing to seek: there would have been neither action, nor life, nor universe.'

This train of speculation, without reference to its justness or originality, may help to illustrate the formation of a mind which eventually became more conversant with the hard, positive and material aspect of men and things, than with the beautiful, the true, and the good.

His artistic writings of this period included criticisms on all the leading painters and sculptors, and these, we are assured, hazarded more than fifty years ago, have been fully ratified; there being not an artist for whom he prophesied distinction

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who has not attained more or less of it. Amongst them were David, Gérard, Delaroche, Horace Vernet, Fragonard, and Dubuffe. As if to show that he could turn his hand (or pen) to anything, he wrote a notice of Mrs. Bellamy, the actress, which has been republished by way of introduction to the French edition of her 'Memoirs.' The rate of remuneration for his articles was sufficient to enable him to live comfortably, to travel at intervals, and settle a pension on his mother; but whether out of gratitude, or a sense of justice, or with the view of making sure of his continued collaboration, the proprietors of the journal proposed to him to become a shareholder and thereby acquire an influential voice in the management. He eagerly closed with the offer, and the purchase-money was advanced to him, not, as commonly asserted, by Lafitte, but by Cotta, the German publisher, who entertained what is termed an almost fantastic regard for him, and confidently predicted his rise to the highest pinnacle of fame. He was already a personage, and a welcome guest at the houses of the opposition leaders. His appearance at Lafitte's is thus described by an acute and caustic observer, whose portrait obviously borders on the caricature:—

'Here he soon made himself remarkable by his conversation, spirit, and the vivacity of his southern imagination; the littleness of his figure—the ordinary expression of his features, half hidden under a vast pair of spectacles—the singular cadence of his accents, which made a sort of psalmody of his conversation of a quite novel effect—the continual fidgety motion in which he indulged—a total want of the habits of society, remarkable even in the mixed cohort which encumbered the salons of M. Lafitte, all contributed to make of Thiers a man apart, who attracted attention from the first. Once granted, M. Thiers knew well how to keep it: for nothing appeared new to him, neither finance, nor war, nor administration; and he discussed all these matters in a manner sufficiently specious and clever to seduce the bankers, the ancient functionaries of the empire, and the generals, all of whom he addressed without ceremony. Thus a few months after his arrival in Paris, M. Thiers had become the assiduous guest of M. Lafitte, and had his regular place at the table of Baron Louis.\*

Amongst those most favourably impressed by him were the Duc de Rochefoucauld, Liancourt, M. de Flahaut, M. de Ternaux, and Talleyrand, who is said to have uttered his well-known *mot* on the appearance of the article on Montlosier. 'Ce n'est pas un *parvenu*, c'est une *arrivée*,' and in M. Franck's

\* 'Revue des deux Mondes,' 4<sup>me</sup> série, vol. iv. 1835. The article was by M. Loève-Weimar.

version he is made to add, 'qui ira plus loin que nous tous.' But the most important of the friendships, next to Mignet's, which he formed at starting, was that of Charles de Remusat, to whom at their first or second meeting, he exclaimed, 'We are the young guard.' In co-operation with Mignet and de Remusat, he contributed (1823) to the '*Tablettes Historiques*.' In the same year he wrote for the '*Tablettes Universelles*' a political summary (*bulletin*), which had the effect of inducing the Government to silence the journal by purchasing it. He was also an occasional writer in the '*Globe*,' the doctrinaire organ, founded in 1824. It was in the midst of these multifarious and distracting occupations that he planned and composed his '*History of the French Revolution*,' which, indeed, he could hardly have composed at all without the materials and opportunities which his every-day life threw in his way. His chief authorities, his main sources of information, were more oral than written: the actors in the drama, the eye-witnesses of the events, the survivors of the internecine conflict, the statesmen, generals, and public functionaries of the Convention, the Directory, and the Empire. He dwells, in his preface, on the advantage of 'having heard and observed those old men, who, all full of their recollections, all agitated by their impressions, reveal to us the spirit and character of parties, and help us to understand them.'

'No one enters here,' exclaims the great publisher to Balzac's '*Grand Homme de Province*,' 'but with a made reputation. Become famous, and you will find streams of gold. I am not here to be the stepping-stone of glories to come, but to gain money and give money to celebrated men.' It would seem that Thiers was similarly addressed. His name was not known enough to attract a publisher, and he was obliged to enter into partnership with M. Félix Bodin, a writer in the '*Constitutionnel*' and the author of some long-forgotten works. Their names figure as joint authors on the title-page of the two first volumes published in the autumn of 1823. But there is no reason for supposing that Bodin did more than lend his name, which was dropped in the continuation and the complete editions. The continuation was admitted on all hands to be a marked improvement on the commencement, and when (1827) the tenth and concluding volume appeared, his reputation as an historian was firmly established: not indeed, for impartiality or judicial calmness of tone: the history hardly pretended to be impartial, except in so far as it assumed to be true, being avowedly aimed at the detractors of the Revolution and composed to stem the reactionary current. 'It was a courageous protest, a first revindication of the Rights of History and

and Truth. This was a sufficient ground of success. From this day M. Thiers could say: *Exegi monumentum*. From this moment he was popular; he became a marked man. Paris took an interest in his words and deeds.'

'You wish to rise: make enemies,' was Talleyrand's advice to him, and he followed it fearlessly to the letter. Few public men have made more; and there are few whose private lives have been more unscrupulously ransacked for topics of depreciation. One story told with that view is rather creditable to him; at all events, as a proof of his personal courage, which has been doubted or denied. Some time in 1827, an Aix friend, named Bonnafoux, came to Paris for the express purpose of calling on him to fulfil a promise of marriage given to a near relative of this friend. Thiers denied the promise; and alleged that there was never anything serious in the affair, meant or understood on either side. A hostile meeting became inevitable, and was arranged to take place at Montmartre. Thiers' seconds were Mignet and Rabbe, a devoted admirer of antiquity, who would willingly have made them fight with javelins.

'The morning was cold, a penetrating fog covered the heights of Paris. Thiers arrived on the ground calm and resolute. Mignet was very pale. Bonnafoux, with arms crossed and a threatening frown, had assumed the attitude of Talma in tragical situations. Rabbe loaded the pistols. They drew lots for the choice of ground and the first shot—Bonnafoux won both. The adversaries were placed twenty-five paces apart. Thiers received the fire of Bonnafoux without flinching, and fired in his turn a little at haphazard. "Let us recommence!" exclaimed Bonnafoux. "Let us recommence!" said Thiers. Rabbe reloaded the pistols, and the balls whistled a second time without producing a result. Rabbe, who was perishing with cold, walked up to Bonnafoux. "The young man," he said, "has paid his debt of honour. He owes himself to his country, and not to an *intérêt bourgeois*. Old Lutetia wants men from the countries of the Sun—Mirabeau, Barbaroux, Manuel, have proved it. This writer, who has confronted your murderous weapon, was not destined to succumb to your fire. Offer him, then, a generous hand, and leave him to the celebrity which awaits him." Bonnafoux, softened, embraced his adversary.'

The narrative stops here, but the end of the story was that Mademoiselle Bonnafoux married two years afterwards, and when Thiers attained power, one of his first acts was to give her husband, as well as his friend Bonnafoux, a place.

Instances abound in which a great career has hung upon an accident. Lord Eldon was within an ace of retiring from the bar upon a curacy, and the Duke of Wellington of leaving the army for a commissionership of customs. It rests upon respectable, if



not quite unimpeachable, authority, that Cromwell, Hampden, and Arthur Hazelrigg, were on the point of weighing anchor to join the Pilgrim Fathers, when a royal embargo was laid upon the ship. In the summer of 1829, Thiers was certainly on the point of accompanying Captain Laplace on his voyage of circumnavigation round the world, although the precise motive and intention are left in doubt. All the biographers are agreed that what decided him to stay was the formation of the Polignac ministry, August 5, 1829, which was regarded as a declaration of war against the liberal party : 'the ruin of dearly fought liberties : the negation of the Charter. The friends of Thiers turned to him and said : "You must remain, for we shall have to fight." He remained.' He not only remained : he gave his voice for open war—war to the knife ; and when the conductors of the 'Constitutionnel' drew back, startled by the boldness of his programme, he joined with Mignet and Armand Carrel in founding the 'National,' the first number of which appeared on January 1, 1830. He was the life and soul of the enterprise, and almost all the articles which fixed public attention were by him. 'Let us confine them in the Charter, like Ugolino in his dungeon,' was the rallying cry of the opposition ; and the Charter accordingly was the main topic, the most formidable weapon, the sword and shield of Thiers. Standing firm behind it, and flaming it in the faces of the ministerialists, he soon left them no alternative but to go further, to go to extremes or go back. He was at no pains to moderate his language.

'Let the ministry reason, let it entreat, let it threaten : no attention will be paid to it. In vain will it imitate an august voice and say, "I am the king, listen to me!" It will be answered, "No, you are not the king : you are M. de Polignac, the headstrong, the incapable : you are M. de Peyronnet, the deplorable : M. de Bourmont, the deserter : M. de Montbel, the humble dupe : M. de Chantelauze, the Jesuit," &c. &c.'

He thus repelled by accepting the imputation of Jacobinism :

'We are Jacobins, and we do not wish to be anything else ; we are men of the people and Jacobins with Mirabeau, with Barnave, with Vergniaud, Sieyès, Hoche, Desaix, and Napoleon ; it is also on our side that are found the Jacobins who died like Bailly, and who all suffered their captivity as the patriot Lafayette suffered at Olmutz. In your eyes the Jacobins of the revolutionary party are all the men who from 1789 to 1830 have outlived a profession of liberty. Well, we are proud to be of the party of this revolution. We owe to it all we are, and not merely we who uphold it, but our adversaries who defame and calumniate it.'

To discredit the Government, he assailed their foreign policy  
without

without discrimination or reserve. Later in life we shall find him expatiating on the value of the English alliance. But when Polignac inclined towards it he exclaimed :

‘The world is tired of all despotisms. From the summits of Gibraltar, of Malta, of the Cape of Good Hope, an immense tyranny extends over the seas—there must be an end of it. . . . The Mediterranean is and ought to be a French lake.’

When the party in power, complaining of the strained interpretation put upon the Charter, cried out : ‘Legality is killing us,’ Thiers retorted : ‘We will kill you with legality.’

The most celebrated of his phrases, one which has passed into a doctrine and become a principle, was : ‘*Le Roi règne et ne gouverne pas*’ (the king reigns and does not govern). This appeared in the ‘National,’ and was fully developed in an article concluding thus : ‘The king does not administer. To reign, then, is not to govern : it is the truest, the highest, the most respected image of the country. The king is the country-made man.’ The phrase has not been accepted without a cavil. Alphonse Karr paraphrased it by : ‘The king reigns like a cornice round a room.’ But it is the best definition of the status of a constitutional sovereign that has yet been hit upon.

Lamartine’s impression of Thiers at this time is recorded in ‘Souvenirs et Portraits’ :

‘One day, it was some months before the Revolution of 1830, one of my friends, Auguste Bernard, said to me, “I should like to bring together for once the two men for whom I have hoped much in my life, you and Thiers. He writes for the ‘National,’ and you serve the cause of the Bourbons ; but we will not take a tablecloth for a flag, and we will leave politics under the table. It is not two opinions, but two natures, that I wish to bring together. I had a predilection for M. Thiers, as one has preferences in the camp of the enemy. I accepted.”

‘We dined, we three, in a neutral salon of the restaurateur Vérey, in the Palais Royal. I saw a little man, strongly built, nimble, set on all his limbs as if he had been always ready for action, the head well balanced on the neck, the forehead kneaded by various aptitudes, the eyes soft, the mouth firm, the smile full of meaning. Ordinary men would have been capable of mistaking this physiognomy for ugliness. But I was not deceived for a moment. It was intellectual beauty triumphing over features, and compelling a rebel body to express a splendour of mind (*esprit*).’

After a description of Thiers’ manner of conversation, to which we shall have occasion to revert, Lamartine continues :

‘It was in vain that we had agreed to exclude the subject of politics : it entered through the open window with the air. He let himself

himself flow with the current. He judged without hate, but with a severity tempered only by consideration for me, the situation of Charles X. and that of the Duke of Orleans, to whose windows he pointed on the other side of the garden. One could see that, whilst striking the old trunk, he already held a dynastic monarchy in reserve in this palace of revolutions.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'I had not a momentary doubt of his fortunes : there are men who foretell themselves at the first look : it is the evidence of superiority. Never was it written for me in more readable and (I frankly add) more seducing traits, for courage and frankness are the first of seductions for me.

'All went down with a crash, and I found, on returning to Paris some months afterwards, Thiers struggling in the midst of ruins and reconstructions.'

It has been asked what became of Thiers when the crisis he had provoked and anticipated had arisen, when life and fortune were to be risked in open direct conflict with authority. M. Loëve-Veimar, who asks this question in the most invidious manner, says that he could answer it in a way little favourable to the object of the insinuation if he thought fit. From all that is now known from authentic sources, we should say that Thiers acted throughout with judgment, spirit, and decision ; and that his temporary withdrawal to avoid arrest was no more a sign of cowardice than the similar withdrawal of the five members of the Long Parliament, whom the Martyr-King made his ill-advised attempt to seize.

The Ordinances, signed on the 25th July, appeared in the 'Moniteur' on the morning of the 26th. A meeting was held at the office of the 'National,' where the proprietors and contributors were speedily joined by the majority of the leading writers of the Opposition. A protest was drawn up by Thiers, who proposed that, instead of its being published as the act of the 'National,' it should be adopted as the protest of the collective journalists. This proposition was under discussion, when M. de Remusat, representing the 'Globe,' came in, and on the question being abruptly put to him by Thiers, whether he was prepared to affix his signature, answered without hesitation in the affirmative.\* This was enough. Thiers signed first, Remusat second, and they were followed by all present, making altogether forty-three. The day following, the 27th, this protest, with the signatures, appeared in all the Opposition journals. On the evening of the 28th, Thiers, who had been actively

\* M. de Remusat was the writer of the article in the 'Globe,' beginning 'Le crime est consommé,' which produced an immense effect.

organising an armed resistance, received an intimation from Royer-Collard that royal warrants were out against Armand Carrel, Mignet, and himself. A hasty consultation was held with their friends: it was agreed on all hands that their arrest would have a depressing effect on the movement; and it was with the general approval that they retired to a place of security in the suburbs of St. Denis. The battle began in right earnest on the 29th, and so soon as news was brought to Thiers and Mignet that the insurrection was gaining ground, they left their retreat, and by a circuitous route, after having been exposed to numberless dangers, they succeeded in regaining the office of the 'National,' which, from being the focus of the intellectual and constitutional movement, had now become the headquarters of the military one.\*

There was a current anecdote to the effect, that one day during the Polignac ministry, Cousin, meeting Thiers, Mignet and Carrel, laughingly inquired: 'Well, when you have upset the legitimist monarchy, what will you put in its place?' Carrel replied: 'Bah! my dear Cousin, we will put in its place the administrative monarchy.' Carrel probably spoke ironically, but he spoke the sentiments of Thiers, who persuaded Lafitte to force the hand of the Duke of Orleans and name him for the vacant crown without personally committing by consulting him. It was Thiers, too, who drew up the Orleanist proclamation, which was circulated by way of feeler on the evening of the 29th.

We have recently recapitulated the circumstances under which the Duke of Orleans became King of the French;† and we shall here rigidly confine ourselves to the part individually played by Thiers. Whilst the intentions of the future monarch were still unknown, Thiers, at the suggestion of General Sebastiani and Lafitte, started on horseback for Neuilly, where he arrived after being chased by the people, and was introduced by M. Oudart into the cabinet of the prince. The Duchess (afterwards Queen) was the first to come to him, and on being made acquainted with his proposal, she expressed the strongest reluctance to it. The Duke was absent, at all events did not appear, and Thiers' communications were limited to the rest of the royal family, amongst whom, Madame Adelaide, the Duke's sister, took the lead by promising her brother's assent and even authorising the official announcement of it. On being asked whether she had any objection to confer personally with members

\* Laya, 'Histoire Populaire,' p. 32.

† 'Quarterly Review' for Oct. 1877, Art. I., 'Memoirs of Odilon-Barrot.'

of the Chambers, she replied : ' I will go, my dear M. Thiers ; certainly, I will go : they will not distrust a woman, and it is so natural for a sister to risk her life for her brother.' It was agreed that Sebastiani should come for her. Thiers then returned to Paris, where the Duke arrived on the evening of the 30th. Thiers' first interview with his royal master that was to be, a formal one, took place on the morning of the 31st, and he then rejoined his friends of the ' National,' whom he succeeded in convincing that the Republic must wait.

If Thiers really exercised the influence on the course of events at this period which the biographers concur in assigning to him, it seems strange that no place, not even a subordinate one, was found for him in the new arrangements. It was not until the 17th August, 1830, that he was nominated member of a commission appointed by M. Guizot, Minister of the Interior, to prepare a project of electoral reform. Soon afterwards Baron Louis, Minister of Finance, sent for him, and said : ' I can still retain the direction, but I am too old to do more ; come, then, to my aid.' After serving a short time as State Councillor, a place revived for him in this department, he was made secretary-general of Finance. Baron Louis found him so apt a pupil and effective an assistant, that on resigning in August, 1831, he recommended him for the vacant portfolio. The first words addressed to the astonished secretary-general when, in obedience to the royal mandate, he attended at the Palais Royal, were : ' Are you ambitious, Monsieur Thiers ?' We may well suppose that the soft impeachment was not denied, but his ambition was not yet of that vaulting kind that o'erleaps itself and falls on the other side. He could bide his time, and he felt instinctively that he had not yet either position or experience enough for such a post. He acted as Lord Palmerston acted when offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer by Mr. Perceval, and his refusal was couched in terms which impressed the King more favourably than the readiest and most grateful acceptance would have done. He did not become a Deputy till the year following, when he was chosen by the electoral college of Aix, a proof that his name stood high where his earliest intellectual distinctions had been won. But organs of the Government were privileged to address the Chambers without being members, and it was as royal commissary, December 10, 1830, in the discussion of the law relating to the indemnities of emigrants, that he made his *début*. It was not a success. Lamartine was engaged to dine with him the same evening at his own house, and the assembled guests were talking of what had just occurred when he appeared :—

' Ho

'He took off his coat in the ante-chamber on account of the double heat of the tribune and the day, and threw it on a billiard table. "I have been beaten," were his words with his little lively voice, smiling and shaking hands with his friends; "but, never mind, I am not cast down, I am making my first essay in arms. Beaten to-day, beaten to-morrow; it is the fate of the soldier and the orator. In the tribune, as under fire, a defeat is as useful as a victory: we begin again. Let us never think of the blows we have received, but of those that we shall strike. The essential thing is to be in the right. In any case let us go to dinner and drink freely.'"

In another place, Lamartine says of him:—

'He tried the tribune: his first essays did not inspire hope. Nature had not given him a voice, but a will which dispenses with nature. It was necessary for him to be an orator: he became one.'

His success as a parliamentary orator or debater dates from his speech in support of an hereditary peerage, which is thus described in the satirical sketch already cited:

'M. Thiers' speech had been announced eight days beforehand. He arrived at an early hour, contrary to his wont, which led to an expectation that his speech would be long. His toilette was *recherchée*, and he wore gloves. He ascended the steps of the tribune with an air of affected carelessness, as if about to do the easiest thing in the world, and remained silent for a time, as if to impose silence by his attitude; but this was only obtained by the interposition of his friends. At length he began, and it was seen at once that he was attempting a new description of oratory, for instead of the classical and formal style in which he had failed to attract attention, he was now all nature, ease, pertness, frankness, familiarity, colloquialism. By way of conciliating the favour of the Chamber towards the experiment, he took occasion at the outset to remark, that, in the case of the assembly he was addressing, the forum of the ancients had been changed into a room of honest men; and he endeavoured to keep up their attention during a four hours' display by the introduction of anecdotes.'

To illustrate the hereditary quality of greatness, he told a story of the younger Pitt's being placed on a table, when only six years old, to recite speeches; but according to the malicious narrator, he himself, with his little figure and thin voice, so strongly recalled the image of the youthful statesman, that the effect fast bordered on the ludicrous. The speech, however, made a sensation, and he was now frequently employed to make speeches for the ministry, although (if we may trust Timon) his lack of discretion prevented them from recognising him as their spokesman; and when Mauguin alluded to him as the organ of the Government, Casimir Perier contemptuously exclaimed:



exclaimed: 'Ça un organe du Gouvernement! M. Mauguin se moque de vous.'

It is difficult to reconcile this story with the duty entrusted to Thiers by Casimir Perier on a trying occasion, when the character and stability of his ministry were at stake. Under an impression that they had ample time before them, they had omitted to prepare their financial statement when (January 22, 1832) the Chamber suddenly came to a resolution to have the budget brought forward and considered at the next sitting:—

'Nothing was ready. In twenty-four hours the Secretary-General has collected his figures, studied all the heads and prepared the very comprehensive report exacted by the annual law of finance. The day following he ascends the tribune, and, guided solely by a few notes hastily dotted down, he lays before the Assembly, in a speech of several hours, a clear, rapid, complete account of the financial situation, explaining the receipts, justifying the expenditure, demonstrating in a condensed, logical, brilliant argumentation the necessity of the acquired credits. He gained a striking victory. People stood confounded at such versatility and pliability, such prodigious facility of work. From this day his eloquence had undergone a radical transformation. Up to this time he had followed the traditional habits of the tribune, making the period, the amplification, his objects, and, despite his talent, not always avoiding affectation and emphasis. He had now discovered his true style of speaking, a style entirely personal and thoroughly original, which he has ever since retained, and to which he has been indebted for his finest triumphs.'\*

This form or style of speaking was thus described by Timon, writing in 1839, when it may be supposed to have been definitively fixed.

'It is not oratory, it is talk, but talk lively, brilliant, light, animated, mingled with historical traits, anecdotes, and refined reflections; and all this is said, broken off, cut short, tied, untied, sewn together again, with a dexterity of language absolutely incomparable. Thought springs up so quick in that head of his, so quick, that one would say it was born before it had been conceived. The vast lungs of a giant would not suffice to expectorate the words of that clever dwarf. Nature, ever watchful and considerate in her compensations, seems to have aimed at concentrating in him all the powers of virility in the frail organs of the larynx.

'His phrase flies like the wing of the humming-bird, and pierces you so rapidly that you feel yourself wounded without knowing whence the arrow comes. He envelops you in the labyrinth of his argumentation, where a thousand lines cross and re-cross, of which he alone holds the thread. He resumes, on a side that has escaped notice, the question which seems exhausted and revives it by such

\* 'Histoire complète,' p. 26.

ingenious reasons. You will never find him at default in anything: as fertile as rapid in the defence as in the attack, in the reply as in the exposition. I know not if his answer is always the most stated, but I know that it is always the most specious.\*

Lamartine's more fanciful description is substantially to the same effect:—

‘He did not strike great blows, but he struck a multitude of little blows, with which he broke to pieces ministries, majorities, and thrones. He had not the great gestures of soul of Mirabeau, but he had the force in detail: he took the club of Mirabeau into the tribune and made arrows of it. He shot these right and left at the Assembly: on the one was inscribed, reasoning; on the other, sarcasm: on this, grace: on that, passion. It was a flight of them, from which there was no escape. As to me, who often combated the politician, it was impossible for me not to admire the supreme artist.’

Sainte-Beuve dwells more on the effects of his speaking:—

‘He is the man who has displayed the most skill in bringing his hearers insensibly to his ends, in moving and conducting great assemblies. It is not by elevation and authority like other great orators. He persuaded and insinuated; he won his way by the clearness of his expositions, by the abundance and accumulated and limpid stream of his deductions; he carried with him even those who did not believe themselves of his group and his army, to conclude like him, to act and vote like him, and in a sense in which most of them would not have thought of being conducted when he began.’

The late Earl Russell is a somewhat similar example of what may be done by perseverance, self-confidence, cultivation, and intellectual power, to cover or supply physical defects. But Earl Russell, although a master of debate on great occasions, never acquired the ease, readiness, and fluency of Thiers, who was quite perfect in the familiar colloquial style, in which we know nobody to compare with him, except perhaps Tierney in the House of Commons and Scarlett at the bar.†

Casimir Perier died of cholera, May 16, 1832. The state in which he left France may well have laid the foundation for a remark subsequently attributed to Thiers: ‘Providence must have abundant confidence in me, for every time when I arrive at power she seems to reserve the most embarrassing affairs for

\* ‘Études sur les Orateurs Parlementaires.’ Par Timon (le Vicomte de Cermenin). 8<sup>me</sup> édition, Paris, 1839. This book attracted great attention and was reviewed in the ‘Quarterly Review’ for October, 1839.

† Speaking of M. Guizot, M. Loève Veimar says: ‘Lord John Russell, so little, so pale, and so feeble, that it was necessary to stretch him on a sofa in the lobby after his speech on Parliamentary Reform, may give you an idea of this person.’—*Revue des deux Mondes*.

me.' He had gone to Italy for his health, but was immediately hurried back, like Sir Robert Peel in 1834; and in the Soult Cabinet of Oct. 11, 1832, he was made Minister of the Interior. This post he exchanged in the following December for the Department of Commerce and Public Works, in which he remained till April 4, 1834, without, it would seem, confining himself to its duties, or evading those which were of a nature to provoke censure and invite calumny. During his ministry of public works, the Panthéon, the Triumphal Arch, and the Madeleine were completed, and the column of the Place Vendôme inaugurated with the conventional Napoleon at the top. He was elected a member of the Academy in the place of Andrieux in 1833.

*Sévir sévèrement* (be hard and harsh) was the device of the Cabinet, and Thiers was foremost in proposing and applying prompt measures of repression. In April, 1833, he wrote to M. Gasparin, Prefect of Lyons: 'Strongly as I recommended you in February to avoid all collision, as strongly do I now recommend energy, if the sanctuary of justice is violated.' Whilst he was speaking in the Chamber of the Law of Association as bearing on the disturbances at Lyons, a member of the Left exclaimed, 'It will always be impotent.' 'Well then,' retorted Thiers, 'violate this law which you declare to be impotent, which seems to you incapable of execution, and I, I who stand here, undertake to have it executed.' On another occasion, in reference to the same subject, he said: 'People are striving hard to dishonour the civil war, to blame the effusion of French blood. They are right, assuredly; but they blame it bitterly in the defenders of public order, and very gently in the assailants.' He took an active personal share in the suppression of the Paris insurrection which followed that of Lyons.

'He started with General Bugeaud from the Hôtel de Ville, and for the first time a minister, surrounded by his staff of civil functionaries, was seen united with the military staff to take the direction of the public forces. The minister and the general repaired to the very centre of the revolt. When they arrived in the Rue Sainte-Avoye, two shots were aimed at Thiers, whose small stature facilitated his recognition by the insurgents. He was not hit; but, close to him, M. Armand de Varelles, auditor of the Council of State, and Captain Rey were hit, and round him the balls of the insurgents made more than twenty victims. The courage and coolness of the minister never failed him for a single instant.'

As a matter of course, he was violently assailed by a portion of the press, which accused him of tergiversation and apostasy: charges which were reproduced in the Chamber, where he was challenged

challenged to deny that he, the champion of order, had professed the most revolutionary doctrines and done honour to the most violent demagogues in his 'History.' He accepted the challenge :—

'I am perhaps the sole writer become a member of the Government who has consented to four reprints of a book, written when he was in opposition, without permitting the alteration of a line.'

In the affair of the Duchess of Berry, the management of which, in the first instance, devolved upon him, he displayed his usual boldness and sagacity. His instructions to his agents were to secure the person of the princess, but on no account to use violence. To avoid accidents, they were not to carry fire-arms. 'In a word, we wish to take the Duc d'Enghien, but we do not wish to shoot him.' It was known that the Duchess was at Nantes, but her place of concealment was a mystery, and the police were completely at fault, when Thiers received an anonymous letter, offering to supply the required information, if he would meet the writer at nine in the evening, in the Allée des Veuves, Champs-Élysées, making it a condition that he should come alone, fairly and honestly alone, to the rendezvous. He determined to run the risk. It was raining in torrents when he left his carriage, a hundred paces from the Allée, where he was met by a man in a cloak, who turned out to be Deutz, a Jewish renegade, who had been employed in confidential missions by the Carlists. Their colloquy was brief, and the result may be collected from the words with which it was terminated by Thiers: 'Agreed. You have my word of honour.'

A few days afterwards (Nov. 6) the Duchess was arrested, under circumstances on which it is needless to dwell, with the exception of a single incident. When she came from the passage behind the chimney, in which she had been nearly smothered, she addressed General Dermancourt: 'General, I throw myself on your loyalty.' 'Madame,' he replied, 'you are under the safeguard of French honour.' She was *enceinte*, and one would have thought that French honour, at all events the honour of the royal family of France (including the branch upon the throne), was involved in saving her from the open avowal of her situation. But no alternative was left her but to declare a secret (generally thought non-existing) marriage with the Comte de Lucchesi-Palli, whom no one believed to be the father of her child; and then, being no longer an object of chivalrous enthusiasm, with her place amongst the royal ladies of Europe forfeited or tarnished, she was set free. In point of policy, nothing could be more adroit: in point of delicacy or generosity, nothing

nothing less commendable. But the blame, if blame there be, must fall more on the Sovereign than the Minister, who may plead that he had nothing to do with delicacy when the fate of dynasties, haply the public welfare, was at stake.\*

Just after this affair, Thiers sought an interview with Berryer, who had recently been tried for an overt act of rebellion or conspiracy. It took place at the private residence of the Minister, who, after a cold and hasty dinner, thus addressed the legitimist orator:—

‘You are too considerable a man, my dear colleague, for me not to make a point of giving you an explanation of my conduct. There are not words of censure or vociferations enough in your party *à propos* of what I have just been doing. Well then, see here;’ and he took from the pocket of his overcoat a portfolio crammed with papers, ‘I have in this portfolio proofs enough to condemn to death all the chiefs of the legitimist party who have risen in “La Vendée.” If it was to be war, I had the means of making it decisive and victorious for us. To strike the chiefs, to strike home, was in my power. Their condemnation is there, signed by their own hands. Another mode presented itself, less tragic, less cruel: to aim at a woman instead of causing thirty or forty heads to fall. I have not hesitated, and, to save these men, I have made this woman my mark. History will give me credit for it, and I hope that you, you yourself, will hardly blame me for so doing.’

In narrating this incident, Berryer depicted the resolute paleness and the firm clear accent of Thiers, portfolio in hand stuffed with death-warrants, and was wont to say that he could not help trembling for his friends and admiring the magnanimity of the statesman. ‘The finishing touch of the whole,’ he was wont to add, half in earnest, ‘would have been, that the famous portfolio contained nothing whatever, no compromising paper, and that Thiers showed it to me to afflict and soften me. He had wit enough for that.’

If ever extreme measures were justified by circumstances, it was during the early years of Thiers’ tenure of high office, and we must give him credit for believing that the very existence of society was at stake when he brought in the famous laws of September which have been so perseveringly reproduced as an enduring blot upon his fair fame. They are open to pretty nearly the same sort of objection and defence as the equally memorable Six Acts (1819) in England. There were three. The first

\* The measures for making the exposure complete during her confinement at Blaye, were the joint work of the King and the Cabinet, when Thiers had ceased to be Minister of the Interior, having changed places with M. d’Argout. M. Louis Blanc has devoted a long chapter to these measures, ‘Histoire de Dix Ans,’ vol. iv. ch. i.

authorised the Government to form as many courts of assize as should be deemed necessary. It empowered the courts, as represented by the President, to remove by force any prisoners or accused persons who should interrupt the proceedings, and try them in their absence. This provision was imperatively called for by the outrageous language and demeanour of the Lyons and Paris insurgents before the Court of Peers. The second, relating to the jury, reduced the number of voices required for a verdict of guilty from eight to seven, and made the punishment of transportation more severe. The third, relating to the press, was the most severe, and coming from an ex-journalist who (as we have seen) had not minced his language, the least defensible. Nestor Roqueplan, an old ally turned enemy, states that Thiers had given special attention to this law, and said, in the course of his instructions to M. Persil, the functionary employed in preparing it, 'Give me the whole of it; I have learnt in opposition what can be done with the journals. I am going to kill them all for you at a blow.'

The bitter taunts and reproaches levelled against Thiers for his participation in these and other measures, conceived in the same spirit, were epitomised by Timon :—

'Since then (1830) M. Thiers has changed his party; he has become monarchist, aristocrat, maintainer of privileges, giver and executer of pitiless commands; he has attached his name to the *état de siège* of Paris, to the *mitrailleurs* of Lyons, to the magnificent achievements of the Rue Transnonain, to the deportations of Mont St. Michel, to the laws regarding combinations, public criers, the courts of assize, and the newspapers, to all that has fettered liberty, to all that has degraded the press, to all that has corrupted the jury, to all that has decimated the patriots, to all that has dissolved the national guards, to all that has demoralised the nation, to all that has dragged the noble and pure Revolution of July through the mud. . . .'

He might have replied that the Revolution was dragged through the mud by those who used it as a precedent for a normal state of insurrection and defiance of the law. 'These laws of September,' remarks a biographer, 'are in some sort the formulary of that policy of pitiless repression, of which M. Thiers by necessity, and M. Guizot by taste, had made themselves the promoters or (more accurately speaking) the directors.' They had already acted together in refusing an amnesty to political offenders, and on one notable occasion Thiers came gallantly to the rescue of his rival. A deputy, M. Charamande, professed to have discovered in a little work of M. Guizot, published twenty years before, doctrines which the

author



author had repudiated, and inferred from it 'the gravity of the situation.' Thiers pointedly remarked, 'If you misunderstand a book, the situation is not the more grave on that account.' He volunteered an avowal of his leanings in favour of authority, saying, 'I am not liberal, but I am national.'

Almost from the moment when they began to take the lead, these two remarkable men became rivals, naturally and necessarily, being both inspired with the same eagerness for supremacy, both the architects of their own fortune, both the creation of the Revolution of July, of literature, and the press. It was not upon the cards that they should co-operate cordially, and early in 1836 they came to an open disagreement regarding the policy to be pursued towards Spain. Thiers was for intervention : Guizot against. The King took a middle course, partially favourable to Queen Christine. This did not satisfy Thiers, who wished once for all to crush Carlism ; and he was not sorry for, if he did not suggest or provoke, the incident which broke up the Cabinet. This was a proposition for the reduction of the *rentes*, carried against the Government, which resigned *en masse*. But the only available materials for the formation of a new Ministry were the divided members of the old. The King's choice lay between Thiers and M. Guizot. The one represented the Right Centre, the other the Left. The Left was the strongest. It was therefore Thiers who was entrusted with the arrangements, and, along with the Presidency of the Council, he took for himself the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. From this epoch dates not precisely the antagonism of Thiers and M. Guizot, but their open, vehement, unrestrained struggle for ascendancy :—

'During all the monarchy the great and interesting question for France was this: Shall we be governed by M. Thiers or by M. Guizot? Then was seen a renewal of the grand struggles of Marius and Sylla, of Cæsar and Pompey, of Hannibal and Scipio. During the reign of Louis Philippe, M. Thiers has overthrown or dissolved, in his own personal interests, more than one ministry, but after having conquered power, he has never known how to keep it more than a very short time.'

The same writer goes on to allege as the reason that, to retain power under a parliamentary régime, one must know how to get and, above all, keep a majority :—

'Say what you will, a majority is only to be swayed by principles ; a faithful majority is only to be made sure by associating oneself with its spirit, its sentiments, its thoughts, I may also say its bad or good passions.'

Considering the division of parties during the period in question,

tion, we should say that the reins of power could only be long retained by one who contrived to get and keep the King upon his side; and this was impossible for Thiers, whose device was that the King was not to govern but to reign. The truth, constantly overlooked, is that real parliamentary government has never been recognised in France. No head of the State or chief magistrate, whether Emperor, King, or President (unless we are to except Marshal Macmahon) has ever consented to be bound by a majority like a constitutional Sovereign; nor has any majority, which happened to get the upper-hand, been ever known to respect the rights of the minority.

Thiers' first ministry, which lasted only five months, was brought to an untimely end, not by an adverse vote of the Chamber, but by the positive refusal of the King to permit an active intervention in Spain. This ministry had been discredited by what was called the affair *Conseil*: a demand addressed to the Swiss Government for the expulsion of a so-called refugee, who turned out to be an agent or spy of the French; and M. Laya refers to it as the 'cause of the resignation of M. Thiers, who, already an object of suspicion to the doctrinaire camarilla organised by M. Guizot, did not receive the most important communications from the King and retired, letting fly a *mot* like an arrow, "Je n'ai pas tout su" (I did not know all).' He resigned on the 25th August, 1836, and was succeeded in the presidency of the Council by Count Molé. Early in September he started for Rome, and returned *viâ* Florence in November. It was about this time that he is supposed to have formed the resolution of continuing his History, pressed upon him by friends and encouraged by Talleyrand, who, referring to his 'History of the Revolution,' remarked, 'Thiers would probably be still more at home if he tried his hand at the Empire.' But he had not yet given up the hope of a speedy return to power; his heart was still in the exciting conflicts of the Chamber, and soon after his return he had to encounter and repel a formidable attack directed against the policy which caused his downfall.

M. Guizot, who had accepted the office of Minister of Public Instruction under Count Molé, separated from him in April, 1837, and forthwith proceeded to organise a coalition for his overthrow. We recently mentioned the extraordinary step he took in inviting Odilon-Barrot to co-operate with him.\* Royer-Collard broke with him on this account, and the 'Journal des Débats' wrote: 'You will perhaps one day or another have

\* 'Quarterly Review' for October, 1877, Art. I., 'Memoirs of Odilon-Barrot.'

our support—our esteem, never.' But the biographers describe Thiers as the soul, the spirit, if not the founder, of this coalition ; and in June, 1838, after another visit to Italy, he writes to Véron, the conductor of the 'Constitutionnel':—

'You praise M. Molé too much. I know that M. Molé has more talent than his colleagues, but he is incapable of making up for them : he has not talent enough for that : their weakness which crushes them, crushes him too. One does not shine alongside of colleagues more feeble than oneself, except when one makes up for them. But M. Molé only knows how to do one thing, to elude : but one may elude difficulties for a moment, never long. M. Molé, therefore, remains weak by the weakness of his people and his own. I have always liking enough for him, I should not wish him to be ill-treated, but neither should I wish him to be made believe that we are of one mind with him.'

In the debate (Jan. 7, 1839) on the address, M. Guizot, who led the attack, got a slap in the face which seriously disconcerted him. He had applied insultingly to the Cabinet and the Chief the sentence of Tacitus : 'Omnia serviliter pro dominatione' (Everything servilely for power). 'It was not of courtiers or place-holders that Tacitus was speaking,' retorted Molé, 'but of place-hunters.' Thiers was more fortunate or more adroit, and delivered a damaging speech, amplifying his letter to Véron, to which there was no effective reply. After resorting to a dissolution, Molé resigned, and was succeeded by Soult, who made every effort to induce Thiers to join him ; and Thiers was willing enough upon condition that he should have the department of foreign affairs ; that the intervention policy should be carried out in Spain ; and that Odilon-Barrot should be President of the Chamber. The arrangements fell through in consequence of the refusal of the King to consent to these terms. Soult then called on Thiers, and, after a cordial interchange of views, took leave of him, saying that he would go and entreat the King to entrust the formation of the Cabinet to him (Thiers) ; a step against which he strongly protested, on the ground that it could only be regarded as a manœuvre and a snare. Further negotiations were cut short by a popular movement or insurrection (May 12, 1839), which demanded the instant attention of an executive ; and the Soult-Passy government was formed ; leaving out both Guizot and Thiers, and consequently foredoomed to a short life from its birth. The biographers, however, represent Thiers as reckoning on an interval of quiet, and connect with his not altogether voluntary relinquishment of the cares of office, the announcement which appeared in the 'Journal des Débats' of June 9, 1839 :—

'M. Thiers

'M. Thiers has just concluded with the publisher Pauline a bargain for the publication of a "History of the Consulate and the Empire," in continuation of his "History of the French Revolution." M. Pauline has acquired the property in perpetuity of M. Thiers' manuscript at the price of 500,000 francs. M. Thiers will receive 400,000 francs on the day of the delivery of the manuscript, and 100,000 francs a year afterwards. We are in a condition to affirm that these figures are rigorously exact.'

The Soult-Passy Cabinet resigned on the rejection by the Chamber of a proposal to grant an annuity to the Duc de Nemours; and Thiers was 'sent for' at once. He showed no unseemly eagerness to undertake the task: and offered to co-operate in any combination which would render the change less sudden or be more agreeable to the King, such as leaving the Presidency of the Council with Soult or reconstructing a former cabinet. The one thing for which he stipulated was the department of foreign affairs, and when subsequently attacked on this ground, he replied:—

'It is not a puerile vanity; it is not a personal taste; I should not dare, in the face of my country, allege as reasons my vanity or my taste. It has been said—and I demand permission to explain myself with all possible freedom in this respect—it has been said that foreign diplomacy repudiated me. I do not believe it. I believe that they respect our Government too much to express either preferences or repugnances: I believe our Government respects itself too much to listen to them. But for the very reason that the objection had been raised, I regarded it as a patriotic duty on my part to give it a marked contradiction, by accepting no other portfolio than that of foreign affairs.'

The Spanish, Belgian, and Roman questions were settled, or so far in a quiescent state that the old differences concerning them were not likely to revive. The rock ahead was the Eastern Question, and on this there was every reason to suppose that he would encounter no difficulty at home; as he had recently developed the view he took of it in a speech regarded as a bid for office, and called the *Discours Ministre*. It was also a significant fact that, when so much turned on this question, M. Guizot retained the vitally important post of Ambassador to England. Henry Bulwer (Lord Dalling) was Secretary of Embassy and acting minister at Paris during the greater part of 1840; and one of the most interesting portions of his 'Life of Lord Palmerston' is his account of the diplomatic duel between Thiers and Lord Palmerston: the point at issue between them being whether France or England should take the lead in the East. Thiers was quietly and (he thought) secretly getting the upper hand,

hand, when timely warning of his manœuvre led to the Treaty of London, July 15, 1840, between the Sultan and the Four Powers (Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, Russia) whom he intended to circumvent. 'The mine, in short, by which M. Thiers meant to blow up Lord Palmerston was met by a countermine which blew up M. Thiers.' On July 21, 1840, Lord Palmerston writes:—

'MY DEAR BULWER,

'I AM curious to know how Thiers has taken our convention. No doubt it has made him very angry. It is a great blow to France; but she has brought it on herself by her own obstinacy in refusing to accede to any reasonable terms. I am inclined to think that Thiers has been misled by Ellice and Guizot, and has acted upon the belief that the English Cabinet would never venture to take such a step; and that, if France would only hold out firmly, the rest of Europe would yield to her will. . . . You say Thiers is a warm friend, but a dangerous enemy; it may be so; but we are too strong to be swayed by such considerations. I doubt, however, that Thiers is much to be relied upon as a friend; and, knowing myself to be in the right, I do not fear him as an enemy. The way to take anything he may say is to consider the matter as a *fait accompli*, as an irrevocable decision, and a step taken that cannot be retraced.\*

Thiers was very angry, and did attempt to bluster, but his roar was as subdued as that of Bottom's lion, and he took good care that it should not be heard across the Channel. This is illustrated by Bulwer:—

'I had ridden down to see him at a beautiful château which he then occupied at Auteuil (Sept. 18): I found him walking up and down in a long room or gallery, and I joined him in his perambulations. After a turn or two he stopped and said: "I have despatches from Walewski" (the Count Walewski had been sent to Egypt on a special mission to Mehemet Ali). "He has terminated his negotiations with the Pasha;" and he then stated to me the conditions, in some abatement of his original demands, which the Pasha, through Walewski's mediation, was willing to accept. "Well," he continued, "France thinks these conditions reasonable and just. If your Government will act with us in persuading the Sultan and the other Powers to accept them, there is once more a *cordiale entente* between us. If not,

\* 'Life of Lord Palmerston,' vol. ii. p. 315. The whole of Lord Palmerston's correspondence contained in the Life has recently appeared in a French dress: 'Lord Palmerston, sa Correspondance intime, pour servir à l'histoire diplomatique de l'Europe de 1830 à 1865. Traduite de l'anglais, précédée d'une introduction et suivie d'un appendice, par Augustus Craven.' Paris, 1878. This publication may help to clear up much foreign misapprehension touching the general policy of Lord Palmerston. Mr. Craven has added in an appendix the correspondence between M. Guizot, the King of the French, and M. Bresson, containing ample proof of M. Guizot's duplicity in the affair of the Spanish marriages.

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after the concessions obtained through our influence from Mehemet Ali, we are bound to support him." With these words, he fixed his eyes on my countenance, and added gravely, "*Vous comprenez, mon cher, la gravité de ce que je viens de dire !*" "Perfectly," I said, with an intentional air of imperturbability. "You wish me to understand, that if we accept the arrangement made through Walewski, you and we are the best friends in the world ; if not, you mean to declare for the Pasha and go to war with us in his favour." We resumed our perambulations. "You know what I have been saying to you," M. Thiers resumed, "is said as M. Thiers, not as President of the Council. I have to consult my colleagues, the King also. But I wished you to understand clearly the tendency of my own personal opinions."

"I am much obliged to you," I replied, "for this distinction ; but the fact is, you are President of the Council, and you think, no doubt, that whatever your opinions are, they will prevail. You will see, therefore, that my position is a very difficult one. If I say more or less than you mean, I may do incalculable mischief ; so, if you please, I will ride back to Paris, and recount in a despatch our conversation, and you shall read it and correct it just as you think proper."

Bulwer rode to Paris, wrote his despatch, and brought it back. He began by stating that Lord Palmerston need not have the slightest apprehension as to the King's refusal of Thiers' programme, and that, if Thiers' resignation were tendered on that account, it would be accepted without a moment's hesitation :—

"I then went on to relate as accurately as I could our interview of the morning. I put this despatch, just as I had written it, into M. Thiers' hands ; he read it, and then said to me,—"*Mon cher Bulwer, comment pouvez-vous vous tromper ainsi ? Vous gâtez une belle carrière ; le roi est bien plus belliqueux que moi.* But do not let us compromise the future more than we can help. Don't send this despatch. Let Lord Palmerston know what you think of our conversation. Events may always change ; and it is better not to render affairs less liable to their influence than is necessary." I followed his advice, and only reported as much of our conversation as conveyed its substance, without giving its details."

Describing in conversation with the writer this or another interview at Auteuil, Bulwer stated that when he asked Thiers whether he was to report his warlike intention as avowed, he said, '*Non, dites que vous l'avez lu sur ma figure.*' Thiers' tact and penetration seem to have failed him throughout in this matter, or how could he have been led into believing for a moment that his royal master was actually more warlike than himself? Louis Philippe told Bulwer : 'M. Thiers is furious against me because I did not choose to go to war. He tells me that I spoke of going to war ; but speaking of going to war and going to war, Mr. Bulwer, are



are very different things.' Not intending to go to war, his Majesty certainly suffered language to be used and acts to be done that would better have been suppressed and left undone. On the Austrian Ambassador insisting on the little importance Syria could have for France, Thiers petulantly replied, 'Yes, certainly; therefore we should in no case go to Syria to make war, but Italy is worth more to us, besides being nearer.'

He went the length of calling out the reserves, and taking a credit of sixty-four millions for the service of the army and navy; and it was upon hearing this that Lord Melbourne (October, 1840) wrote to the King of the Belgians, 'Thiers' announcement is a threat. By G—d, I won't stand it! If this goes on, I will immediately call Parliament together, and see what they think of it.'\* This letter was forwarded to the King of the French, who refused his assent to the warlike speech proposed for the opening of the Chambers, whereupon Thiers resigned, and was succeeded (Oct. 29) by M. Guizot.

Bulwer expresses his disbelief in the existence of any intrigue to bring about this result, and regards M. Guizot as the natural successor of Thiers, when the King determined for peace instead of war. But M. Guizot had acted as the representative and organ of the bellicose policy up to the very hour of its repudiation by the King; nor, although he may have given Thiers fair warning of the probable isolation of France, does it anywhere appear that he disapproved or protested against what was doing in a great measure through his instrumentality. Public opinion, therefore, went completely along with Odilon-Barrot, when, in the debate on the explanations, he spoke thus:—

'A personal conflict has arisen, a conflict between two men who have recently directed the foreign policy of the country. I doubt whether there is a single member in this assembly who has not been painfully affected to the bottom of his heart, when the ambassador and the minister have been seen combating in this tribune with confidential notes.

'Do you believe that, in such a conflict, men and affairs do not receive a serious injury? Ah! I know it; you have not betrayed; you have obeyed instructions which were given you; no one suspects the contrary. But do you know what, on the reading of certain documents, has raised the unanimous expression of a painful sentiment? Henceforth, people said to one another, who will be sure of the discretion of power in the direction of affairs, when a minister having chosen a representative of France abroad, and having confided to him not only official documents but his inmost thoughts, this representative,

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\* *Ex relatione* Lord Palmerston to the writer, June, 1865.

passing without transition into an opposite camp, shall ascend this tribune to offer to the country and the foreigner the sad spectacle of such an antagonism, and avail himself even of the papers in which the inmost thought of the minister has been poured out?

'Ah, let not such examples be reproduced. One may be sure of oneself: one may have a personal confidence in one's talent; but there are situations which dominate all talent. Shall I be frank with you? *Ambassador of this policy, intimate confidant of this policy, you were the last man to replace the minister who had practised it!*'

M. Guizot maintains a most suspicious reticence on this subject in his 'Memoirs.' He offers neither explanation nor justification. He does not even state or leave it to be inferred that his conduct was blamed in any quarter: that Thiers had, or pretended to have, any cause of complaint.

It was when war was considered imminent that Thiers, by a simple ordinance (September 10), in the absence of the Chambers, declared the urgency of the fortifications of Paris. His views were fully developed in a report, and eventually adopted. In the speech justifying the project he demonstrated to his own entire satisfaction that, when the proposed fortifications were complete, the difficulties in the way of a besieging army would be such as to be tantamount to impossibilities, and that, if a blockade were attempted, the invaders, not Paris, would be starved.

Another memorable measure of his administration was the expedition to bring back the ashes of Napoleon, which entered Paris in solemn procession, and amidst an immense concourse, on the 15th of December, 1840. That the modern Ulysses, as the Citizen King was called, should have sanctioned a proceeding so menacing to his dynasty, is one amongst many proofs of his political short-sightedness. As regards Thiers, whether he saw it in that light or not, the revival of the imperialistic feeling was the best possible mode of securing a favourable reception for his 'History of the Consulate and the Empire,' the two first volumes of which were published in 1845.

His appearances in the tribune for some years subsequently to his retirement from office were rare. In 1842, on the death of the Duc d'Orléans, he supported the claim of the Duc de Nemours to the regency against Odilon-Barrot and other political friends, who were in favour of the Duchess of Orleans. In the course of a telling speech, pointing out the evils that might accrue from female intervention, he caused a sensation by exclaiming, 'Savez-vous, Messieurs, ce qu'il faut faire pour plaire aux femmes?'

In 1846 he opened a campaign against M. Guizot, objecting  
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to his foreign policy that it favoured English interests at the expense of French: to his domestic policy, that it upheld a corrupt electoral system, and throve upon it. In a remarkable speech on parliamentary reform, after expatiating on the English Constitution, he said :—

‘Behold the true model of representative government. As for me, I have pursued it from my youth upwards; I have wished for it under the Restoration; I have never wished for anything else. I wrote in 1829 this phrase, which has become celebrated: *Le roi règne et ne gouverne pas!* I wrote it in 1829. Do you believe that what I wrote in 1829, I do not think in 1846? No, I think it still. But there are disdainful spirits who tell me, you overlook the difference which exists between France and England. I do not see, say what you will, that there are such differences between England and France, that we are destined, the one to have but the fiction of a representative government, whilst the other has the reality. But if it were so, what then? Representative government would be impossible in France! *Ah! we should have been told as much in July, 1830!*’

It was by steadily maintaining this doctrine that he insured his exclusion from office for the remainder of the reign; and this should never be forgotten when charges of time-serving and place-hunting are brought against him. The circumstances under which Louis Philippe appealed to him at the commencement of the Revolution of February, with his vain attempt to save the monarchy, must be fresh in the memory of our readers,\* as also the part he played under the republic. He voted for the Presidency of Louis Napoleon, although reported to have said that such an election would be a disgrace to France. When charged in the Chambers with having said this, he denied it. ‘I heard it,’ exclaimed M. Bixio, and a duel, a bloodless one, was the result.

His own versions of the most important transactions in which he was engaged from the fall of the monarchy to the *coup d’état*, were taken down from his dictation by Senior; but the publication of them has proved injurious to his memory, by placing the principal defects of his character—his egotism, vain-glory, and exaggerated nationality, in broad relief. It is now known that he had no real influence over the Prince-President, who flattered and eventually outwitted him: yet he talked as if the Prince was all along a mere puppet in his hands :—

‘He was suppleness itself, compared to Cavaignac. There was no sacrifice that he would not make, no engagement that he would not

\* His own detailed account may be read in Senior’s ‘Conversations.’ It differs in many particulars from what we believe to be the more trustworthy account of Odilon-Barrot. He is also at issue on material points with M. Guizot.

enter into. His highest ambition was to be a mere instrument of the Parti de l'Ordre. He relied on me for his minister, &c. He fancied that, because I had written the history of Napoleon, I must be a friend of the Bonapartes. Now, though I revere the great name, I detest and despise his family. So I received his advances coldly, almost contemptuously. He begged me at least to look at his address. I told him that it was detestable, full of socialism and bad French, and sent him back to try and write a new one.'

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'He earnestly pressed me to act as his minister; but after having served the greatest monarch of his time, after having stood on the same elevation as Metternich and Peel, I could not descend to be the instrument or even the associate of a pretender. He entreated me then at least to make a ministry for him, a task for which he had the sense to feel his own incompetence. So I gave him Barrot, Drouyn d'Lhuys, Faucher, and Passy, and the rest of that Cabinet, with Bugeaud for the grand army which watched the Italian frontier, and Changarnier as commander-in-chief in Paris.'

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'What he wanted, above all, was my sanction to his imperial tendencies. And I have sometimes almost regretted that I did not favour them, and try to turn him into a constitutional monarch.'

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'I am not sure that as respects war, my advice was wise. Perhaps it would have been better if I had allowed him to overrun the Continent.'

We described at some length, in a recent article, the utter failure of his attempt, backed by the most influential of his friends, to prevent the President from superseding Changarnier; and we gave reasons for doubting the accuracy of his account of the alleged meeting in January 1850, at which the expediency of an immediate *coup d'état* was discussed. In the course of the same conversation, and in the same egotistic vein, he says, 'The Constituent Assembly (of 1848) was the most honest that France had ever seen. It began clothed with Socialist prejudices, of which I cured it one by one.' It notoriously began by declaring against Socialism, and sending the Socialist leaders to the right about.

His alleged contempt for the President was rapidly giving way to undisguised apprehension, when (January 17, 1851) he spoke another of the phrases that have become historical:

'Well, for my part, I have only a word to add. There are now but two powers in the State: the executive and the legislative. If the Assembly gives way this day, there will be no more than one. And when there is no more than one, the form of the government is changed: the word, the form, will come. When will they come? That matters little:

little : but what you profess not to wish,—if the Assembly gives way, you will have obtained now at once : there is no more than one power. The word will come when it is wanted. *L'Empire est fait.*'

The aim, the end, the keystone, the alpha and omega of his foreign policy, from one end of his career to the other, was the aggrandisement of France. We have heard him repeatedly declare that France had a right to have weak States on her frontiers, and was entitled to resent the unity of Italy or Germany as an aggression or a menace.\* In justification of the invasion of Spain, in 1823, he maintained—

'That it was essential to the safety of France that Spain should be under her control ; that if Spain continued constitutional, that is to say, if the feelings of the people were to influence her policy, the antipathy of the Spaniards towards the French would make her a rival or an enemy instead of an ally. That it was the duty therefore of every French Government to put down every Spanish constitution.'

Such policy rested on no sound foundation, no broad principle, no strong sense of justice, no recognised distinction between right and wrong. '*Nil magnificum, nil generosum sapit.*' It was a blunder as well as a crime ; it was as mistaken and shallow as it was morally wrong. No nation or people was ever permanently benefited by the weakness, degradation, or misgovernment of another. From the War of Succession to the Spanish Marriages, the unsettled state of Spain has been the bane of France. Selfishness in public or private affairs commonly recoils in the long run upon itself ; and he had some experience of this, when, in 1870, he went from capital to capital in the vain pursuit of sympathy. Even then, he could not be made to understand that the claim of Germany to Lorraine and Alsace stood on the same footing as that of France to the left bank of the Rhine. *C'est tout autre chose, mon ami*, was his reply to an English friend who ventured to suggest the parallel.

Speaking of the expedition to Rome, he said that it was not for the sake of the Pope, it was not for the sake of Catholicism, that it was undertaken :—

'It was for the sake of France ; it was to plant the French flag on the Castle of St. Angelo ; it was to maintain our right to have one half of Italy if Austria seized the other. *Rather than see the Austrian eagle on the flagstaff that rises above the Tiber, I would destroy a hundred constitutions and a hundred religions.* I repeat, therefore, that we, the planners of the Roman expedition, acted as statesmen.'

\* See his speech, Jan. 11, 1864.

Under his guidance, he is convinced, the French could go anywhere and do anything. Alluding to the Syrian affair of 1840, he says :—

‘If he (Louis Philippe) had stood by me for only two months we should have come out of it not merely successfully but gloriously. Never was there such an absurdity as your thinking of conquering Syria with a few ships and 2000 soldiers. The Pasha alone had 130,000. Now, though 2000 Englishmen are fully equal to 20,000 Asiatics, they are not equal to 100,000. And in less than two months the winter would have driven your ships from the coast. I had ascertained that Austria would not send any troops to Syria. Appony promised me *that* as the price of my not attacking her. I was sure that you would not venture to take Russians there. I had an army of 500,000 men, and a fleet that could have fought one action with yours. All the coalition was trembling. Metternich said, “I have staked all on one card—the chance of a quarrel between the King and Thiers.” And it turned up in his favour. But you cannot wonder at my disgust.’

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‘The King’s great fault was his timidity. He was personally a hero, but politically a coward. He never could forget the disasters of 1813, 1814, and 1815, and I could not make him feel that, though inferior to the Continental Powers united, we are more than a match for any of them separately. Prussia even joined to Holland and Belgium could not stand against us for a fortnight. Austria would not be an affair of more than one campaign; and as for Russia, the most powerful of them all, if we were fairly pitted against one another, with no allies on either side, we should crush her.’

There can be no doubt at all that he was an excellent, an indefatigable administrator; but the account of his exertions and exhaustion, in 1840, will be read with a mixture of incredulity and surprise :—

‘I kept my colleagues and my bureaux at work all day, and almost all night. We were all of us half killed. Such a tension of mind wearies more than the hardest bodily work. At night my servants undressed me, took me by the feet and shoulders and placed me in my bed, and I lay there like a corpse till the morning. Even my dreams, when I dreamt, were administrative.’

He would have done better by husbanding his strength and choosing subordinates on whom he could depend without having so constantly to look after them or do their work for them. But he would fain be omniscient as well as omnipresent. During his presidency of the Republic a person was proposed to him for manager of the Sèvres china manufactory. ‘Why,’ he exclaimed, ‘that man knows no more about china than I know about’—and he



he paused. 'Your excellency,' remarked a colleague, 'is at a loss for something you don't know all about.'\*

It follows almost as a matter of course that, with this narrowness of grasp, this incapacity for considering the interests of more than one country, he was a protectionist. His artistic and literary taste was similarly cramped:—

'*Thiers.*—What a nation is France! How mistaken in her objects, how absurd in her means, yet how glorious is the result of her influence and of her example! I do not say that we are a happy people; I do not say that we are good neighbours; we are always in hot water ourselves, and we are always the pest and the plague of all who have anything to do with us, but after all we are the salt of the earth. We are always fighting, always inquiring, always inventing, always destroying prejudices, and breaking up institutions, and supplying political science with new facts, new experiments, and new warnings.

'*Senior.*—Do you put France as high in art as in science and in arms?

'*Thiers.*—Certainly I do, with the exception of painting, in which we are nothing. Where is there Gothic architecture like that of our cathedrals? Where is there a classical building equal to the façade of the Louvre?

'*Senior.*—What think you of the great temple of Pæstum?

'*Thiers.*—That is a glorious monument, but not equal to the Louvre. If we go to the arts which depend on language, where is there eloquence like that of Bossuet? Where is there a depth of intelligence like that of Molière? Where is there poetry like that of Racine? The choruses of Esther and Athalie are to all other compositions like a Raphael Virgin to one of Guercino or Guido.

'*Senior.*—Do you put Racine above Shakespeare?

'*Thiers.*—I cannot compare him with Shakespeare, whom I read only in translations; but I put him above Homer; I put him above Virgil, whom he most resembles; I put him, in short, above all that I know.'

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\* 'He liked to know the business of ministries a little before the ministers, which was not always to their taste. . . . He wished to know, minute by minute, the condition of France, that of all Europe, all our relations with the Chancellor of the German Empire, and with the smallest general of the army of occupation. Whilst M. Jules Favre was Minister for Foreign Affairs, Thiers lodged him in his own house, to get the news more quickly. He subsequently organised an apartment for M. de Remusat in the prefecture. He had every day conferences with the Ministers of the Interior and Finance. He required the frequent attendance of the Governor of the Bank and the great financiers. He went into the minutest details of the war-administration; armament, equipment, quarters, provisions.' ('*Le Gouvernement de M. Thiers*,' par Jules Simon, vol. ii. p. 242.) War administration was his passion. At the commencement of the Crimean war he wrote a succession of letters to an English friend (to be shown to the Duke of Newcastle), pointing out not only how the campaign should be conducted, but what measures should be taken for supplying the requirements of the troops; and if his advice had been followed, both French and English would have been spared much of the privation and suffering they endured before Sebastopol.

Thiers could never for a moment rise out of his country and himself: he was more than a representative, an intensified, Frenchman: it is hardly too much to say that, when talking about France, he was an expanded, elevated, idealised, transfigured *gamin de Paris*. Mark the tone in which he dwells on the necessity of finding constant food for the vanity and restless craving for excitement of his countrymen:—

‘*Senior*.—Will not industry and commerce, will not manufacturers and railways supply food for what you call your diabolical passion for excitement?’

‘*Thiers*.—Not in the least: they interest only the gamblers of the Bourse. The French public does not care whether it travels at the rate of five miles an hour or of thirty, whether its ports are empty or full, whether Rouen and Lyons are prosperous or starving. Vanity, envy, and ambition are our real passions. The government that prohibits our gratifying them from the tribune must give them vent in the field.’

Not a word of disapproval or regret: not a word implying that it is hard on the rest of Europe to be periodically disturbed to find occupation or excitement for the French. Truth must be sacrificed if it is unpleasant to his countrymen to listen to it. To disabuse the Continent of the false impression, most unfavourable to the English, produced by the Baron de Bazancourt’s semi-official history of the Crimean war, a reply in the ‘North British Review’ was by the express desire of Lord Palmerston translated and circulated under the title of ‘*Quelques Eclaircissements relatifs à l’Armée Anglaise*.’ In a letter (Jan. 16, 1857, to the writer) now before us, Thiers deprecates the publication in the strongest terms, on the ground that the counterstatement would wound the susceptibility of the French. ‘The least scratch (*piqûre*) would suffice to cause an explosion. Now, rest well assured that, the alliance broken, the world would be overturned. A little military glory is as nothing in the scale.’

No one had done more to stimulate the national vanity which led to the Franco-German war of 1870; no one felt more keenly, or declared more loudly, that something must be done after Sadowa to vindicate the military prestige of France; but he had an instinctive perception of the state to which the army had been reduced by maladministration, and at the risk of his cherished popularity he came gallantly to the front to protest against rushing unprepared into the field. Parodying the famous ‘Strike, but hear me,’ he replied to the intemperate exclamations with which he was interrupted: ‘Affront me! Insult me! I am ready to undergo all to save the blood of my fellow-citizens,

fellow-citizens, which you are imprudently ready to shed.' When twitted with being the prophet of disaster, he retorted: 'It is not I who have brought disaster upon France. I have never done so. Those who have done it are those who would not listen to my warnings, when, in this place, I spoke of Sadowa and the expedition to Mexico.'

The remainder of his career belongs to general history, and is well known. He refused to join the government of National Defence after Sept. 4, but placed his services at its disposal, and did all that could be done to mitigate the disaster he had failed to avert. A graphic picture of him at the work has been drawn by Prince Bismarck in an 'interview' with a correspondent of the 'Times':—

'Ah! the French have not been just towards that poor M. Thiers. He was a true patriot, however, and the most striking figure I have yet met with in contemporary France. I had a kind of pity for that poor little old man, who went over Europe amid the rigour of winter to solicit impossible succour, who crossed and re-crossed the lines separating us from Paris, anxious to make peace, worried by the requirements of those who had remained in Paris, passing through musket shots fired at him by our posts, notwithstanding the strict orders which had been given them.'

[Here the Prince paused an instant, half closing his eyes as if recalling something; then resuming the conversation he said:—]

'I remember an incident I shall never forget. We had met to discuss a question on which we could not agree. M. Thiers fought like a *beau diable*. M. Jules Favre wept, made tragic gestures, and no progress was made. Suddenly I began talking German. M. Thiers looked at me with an amazed air and said, "You know very well we do not understand German." "Just so," I said; "when I discuss with men with whom I expect ultimately to come to an understanding, I speak their language; but when I begin to see that it is useless to discuss with them I speak my own; send for an interpreter." The truth is, I was in a hurry to settle matters. I had been on thorns for a week. I was expecting every night to be woke up by a telegram bringing an English, Russian, Austrian, or Italian demand in favour of France. I know, indeed, I should have disregarded it, but it would have none the less been an indirect intervention and an interference in the quarrel between France and Germany. This had to be avoided at all costs, and it was therefore that, despite my admiration of M. Thiers' patriotic tenacity, I was so off-hand in talking German.'

'These tactics had a strange effect. M. Jules Favre extended his long arms to heaven, his hair stood on end, and, concealing his face in his hands, he rushed into a corner of the room, pressing his head against the wall as if he would not be a witness of the humiliation inflicted on the representatives of France in forcing them to continue  
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the negotiations in German. M. Thiers looked up above his spectacles with a scandalized air, then rushed to a table at the end of the room, and I heard his pen dashing feverishly over the paper. In a short time he came back to me. His small eyes flamed behind his spectacles, his mouth was drawn up with anger, and he offered me the paper with an abrupt movement, and in a husky and almost harsh voice said, "Is that what you want?" I looked at what he had written; it was admirably drawn up, and was pretty nearly what I wanted. I then resumed speaking in French and the negotiations were completed in that tongue.\*

The picture is touching, although calculated to provoke a smile. The weakness is merged and forgotten in the agony:—

'Lust, through some certain strainers well refined,  
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind.'

National vanity, refined and elevated into love of country or patriotism, takes rank as a virtue, sways as a power, attracts sympathy, and commands respect. There were moments of exaltation when it ennobled Thiers and made him speak like one inspired. 'I see him still, pale, agitated, sitting down and standing up by turns: I hear his voice, hoarse from suffering, his broken words, his accents at the same time suppliant and proud, and I know nothing grander than this noble heart, bursting forth in complaints, in menaces, in prayers.' This is M. Jules Favre's description of him, in the apparently desperate effort to save Belfort, which was saved by his impassioned appeals. 'M. de Bismarck appeared troubled. The emotion of M. Thiers had gained upon him: he replied that he comprehended what he must suffer, and would be happy to be able to make him a concession.'

At the election of the National Assembly, February 18, 1871, Thiers was chosen by twenty-six departments. Large minorities had supported him in others, and it was computed that he received more than two millions of votes. 'He had never,' said M. Jules Simon, 'sought popularity: he had braved it. All the world, friends and enemies, knew that he was our only statesman, and that his name was for us a protection, a moral force.' His nomination to the chief magistracy by the Assembly seemed to follow as a matter of course, but we have good reason for believing that a feeler was put forth on behalf of the majority to try whether the Duc d'Aumale would accept the post upon an understanding that he was to make a monarchical *coup d'état*. A decided majority of the Assembly was royalist, including a large sprinkling of legitimists, and this constituted Thiers' chief difficulty from the first. By the programme or

\* 'Le Gouvernement de M. Thiers,' vol. i. p. 121.

compact known as the *Pacte de Bordeaux*, it was agreed on all sides that the discussion of forms of government must be postponed till the country was freed of the foreigner, and peace, order, and credit were re-established. The capacity, energy, tact, temper, fertility of resource which he displayed in accelerating these results have been generally admitted. If formal proof were wanting of the extraordinary difficulties of his position and the eminent qualities by which he overcame most of them, it would be found in the complete, clear and able, although necessarily partial and unnecessarily pugnacious, history of his government, by M. Jules Simon.\* What enhanced his patriotism and disinterestedness, was the consciousness that his tenure of power was becoming precarious in exact proportion to the efficient use he made of it in restoring a normal state of things. 'Wait,' he called out to a royalist orator, 'wait, before driving me to the wall, till the territory is evacuated, because then your courage will be equal to the task.' Before the *Pacte de Bordeaux*, he said to one friend, 'France is very sick; I shall be the physician to cure her, but you know how one deals with the physician when one is cured; the danger over, adieu the doctor.' To another, when harassed by the permanent commission; 'Yes, yes, I know full well that, if they had no further need of me, they would not give me even my eight days as to a lacquey.'

It was his honest adherence to the spirit of the *Pacte*, his determination to uphold the republic as the only possible government under the circumstances, that made him obnoxious to the majority.

'If I believed the monarchy possible, I would retire: I should have fulfilled my engagement: I should remain a man of honour, and I should see my country follow what you call her destinies. Interrupt me this moment if you believe that the interest of the country is to make the monarchy at once: bid me descend from this tribune: take the power: it is not I who will dispute it with you. Gentlemen, you see me as I am. I am an old disciple of monarchy, I am what is called a monarchist, who adopts the republic for two reasons: because he has engaged himself, and that, practically at present, he

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\* Allowance may be made for the asperity with which M. Jules Simon assails his political antagonists, but why go out of his way to revive national animosities by stories of Prussian exaction which are exaggerated on the face of them? Thus, in speaking of what took place at Versailles, under the eye of the Emperor and his staff:—'The debauch was very general, very shameless, very cynical. General, also, the drunkenness. The officers did not always show themselves more civilised than the soldiers. They entered the houses by violence, opened the drawers, ordered dinner, chose their rooms without respect, often taking the chamber of the daughter of the house.'—Vol. ii. 145.

cannot do anything else. You see what sort of republican I am: I give myself for what I am: I deceive nobody.\*

We do not believe that he betrayed any undue leaning to the ultras of the Left; the accusation of radicalism was belied by his acts, by the whole tenor of his life from his first entry into office. But where he erred, where he played into the hands of his adversaries, was in not acting on his own favourite maxim of parliamentary government, instead of cumulating the parts of President and minister. He had no business in the tribune: he should have left the duty of exposition and explanation to his ministers, and held them responsible. He resigned (May 24, 1873) in consequence of a vote by 360 against 344 'that the recent ministerial modifications had not given the conservatives the satisfaction they had a right to expect.' Why, as chief of a constitutional government, did he resign? Why not submit to be bound by the majority of the representatives of the people, as Marshal MacMahon, although reluctantly and with a bad grace, has done,—thereby presenting the nearest approximation to parliamentary government that has hitherto been seen in France?

Thiers had resigned once before (Jan. 20, 1872) on a question of finance. M. Jules Simon says that, on the withdrawal of his resignation, the satisfaction was 'profound and unanimous,' that the Right, in particular, felt more profoundly than any, that he was the indispensable man.

'They never faced for a moment the possibility of replacing him. Never did man witness a more striking demonstration of the grandeur of his situation. The princes who are offered crowns have conspired and played the valet to get the offer. But this *bourgeois* had positively rejected power, and treated with disdain the Assembly which, notwithstanding, was at his feet.'

We presume that when M. Jules Simon wrote this, he could not have been aware that what really induced the majority to refuse the resignation was the opportune and calculated announcement by the Germans that the liberation of the territory would be checked or brought to a standstill if Thiers ceased to be President. It would seem that he himself was under a misapprehension as to the possibility of replacing him.

'In the course of conversation, at the Council, of these different incidents, M. Jules Simon said, laughing, to M. Thiers, "Now, you should say your 'Nunc dimittis.'"

'M. Thiers (with a pensive air). "But they have no one." M. Jules Simon. "They have Marshal MacMahon." M. Thiers (with vivacity). "Oh, as for him, I will answer for him. He will never accept."'

\* Speech of November 29, 1872.



The second resignation was readily accepted by the Assembly and the Presidency as readily by Marshal MacMahon. Only two months before (March 17) the Assembly had solemnly declared that 'M. Thiers, President of the Republic, had deserved well of the country.' It was felt by all who had the real interests of the country at heart that they were safest in his keeping, and the news of his retirement was received both at home and abroad with consternation and regret. His reputation never stood higher than after his fall. The having him in reserve for the presidency, in a highly probable contingency, was a tower of strength to the Liberal party in the ensuing struggle, and the result of that struggle was in no small degree owing to the posthumous publication of his views and wishes, entitled his 'Political Testament.'

Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to his statesmanship, critics are tolerably well agreed upon his merits and demerits as an historian, that is, as the historian of the Consulate and the Empire, for he is comparatively immature, he does not rise to his full height in his 'History of the Revolution.' His merits are the mastery of the subject, the artistic selection and grouping of the facts: the flow, vivacity, and lucidity of the narrative: the lifelike sketches of character: the versatility and variety of speculation, observation, and thought. He is never tame or cold. His eagerness, his enthusiasm, are catching: you are interested because he is interested; and you are carried away by and with him the more readily from feeling that you are in the hands of one who has made or assisted in making, as well as one who has written, history. His familiarity with public affairs is especially seen and felt in the fulness and completeness of the administrative details. 'We are introduced,' says Sainte-Beuve, 'for the first time, to what private persons would never have had a chance of knowing otherwise: into the secrets of councils and negotiations, into the intimate conversations of sovereigns, into the succession of thoughts agitated under the tent of Cæsar, on the pillow of Alexander.'

That his work is coloured by his likings and dislikings, by his opinions, his predilections and his prejudices, rather enhances than lessens its attractiveness: so, to his countrymen, does the all-pervading spirit of nationality; but these are serious drawbacks when he comes to be weighed as an authority. He is often fairly beside himself, and sets all probability at defiance, when the reputation of his imperial hero or the glory of the French arms is at stake. If we are to accept his account of Waterloo, almost every battalion of the English army was *culbuté* (his favourite phrase) two or three times over, and

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could hardly have known whether they stood on their heads or their heels before the battle was won. He begins his account of the battle of Aboukir, by stating that 'the Bellerophon dismantled, and other English vessels horribly maltreated, were obliged to draw off,' and attributes the defeat of the French to the non-observance of a signal. At Trafalgar, he says, Nelson's ship, the 'Victory,' would infallibly have been carried by boarding from the 'Redoutable' (a two-decker), if 200 men, including the boarding-party, had not been swept away by a single discharge of grape from the 'Téméraire.' In describing what took place off Boulogne in 1804, he states that the Emperor, to set an example to his navy, got into a barge, had it steered right towards an English frigate, received a broadside, and got off with a splashing (*était quitte pour l'éclaboussure*).

In a Preface to the concluding volumes, he compares a perfect style to glass, through which we look without being conscious of its presence between the object and the eye. His own style is glass of whose presence we are occasionally made conscious by specks. One of his learned friends, when asked for his opinion after receiving a volume, replied that he thought it excellent, but that there were numerous negligences of style: he had found the word *hélas* repeated more than twenty times.\* 'Is that all?' asked Thiers. 'No, it is also too loose, too free, too familiar.' 'That is nothing,' was the retort—'no, truly, it is nothing, and gives me little concern: I have no literary pretension: what I dreaded is that I should be accused of having imperfectly embraced the entirety (*ensemble*) of the subject which I treat.'

The compliment to his authorship which touched him most, was the phrase adroitly introduced by Napoleon III. in the speech from the throne in 1867: *Historien illustre et national*. It was well earned, for the foundation-stone of the Second Empire was laid by the history. His book, entitled 'De la Propriété,' published in 1848, contains some admirable specimens of written eloquence, blending imagination with argument and thought.

It was impossible to know Thiers well without being impressed by his kindness of disposition, good-nature, and amiability. The number and quality of his attached friends are an all-sufficient answer to the calumnies that have been heaped upon him. His style of conversation in early life is thus described by Lamartine:—

'Modesty is a virtue of the North, or an exquisite fruit of education. He spoke first, he spoke last, he paid little attention to

\* 'I did not say "Alas!" Nobody ever does that I know of, though the word is so frequently written.'—*Eothen*.

replies: but he spoke with a justness, an audacity, a fecundity of ideas, that caused the volubility of his lips to be forgiven. It was clear that his disciples had accustomed him to be listened to. This talk, perfectly familiar and appropriate to the ease (*abandon*) of the hour and the place, was neither eloquent nor pretentious. It was the heart and mind that were poured out.'

This was equally true of him in after life, in the fulness of his fame. Modesty would have been misplaced, and Sydney Smith has laid down that there is no necessary connection between modesty and merit except that they both begin with an *m*. But Thiers was always simple, easy, and unassuming, and in one respect must have improved; for he was ready to listen. French *causerie*, however, is more continuous and less elliptical than English conversation, and a somewhat different test of excellence is consequently applied. When he was in England in 1852, a dinner (March 1) was made for him, at which were present: Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Hallam, Edward Lord Lytton, Lord Elcho, Lord Cardwell, Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, Mr. Henry Fitzroy, Lord Kingsdown (Pemberton Leigh), Colonel Damer and the host. The conversation was varied and animated: Thiers had the advantage of language and choice of subject; but the general impression was that Mr. Gladstone was (if anything) the better talker of the two.

We hardly know a public character, ancient or modern, which it is more difficult to sum up or judge. He can hardly be called great; although (if influence be a test of greatness) a man cannot be far from it, when he paves the way for an empire or consolidates a republic: when the pulse of a great nation throbs at his touch: when, in a momentous crisis—with peace, order, and liberty at stake—his name is sounded through the whole length and breadth of his native land as a rallying cry, and his voice is listened to like a revelation as it comes charged with wise counsel and solemn warning from the tomb. But, considering his marvellous intelligence, his range, versatility and elasticity of mind, his sway over popular assemblies, his genius for the conduct of affairs, his power of rising to emergencies and (above all) the amount of thought and action he originated or impelled, we do not hesitate to declare him, with all his faults and errors, the most brilliant and distinguished of the illustrious band of writers, orators and statesmen whom France of the nineteenth century has produced.

ART. VII.—1. *Correspondence between the Employers' Association and the Delegates of the Trades Unions, 1877, 1878.*

2. *The Fortnightly Review, July, 1878.*

THE recent industrial contest in Lancashire has received an ample share of description and criticism in the columns of the daily and weekly journals, and has occupied the pens of several writers in the 'Fortnightly Review,' whilst the lapse of time has lessened public interest even in its main incidents. Yet still the magnitude of the contending organizations of capital on the one side and of labour on the other, the tenacity displayed on both sides, the simplicity of the original issue contrasted with the complexity which the line of argument pursued during the progress of the struggle appeared to give to it, the disappointing reappearance of a temper and disposition which have been regarded as lamentable features of industrial history long since passed away, the signal act of furious and insane vengeance which disgraced its progress, and its decisive result in the end—all justify our recurrence to the subject. We will therefore endeavour, first, briefly to sketch its history, and then to criticize the economic, social, and political assumptions, which underlie the actions, and have characterized the arguments of the contending parties.

Before 1872 the organizations of the trades unions connected with the cotton trade covered a much larger area and commanded a more ready allegiance than those of the employers. The latter possessed local associations, loosely banded together in single towns and their suburbs, but rarely acting with decision excepting under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances, such as excessive depression in trade or more than usually flagrant aggression.

It was found that the want of cohesion on the part of the employers exposed them to incessant and systematic attack from the different operative unions. The plan adopted was to take them in detail, to force up the wages first in one mill, then in another, and thus to raise the general average. This was done with great success by the card-room associations; but the most formidable development of the system, and that which threatened the most serious consequences, was revealed in the action of the spinners' unions, which were combined under one central committee throughout Lancashire and parts of Cheshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire.

The relations between capital and labour were kept in a state of continued disturbance in these districts; demands for higher wages

wages were unceasingly made in one form or another upon individual millowners, and the workpeople withdrawn to enforce them. This continued until a strike of spinners occurred at the most extensive cotton mills in Darwen. The employers' and workmen's committees met according to the usual custom when disputes occurred. The mill was examined by a joint committee; it was found that the machinery and cotton were such as to enable the spinners with average industry to secure, at the standard list rate of wages, fair average earnings. According to the understanding existing between the committees, the dispute should, under these circumstances, have terminated, but the men struck work.

A meeting was then arranged between the two committees, and when it took place in September, 1872, the local spinners' representatives asked permission for two delegates from Manchester to be present at the interview, stating that they had come to Blackburn expressly with that object. The employers objected to having dealings with any but the representatives of their own workpeople, but they ultimately thought it prudent to admit the two strangers, for the double purpose of ascertaining the actual state of affairs and showing courtesy to the local operative committee. It then came out that the local operative unions were associated with, and subordinate to, a huge central association, which controlled their action.

The Manchester delegates announced that the system of payment by standard lists of wages, mutually agreed upon by representatives of the employers and working men, would have to undergo revision, and that in every mill where the weekly earnings were small—that is, less than the delegates regarded as an adequate weekly wage—the *rate* would have to be raised. The employers objected that one millowner might have industrious workpeople, who, producing a full quantity of work, would earn good wages, whilst another might have an idle set of hands producing much less from similar machinery and with other equal advantages; that the effect of the proposal would be to impose upon the latter the further disadvantage and loss of paying his inferior and less valuable workpeople a higher rate of wages than his rival paid for those more industrious and intelligent; that it would lead to absolute demoralization by giving a premium to inefficiency and idleness; and that it would be destructive of the trade of the district. The answer of the delegates was, that no such combination of circumstances as the one suggested could in practice arise; that the good and inferior workpeople were pretty equally mixed in the different establishments, and, in fact, that the employers must accept the conditions

tions laid down or prepare for a struggle. The delegates, however, were not at that time prepared to enforce the terms they had advanced, for the strike at Darwen terminated shortly afterwards by the return of the spinners to work upon the old terms.

It had now become evident to the spinners and manufacturers of the Blackburn district that their local incompact organization would be unable to cope with the solid array of the combined spinners' associations, or to resist demands ruinous in their tendency to the prosperity of the cotton trade. Measures were consequently taken to draw the employers of North and North-East Lancashire into closer union, and the North and North-East Lancashire Master Cotton Spinners' and Manufacturers' Association was the result. Preston, Blackburn, Burnley, Darwen, and subsequently Accrington, joined the new combination; the first meeting of which, after the adoption of its rules, took place on the 7th of March, 1873. The capital represented was, in round terms, 7,500,000*l.*, the number of spindles 4,336,000, and of looms 110,000; whilst the workpeople employed were 100,000, earning from 80,000*l.* to 90,000*l.* weekly. As the total number of spindles in the English cotton trade is 40,000,000, and of looms 500,000, it will be seen how important a section of this great manufacture, which supplies near a third of the national exports, the new combination embraced.

It was soon found that it would have ample sphere of activity. Its first work, in June of the same year, was to prevent a strike of weavers, and to settle a 'standard list' of weavers' wages for Burnley. It had to deal with repeated spinners' strikes at selected mills. As the object of these strikes was generally to promote the efforts of the trades unions to enforce an advance of wages, they lasted on some occasions until the employers were on the eve of closing the associated mills.

The new Factory Act, reducing the hours of work from sixty to fifty-six and a half, came into operation at the beginning of 1875, and found fresh work for the associations. The workpeople had been told by their leaders that reduced hours meant greater prosperity in trade—that fluctuations would disappear, and higher wages would follow. Everywhere there was hope and expectation of improvement; a great increase of investment in cotton-spinning was in progress. At Oldham more particularly, but in other places also—the workpeople invested their earnings in limited liability spinning mills, and the improved machinery introduced enabled the workers in the new mills to take larger earnings home at less cost to the employers. For the moment the prophecies of the delegates  
seemed



seemed to receive justification, and the demands of the spinners particularly became more urgent and continuous.

Those objections to the factory system, which had been urged with the most vehemence in and out of Parliament, were forgotten or ignored, and the efforts of the employers to remove one of the heaviest charges made against the old arrangement of hours of work were thwarted by the unions. Mr. Mundella, denouncing in the House of Commons the practice of admitting women and children to the mills at six o'clock in the morning, used the following words: 'Children and women had, wet or dry, to be in the mills at six in the morning; and often they arrived bedraggled and wet up to the middle, and thus they had to go into heated rooms, where there were bad atmosphere and odours;' and a great effect was produced in the House. The employers, to prevent the possibility of the recurrence of a like allegation on some future occasion, resolved to start the mills at half-past six, thus keeping the children out of the factories half an hour later; but the unions opposed this arrangement, and, supported by the workpeople, insisted upon the starting-time being, as formerly, six o'clock. The employers gave way rather than have a struggle upon such an issue, and the men secured an extra half hour for evening enjoyment, the children and women still having to undergo the hardship which Mr. Mundella and the operative delegates professed to remedy by a reduction of hours.

In September the spinners gave notice, through the secretary of a new operative association called the North and North-East Lancashire Association of Operative Cotton Spinners, that they would no longer be bound by the standard lists; and, on an explanation of the purpose of the notice being asked, the operative secretary summed up a written reply as follows:—

*'They [the operative committee] say that the relative position of the employer and the employed will not be altered as a whole, but at those mills where the men cannot earn a satisfactory wage they reserve to themselves the right of insisting upon the said employers paying a higher price.'*

Thus the demand formulated by the Manchester delegates at the Blackburn Conference of 1872, and which led to the formation of the masters' widespread combination, was renewed.

The masters' association resolved to resist this demand, even by shutting up the whole of the associated mills if necessary, and they called a meeting of the trade, including the non-associated districts of North and North-East Lancashire, for the 17th of October.

At

At this meeting resolutions were unanimously passed to close the mills on the 23rd of November unless the new operative demands were withdrawn, and notices to this effect were posted in the allied cotton factories. After many conferences between the respective committees, the operative delegates withdrew their repudiation of the standard lists; but the new operative association, ostensibly formed to deal exclusively with the rate of wages, professed to be without power to terminate the strikes, upon the ground that they had been ordered by the other associations. The employers were compelled, therefore, to refuse to meet *all* these associations, and to demand to know by which of them the spinners would be represented. They also intimated that they would, in the meanwhile, deal with the action of all the associations in the concrete, and treat the acts of each as those of all. The eventual consequence was that the new association, being found useless for the purpose for which it was formed, namely, to throw dust in the eyes of the employers, was dissolved, and the spinners on strike returned to work.

When it has been found that in the same mill, machinery, materials, and all surrounding conditions being precisely alike, the earnings of different spinners have varied more than ten shillings a week, it will be seen what the effect of setting aside the standard lists when the earnings were small would certainly be. The earnings would everywhere be small; the cost of production would be greatly increased, and a heavy blow would be given to the great cotton industry which depends upon foreign markets for the sale of five-sixths of its products.

A joint committee, which was the result of the negotiations just described, met several times, and the operatives put sixteen propositions before the employers. Each proposition, however, involved an increase of wages, and, as the secretary at last frankly admitted that nothing but an advance of wages would satisfy the spinners, the labours of this committee were without result.

All these transactions make clear the objects kept steadily in view by the unions, and serve to show how great a demand for watchfulness, patience, and continuous work is made upon the gentlemen who act in an amateur capacity at the call of their colleagues upon the employers' committees. It will be readily understood that the paid delegates of the workpeople are ever ready for meetings, conferences, disputes, and opportunities of displaying their activity, greatly to the cost and inconvenience of the employers' representatives, who have to sacrifice valuable time, and often much thought, in the delicate negotiations in  
which,

which, as a consequence, they are involved. It will perhaps be allowed, moreover, that it is scarcely reasonable to expect employers to be as active in the publication of manifestoes and lengthy documents as those to whom it is a *business*, and that the complaints made on this score, even by respectable journals, lack adequate justification.

We pass on to the 20th of November, 1877, when, owing to the continued depression in trade, the masters' association having passed resolutions to reduce wages five per cent., a conference took place between their central committee and the representatives of the spinners and weavers. The delegates, recognising the unsatisfactory state of trade, asked the committee to defer the reduction as long as possible.

The employers, through their chairman, expressed their willingness to delay the reduction until the 2nd of January, on condition of the delegates agreeing that the reduction should come into operation at that period if there were no improvement in trade in the meantime.

The delegates retired to consider the proposal. The spinners' delegates accepted it, and those of the weavers stated that, 'although they were not empowered to give a final and conclusive answer, yet if the employers would defer the reduction till the 2nd January, 1878, they would pledge themselves to recommend the operatives to accept it unless trade improved in the meantime, in which case they would ask for an interview.'

It now becomes necessary to name a peculiarity in the constitution of the employers' association, which renders it at times unwieldy, but gives force to its decisions when finally taken. No member of the association is required to adopt any proposition at the bidding of a majority, however large. His free acquiescence is requisite before he is bound. His obligation is then exclusively one of honour and interest. One large and influential firm, not engaged in the trade of the district, and therefore having different temporary interests, refused to make the reduction. This refusal caused hesitation, and, the weavers' delegates having decided to oppose the reduction, the employers resolved to postpone it for a while and to watch the course of trade.

The chairman of the employers' association had in the course of these conferences pointed out that, if five per cent. reduction were accepted, some reasonable time must elapse before a further reduction could well be made, whereas the prospects of the cotton trade were so bad that, if reduction was delayed, then, in all probability, the employers would be compelled to make it ten instead of five per cent.

As

As was anticipated by the employers, the losses incurred in the cotton manufacture increased; every branch of the trade of the district became equally unprofitable, and the determination became general to lessen, by a reduction of wages, the heavy losses which were making trenchant inroads upon capital. A meeting of the masters' central committee was fixed for the 19th of March, and the spinners' and weavers' delegates were invited to attend. The employers' committee assembled as usual at half-past two, and, the secretary having reported that he had received no answer to the invitation addressed to the operative secretaries, and did not know whether the delegates would attend, business commenced, and a resolution was passed unanimously, to give a month's notice to reduce wages ten per cent.

The operative representatives soon afterwards arrived, and a friendly conversation with those of the spinners was followed by a discussion with the weavers' delegates. The latter were little disposed to conversation, and manifested a determination to resist all reduction. The notices nevertheless were posted, and were followed by meetings of the weavers, and by a manifesto signed by the weavers' secretaries dated the 30th of March.

Notwithstanding the credit for moderation accorded to this document in many quarters, it was couched in language and framed in a spirit of ill-disguised hostility to the employers. The depression in the cotton trade was first admitted in the following terms:—

‘For some time past the cotton trade in this and every other country in Europe has been in a depressed condition, chiefly for want of a market for the produce of the machinery now in operation’—

but it was then made so light of, that it was asserted the bulk of the employers did not desire a reduction of wages.

‘Although these difficulties beset the cotton trade, the usual signs—bad and unprofitable trade—are scarcely perceptible. We have fewer failures in the cotton trade than in any other branch of industry, and nine out of every ten of those who have succumbed have been heavy sizers. There has been little or no short time. Cotton manufacturers continue to build and to occupy palatial residences and live in splendour.’

The employers were accused of breaking the law by running longer than the legal hours, of fraudulently sizing their productions, and of having themselves mainly contributed to the depression of trade. It was argued that, the fault resting with the employers, the operatives should not submit to a reduction of wages, but that short time should be resorted to as a means of raising the price of goods and improving the state of trade.

Foreign

Foreign competition was ignored, as is customary with trades unions, and, in conclusion, a protest was vigorously urged against any reduction of wages, unaccompanied by short time.

On the 23rd of March a meeting of weavers from all parts of North and North-East Lancashire took place in the Blackburn Exchange, and was addressed in language of the most vehement character. Resolutions were passed to resist the reduction, and the meeting broke up in an excited and angry spirit, the speeches of the delegates having especially pointed hostility towards the chairman of the employers' association. Other meetings followed in the various manufacturing towns of the district in rapid succession, and resolutions not to submit to any reduction of wages were everywhere carried.

The speeches of the delegates soon made it apparent, that their policy was to allow parts of the district to accept the reduction and thus to supply funds for the support of the operatives on strike. At a Burnley meeting, held on the 1st of August, an operative objected to the line proposed, and the following pertinent conversation took place :

'The OPERATIVE : If we come out on strike, who will support us? How many men can stand two or three weeks' strike?—"Sit down," and disturbance).

'The CHAIRMAN : Does our friend apprehend that the whole of North and North-East Lancashire will come out on strike at once? If he does he is mistaken.'

It had become clear that the weavers had no thought of compromise, and that they were prepared to fight the battle locally instead of over the whole of the area interested. It was felt that a struggle of enormous dimensions was in prospect, and each side made ready to array its forces, counteract the policy of its opponents, and complete its organization in such a manner as to secure success.

On the 12th of April a meeting of the trade, including employers from Clitheroe and other towns not connected with the association, owning altogether 6,400,000 spindles and 185,000 looms, took place at the Palatine Hotel, and the following resolutions, preparatory to the impending strike, were passed unanimously :—

'1st. That in case of a strike occurring at any of the mills where a notice of the reduction of wages has been posted, we hereby pledge ourselves to support the districts or firms singled out, by closing our mills.

'2nd. That any firms or districts attacked shall be liberally compensated until the remainder of the trade is stopped or the strike terminated.

'3rd.

'3rd. That the mills working at a reduction of 10 per cent. shall contribute to the fund intended to give effect to the second resolution the amount saved in wages by the said reduction, until the remainder of the mills cease work in accordance with the terms of the first resolution.'

Notwithstanding this decisive action, the workpeople were still buoyed up with the hope that either the masters as a body would give way at the last moment, or that the defection from their ranks, when it was found that the hands really struck work, would be so serious as to break down the employers' organization.

On the 16th of April a deputation from the spinners offered to accept a reduction of 5 per cent., or to refer the dispute to arbitration, but the proposal was declined. It was with extreme regret that the employers found it indispensable to refuse concession to the spinners, whose conduct throughout this trying time had been in marked contrast with that of the weavers, but the losses in the spinning branch of the trade were so enormous, that for two half-years no dividend had been declared in thirty-six out of forty of the principal new co-operative mills, and the employers had no choice.

The more reasonable attitude of the spinners was in some degree due to the fact that they and other operatives, tempted by the large dividends at first earned, had largely invested their savings in co-operative spinning companies. These concerns were carried on to a great extent with borrowed capital, and, so long as the profits exceeded the 5 per cent. paid for its use, the dividends upon the share capital were large. When, however, the profits fell below 5 per cent., the reverse process operated, and hence the large proportion of borrowed capital, with its prior claims upon the concern's earnings, helped to increase the pressure of the adverse times upon the shareholders. The poorer shareholders, unable to pay the continued calls, were obliged to sell their shares at a great sacrifice, and in too many cases the hardly-earned savings of an industrious life disappeared.

Hence the position of the spinning branch of the trade was well known; and, had there been a desire on the part of the spinners' leaders—of which there is no indication—to mislead the public and the workpeople, it could not have been tried with any fair chance of success.

So few co-operative or limited liability weaving mills were in existence, that the same practical demonstration of the losses sustained by the manufacturers was not available for the instruction of the workers: they were consequently more easily entrapped by the subtle and fallacious arguments put before them.

On



On the 17th and 18th of April, the notices of a reduction of wages remaining posted in the mills, the workpeople left work throughout North and North-East Lancashire, and the greatest strike that had ever occurred in the cotton-trade became an actual fact.

This was the time when true friends of the operatives should have abstained from all action calculated to encourage persistence in a hopeless effort certain to cause incalculable misery if prolonged; but it is seldom that such considerations have weight with warm partisans. It might, however, have been expected that wealthy manufacturers, like Messrs. Horrocks, Miller, and Co., enjoying over their neighbours the great advantage of a special trade devoted to the supply of the home market, would have been the last to give encouragement to a strike against such a reduction of the cost of production as, although not necessary to them individually, was vitally important to the manufacturers of North and North-East Lancashire, who, as a body, are entirely dependent upon foreign markets for the disposal of their productions. Messrs. Horrocks, however, published a letter in the 'Times' containing the following paragraph:—

*'With regard to the main point, we are of opinion that the reduction will go for nothing in the way of mending the foreign trade, and that if it takes place the difference to the employers will be immediately lost by the competition to sell in a market suffering from plethora of production. It is clear, then, that the result will simply be a loss to the country, which will be felt in the home trade, in the same way as a bad grain crop, or any other misfortune which lessens the spending power of the people.'*

This was immediately printed in large type and posted on the walls in every strike town and hamlet. It is clear that Messrs. Horrocks underestimate the importance of cheap production as a means of the retention and extension of *all* foreign markets, but more especially of those threatened by rival producers. 'A bad grain crop' raises the price of food, necessitates a large import of grain which has to be paid for, and to the extent of these payments absorbs the absolute wealth of the country. Can it be maintained that lowering wages in a manufacture dependent upon an export trade which is conducted at serious loss has any one of these effects? Does it raise the cost of articles consumed by the mass of the people? Does it lead to an export of wealth in exchange for articles of consumption? Does it diminish the spending power of the people in the same degree as a prolonged continuance of a losing trade, which absorbs the capital necessary for their employment?

Surely Messrs. Horrocks have limited their range of enquiry to

to the effect of reduced wages upon the immediate position of the market for their own home-consumed longcloths.

On the 20th of April the weavers' secretaries proposed arbitration upon the combined questions of the reduction of wages and short time; but this was declined, upon the ground that the state of trade rendered a reduction of 10 per cent. indispensable, and that the Employers' Association 'was not empowered by its constitution to deal with the question of short time.'

The employers had already refused a compromise based upon a reduction of 5 per cent. when offered by the spinners, and had distinctly declined arbitration or to treat upon the question of short time. Under these circumstances, an interview was sought for the 14th of May by the weavers' delegates, with the professed object of seeing 'if some means could not be devised whereby this deplorable struggle might be brought to an end.' The employers accorded the request, and invited the delegates of the spinners and card-room hands to attend the meeting.

The greatest excitement prevailed among the turn-out work-people. They had been led to expect that at least there was a prospect of the conference resulting in the re-opening of the mills, whilst the employers, on the other hand, naturally anticipated that the delegates would bring forward propositions calling for serious and careful consideration. It turned out, however, that they had no real desire to arrange a settlement. They simply repeated propositions which had been rejected before, and which they must have known would be rejected again. The result of the interview can be best described by giving the delegates' proposals and the masters' answers.

The delegates offered firstly: 'Arbitration as to whether a reduction of 10 per cent. is justifiable and wise, considering the present state of stocks and trade;' and secondly, 'if the reduction is necessary, should it be accompanied by short time?'

After having submitted this one proposition, the delegates retired from the room, and the employers' committee passed the following resolution:—

'This committee sees no reason to depart from the resolution passed on the 23rd of April, as follows:—"That neither mediation nor arbitration can be accepted."'

The decision having been communicated to the delegates, they then proceeded to submit their next proposition, which was to work

'four days per week with 10 per cent. reduction, or five days per week with 5 per cent. reduction, and that when full time is resumed,  
a meeting

a meeting of the two committees should be held to decide upon the rate of wages.'

This proposal was considered by the masters' committee in private, and the delegates on being re-admitted to the room were informed that the committee had passed the following resolution:—

'That this committee begs to refer the operatives to the letter to Messrs. Birtwistle and Whalley, of May 1st, which contains the following paragraph:—"The committee further desires to point out that the North and North-East Lancashire Cotton Spinners' and Manufacturers' Association is not empowered by its constitution to deal with the question of short time."

The operatives then submitted their next proposal, which was a reduction of 5 per cent. without any conditions, to which the masters' committee replied by passing the following resolution:—

'That this committee regrets that the position of trade does not justify any modification of the determination previously arrived at to reduce wages 10 per cent.'

When the rejection of the last proposal was announced to the deputation, Mr. Birtwistle intimated that there had been riots, and might be again; that the leaders had hitherto endeavoured to keep the people quiet, but that henceforth they declined all further responsibility; whatever might happen, they left the responsibility with the employers. The chairman replied that the employers would not yield to threats what the state of trade prevented their conceding to argument.

The employers left Manchester for their respective homes, not without anxiety as to the meaning of the threatening language used. The delegates telegraphed the failure of the interview to the different towns interested; and, on the arrival of the train containing the bulk of the Blackburn employers at the Blackburn station, an agitated crowd had gathered upon the platform and outside the station. Soon afterwards an excited meeting took place on Blakey Moor, a large open space in the town, to decide 'what was to be done next.' Rioting commenced; houses and mills were attacked, and much property destroyed; a furious mob made its way to Clayton Grange, the residence of Mr. Raynsford Jackson, and, disappointed in their desire to inflict summary vengeance upon him, burnt his house and all its contents. The rioters then returned to Blackburn, and, joined by others, continued their depredations until a late hour, when, the military having arrived, they were brought under control, and violence ceased at about two o'clock.

The

The following morning rioting recommenced, not only in Blackburn, but in Burnley, Accrington, Preston, and Great Harwood, and the district had to be put under military occupation.

Much credit is due to the Government for the decisive instructions given to the authorities, to leave no means unemployed which should prove necessary for the protection of life and property. The evil-disposed section of the population, although cowed, remained sullen and bitter—evidently ready, if unrestrained, for further violence.

Many of the rioters were captured and committed for trial. Penal servitude for various terms of years, and imprisonment for shorter periods, became the lot of some of them; and this lamentable, useless, and unnecessary strike lingered on for another month, until an independent committee over-rode the regular delegates, and secured the votes of a majority of the weavers in favour of asking the employers to re-open the mills. This they did on the 18th and 19th of June, and the people flocked to work on the masters' terms after a resistance of nine weeks' duration.

We do not doubt that the surprise of the employers at the meagreness of the proposals made by the weavers' delegates, on the 14th of May, will be shared by others. We have reason to know that it was not a little startling to some of the delegates themselves; and two of them have stated that, at a meeting of the delegates held in Blackburn on the 10th of May, it was resolved 'that, in the event of the other propositions failing, there should be an offer to accept a reduction of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; and finally, as a last resource, to submit to a 10 per cent. reduction, with an arrangement for reconsidering the matter within three months.'

Had the original intention of the delegates in seeking an interview with the employers been carried out, the last proposition would have been accepted, and the strike would have been brought to a conclusion the same week. What, however, is infinitely more important, the rioting and violence would have been prevented, which have thrown such discredit upon our factory population, and have startled society with the revelation of the existence of an undercurrent of latent barbarism and ignorance, which were only associated in men's minds with past history, and were thought to have been vanquished by the spread of education, and especially by the influence of sound teaching upon political and economic subjects, rendered accessible by the cheapness of the daily and weekly press.

How came it to pass that these propositions were withheld?

The explanation given is, that the two weavers' secretaries and a Manchester confidant, being closeted together for half an hour, took upon themselves to set aside the previously arranged programme, the remaining delegates being informed that the masters were certain to accept one of the other proposals.

We pass over the well-intentioned but mistaken efforts made by different gentlemen to mediate in the dispute, as these various attempts at interference had no other effect than to delay the only possible settlement, by exciting false hopes of a compromise.

Having now completed our narrative of the salient features of this great industrial conflict, we shall criticize the arguments advanced on both sides, in favour of the measures respectively advocated as a remedy for the depression in the cotton-trade, which in the second manifesto of the workpeople, dated April 18, was admitted to the fullest extent:—

'In common with the rest of our countrymen, we deplore the great losses sustained by commercial men and capitalists during the last four or five years. We are aware that the cotton trade has suffered for a long time, and is still suffering most severely. The bankruptcies, liquidations, and quiet arrangements made so frequently by manufacturers, are evident proof of the unprofitable character of the business. Our employers propose a reduction of 10 per cent. in wages as a means of alleviating their losses.

'At the present time stocks of cotton goods are large in the hands of manufacturers; very large in the hands of their agents; large in our Indian markets; excessive in those of China.

'Prices are exceedingly low, the margin between the raw material and manufactured article being less than at any previous period in the history of the trade. Low as the prices are, our Eastern markets rule still lower; in fact, there is no inducement to our merchants to do more than supply immediate absolute requirements. The great losses sustained in recent years have not only checked over-speculation, but even restricted the limits of legitimate and prudent adventure. In order to show how ruinous these prices are we give the following samples, taken from the bread and cheese makes of the trade. . . .

'Now, a firm with only 500 looms on either of these articles is losing at the rate of 60*l.* sterling per week.

'Ten per cent. reduction will not give more than one-fourth of this sum.'

Before the strike commenced the weavers' leaders adopted the policy of denying the necessity for a reduction of wages; and in the manifesto of the 30th of March they had made light of the depression of trade. When it became clear that the reduction would be enforced, a new line of argument was found more politic.

The

The depression was then magnified, and fighting resolutions were framed, with a view to obscure the true issue, keep the workpeople together, and win the public sympathies. Resolutions were passed favouring short time as the true remedy for the state of trade, and the favourite formula adopted was—'Four days a week, 10 per cent. reduction; five days a week, 5 per cent. reduction; but full time, old rate of wages.'

We will pass over the now admitted fact, that this proposition, so far as the delegates are concerned, was made under the conviction that it would not be entertained by the masters, and we will simply grapple with the features it contains calculated to fascinate the multitude, and to gain acceptance with those easy-going economists, whose sympathies run away with their judgment.

In the first place, we have presented to us 'short time' as the proper remedy for bad trade, and in the next, the stipulation that, whether short time does its curative work quickly or slowly, the return to full time shall always be accompanied by a recurrence to the old rate of wages; in other words, that the rate of wages shall not be permitted to fall below the existing level.

There are several preliminary difficulties to be got over before we can close with the advocates of short time. In the first place, there is the proved impossibility of inducing any great trade, as a body, to resort to such an expedient. In the next, there is the consideration whether, even if 'short time' be prudent in a given case, and the obstruction just mentioned can be overcome, it is the interest of the industrial community that trades-union leaders shall be permitted to interfere, not only as to the rate of wages, as hitherto, but also as to the expedients to be adopted by employers when struggling with difficulties arising out of depressed trade; and thirdly, there is the most important question to solve—whether the depression to be remedied is the result of temporary or chronic causes.

If we assume for the moment, however, that organized short time is possible, and trades-union interference upon the question permissible, we must have no doubt as to whether the depression is a passing one, caused by some temporary interruption to ordinary demand, or whether it is the result of causes of a more enduring character. If it is the former, then, in all probability, the expedient might be resorted to without serious disadvantage; if the latter, then it would be ruinous, and might be fatal. We have, therefore, first to decide in which of these two categories we must class the present unsatisfactory position of our great cotton industry.



If it is due to the Indian and Chinese famines, to the Russo-Turkish war, to an unduly extravagant investment of capital in British cotton-mills, to the stagnation of demand caused by the depression which has spread over many of the great industries in all parts of the world, then we may rest content that it is of a temporary character. If, on the other hand, the growth of cotton manufacturing enterprise in other countries is, if not the sole, still the main cause; if the competition thus everywhere developed underlies, intensifies, and subordinates what would otherwise be but transient interruptions to our prosperity; then the remedies applied must be of the searching and lasting type which are necessitated by chronic disease.

There can be no doubt that the demand of the Indian and Chinese people must have been affected by the losses consequent upon the famines which have afflicted them; but it is a remarkable fact, that in the year 1877 our exports of cotton goods to India and China combined exceeded those of any previous year, whilst those to the rest of the world were less than in 1872 and 1873, and scarcely exceeded the average of the previous five years. As regards the consumption of cotton goods by Turkey and Russia, the war seems to have caused no interruption. Russia takes so small a quantity of our cotton goods as not to be worthy of consideration. Her enormous protective duty virtually excludes British manufactures, her ordinary imports being only about 4,000,000 yards, whilst Turkey took more yards in 1877 than in any previous years, excepting 1876 and 1870. These countries, therefore, have taken off at least the usual quantity of our cotton goods, and the calamities which have diminished their wealth have not directly affected our market *by causing accumulation of stock.*

Although there has been a large outlay of capital in cotton spinning mills during the last few years, still the increase has been below its normal range, and has not been adequate in itself to cause depression in the trade. If it were, we should see our exports growing in a greater proportion than hitherto, for machinery has been kept fully at work. But, so far from this being the case, we find that, whereas between 1820 and 1872, excepting the period influenced by the American civil war, the quinquennial increase of our export of cotton goods ranged from 22 to 43 per cent., between 1872 and 1877 the increase was only 9 per cent. Even this rate of progress has not been continued in the first half of this year, the export of cotton goods and yarns being less than in the corresponding period of 1877.

The consumption of our goods in foreign markets no longer grows at its old pace, and the reason is not far to seek. Our rivals

rivals are making greater progress than ourselves, for since 1870 Great Britain's annual consumption of cotton has increased less than 400,000 bales, whilst that of the Continent of Europe, the United States, and India, has grown by more than 1,250,000 bales.\*

Foreign competition, then, is at the root of our continued bad trade. In former times we had occasional severe shocks of loss and ruin arising from temporary causes, always followed by rapid recovery and healthy progress, but now the power of quick recuperation seems to have gone.

The security given to us from invasion and industrial disturbance, when no part of Continental Europe could rely upon immunity from devastation, enabled us to erect factories with confidence and safety, and gave us a start which went far to confer upon us an advantage amounting almost to a monopoly in the supply of the markets of the world for half a century. But the forty years' peace, the free intercommunication of the people of Europe and America, the growth of capital abroad, the adoption everywhere of our improved machinery and industrial organization, the spread of technical knowledge in other countries in a greater degree than in England, have all combined to sap the pre-eminent position we have held as the best and cheapest producers of those manufactures which enter most largely into general consumption.

It is often urged that the successful competition of other nations is entirely due to the protective duties with which they shield their manufactures, and that, if these impediments were withdrawn, our manufacturers would distance all competitors and ruin all rivals. It is extremely difficult to refute an assumption of this kind, because, so long as the protected manufacturers of any country under-supply its wants, they necessarily devote their attention to the home market, in which they enjoy the twofold advantage of the protective duty, and of escape from the transit charges which fall upon the foreign producer. Hence there is little opportunity of testing the relative capacity of

\* COTTON CONSUMPTION, in THOUSANDS of BALES.

	1842.	1852.	1860.	1870.	1871.	1872.	1873.	1874.	1875.	1876.	1877.
Great Britain	1372	1877	2635	2760	3222	3132	3335	3149	3077	3017	3149
Continent of Europe .. }	816	1156	1776	1722	2327	1779	2099	2397	2369	2605	2283
United States	326	684	843	928	1140	1067	1214	1315	1194	1367	1439
India .. ..	..	..	65	..	..	..	..	..	..	216	237

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the two to produce well and cheaply. But the United States probably affords the means of comparison better than any other nation.

The American textile manufacturers have not only been loud in their demand for protection, but they have received it in a high degree. They have increased their consumption of cotton under its influence to such an extent, that their imports of cotton goods have steadily declined from 227,000,000 yards in 1860 to 61,000,000 yards in 1877, and but 26,000,000 yards in the first seven months of 1878; whilst on the other hand, especially during the last five years, their exports have undergone an entirely opposite process, the exports having been only 480,000*l.* in 1872, and having steadily increased until they reached, in 1877, 2,132,000*l.*, the principal development having occurred in the last two years.

The British imports of cotton goods from the United States have grown in the last few years. But we do not attach importance to the mere circumstance that America is sending to this country a small quantity of cotton goods. It is not the displacement of a certain proportion of our manufactures in the home market, that is the serious feature in this fact. But it is the indication conveyed by it, that the United States market is no longer wide enough for the United States manufacturer; that he is compelled to seek an outlet in neutral markets for his surplus production, and that he understands, but does not quail before, all the consequences of the new position in which he finds himself placed.

The more intelligent American manufacturers are already free-traders; not, of course, in cotton goods alone, but in every thing. Wiser than our trades-unionists, they understand that if they are to supply foreign markets, they must produce cheaply. They therefore wish to have cheap iron, cheap machinery, cheap articles of all kinds for use in their manufactures. They see that they can only have these with free-trade, and they argue that, with cotton on the spot, and food always cheaper than it can be to us, who have to pay for its transit from their fields, they may hereafter rely upon at least the two advantages of cheaper raw material and cheaper labour.

We see no reason for disputing the force of this line of argument. The Americans may probably have under-estimated the effect of their great agricultural advantages upon the supply and cost of labour, should free-trade remove existing obstructions to the full development of the export of agricultural produce, which,

which, but for protection, would certainly assume proportions even more huge than at present. But it would be the wildest infatuation to assume that our manufacturers, *now*, at least, paying 30 per cent. higher wages than the American, and obtaining two hours a day less labour, will be able, if this relative position continues, to produce as cheaply, or to retain in such a rivalry their former superiority.

The competition of the United States is certainly, then, real. It has not only virtually deprived us of its 40,000,000 of people as customers, but it threatens us with permanent active rivalry in outside markets.

India, too, is making great strides as a manufacturing country. She has adopted the modern organized factory system, and her consumption of cotton has increased from 65,000 bales, in 1861, to 114,000 bales in 1874, and 237,000 in 1877, this present rapid rate of growth having commenced in 1874. The Indian people have been accustomed to the manipulation of cotton from time immemorial. Before hand-labour was superseded by machinery in England, and when the people of Europe and India depended upon the same manufacturing appliances, Indian manufactures were produced so much more cheaply than European, as to bear the cost of transit from India to Europe. Machinery and the factory system then gave to England an advantage similar to that which the breechloader and its new military organization gave to Prussia over Austria in the war of 1866. Now, however, that the natives of India are again upon a level with us in their manufacturing processes, there are indications that they will, at least, run us hard for the supply of cotton clothing to India and the East, although we see no reason to assume that they can ever regain their former relative position in Europe.

They have labour so cheap, that they can employ three people where we employ one, and yet not expend nearly so much in labour as the British manufacturer has to pay. They have cotton at their doors; and thus, as regards the 250 millions of people who inhabit our great dependency, they save the enormous pressure of the transit charges from England; whilst they have proved that, unaided by protection, they can successfully compete with us in neutral markets. Their exports of cotton goods and yarns to the markets of China, Japan, Persia, Arabia, Ceylon, Aden, the Straits Settlements, Mauritius, and the Eastern Coast of Africa, in which we were without a rival, have steadily grown simultaneously with their factory industry, and we are seriously threatened in those markets which alone have absorbed

absorbed the entire increment of British production for the last decade.\*

The statistical table given below of the export of Indian-made cotton goods and yarns, is not without interest. It shows that in these cotton goods there has been a greatly increased export to the Eastern Coast of Africa, Aden, and Arabia, and of yarns to China, Japan, Aden, and Arabia. Nor is it unworthy of note, that France and Italy are both seeking an outlet for their cotton products in India.

Cheapness of production is surely, then, of supreme moment in our competition with this new and vigorous competitor.

There is no doubt that the shares in the Indian mills have fallen in value of late, and that the prosperity of the Indian manufacturers has received a passing check; but such a result was sure to follow development so rapid as that of the factory system of India, and the only reason for surprise is, that it has not been more intense, and that the Indian mill-shares maintain, as they do, a much higher relative value than those of England.

\* EXPORTS OF INDIAN-MADE COTTON GOODS FROM INDIA, IN YARDS.

	1870-1.	1871-2.	1872-3.	1873-4.	1874-5.	1875-6.	1876-7.
Eastern Coast } of Africa .. }	45,336	80,461	153,565	65,088	292,492	921,425	1,672,927
Mauritius ..	22,454	65,745	52,605	102,464	77,234	30,253	85,200
Aden .. ..	2,312,311	2,454,933	4,152,353	5,829,178	3,757,561	3,738,819	5,220,799
Arabia .. ..	581,185	725,151	667,875	1,626,584	1,362,466	2,802,196	2,139,478
Persia .. ..	81,539	108,554	255,792	242,615	1,113,599	173,285	260,800
Straits Settle- ments .. .. }	1,142,073	1,342,963	1,223,570	1,178,422	2,326,855	1,334,973	1,089,143
Total exports of Indian made goods to all countries .. }	3,048,939	9,227,272	10,920,023	15,721,786	14,145,812	15,060,398	15,544,168

EXPORTS OF INDIAN-MADE YARNS, IN POUNDS' WEIGHT.

	1870-1.	1871-2.	1872-3.	1873-4.	1874-5.	1875-6.	1876-7.
Japan .. ..	..	..	..	..	10,000	117,000	261,410
China .. ..	449,900	1,043,200	1,160,308	1,401,450	1,486,740	4,651,270	6,330,719
Arabia .. ..	175,479	131,301	102,335	137,606	171,102	271,700	5259,69
Aden .. ..	495,489	420,077	492,936	794,607	1,063,422	1,045,094	951,665
Total exports of yarn to all countries .. }	1,200,958	1,703,592	1,812,695	2,454,852	2,834,725	6,228,511	7,926,710

IMPORTS OF FOREIGN COTTON GOODS INTO INDIA, IN YARDS.

	1870-1.	1871-2.	1872-3.	1873-4.	1874-5.	1875-6.	1876-7.
France .. ..	..	..	184,885	400,370	536,583	977,482	713,807
Italy* .. ..	..	..	514,481	2,093,248	999,270	2,996,715	1,713,464

\* It is probable a quantity of these are English goods shipped via Brindisi.

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The editor of the 'Fortnightly Review,' in his article on Lancashire in the July number, uses the following pregnant words: 'The economic contest of the cheap races with the dear ones is sure to come.' No doubt it is sure to come: or rather, as Mr. Greg truly says, 'It has come already.' When 250,000,000 of a 'cheap race' are denied by the might of a superior power the privilege of mutual destruction and continual devastation; are compelled to follow peaceful pursuits; are assisted by the organizing powers and capital of the 'dearest' race in the world; it would be marvellous if that 'poor race,'—planted, as it is, in a country rich in natural resources, and growing many most important raw materials,—did not become formidable in the industrial world. But the widespread introduction of more scientific and mechanical appliances for production, in Europe, Asia, and America, must have the effect of lessening the cost of production, of adding to the world's wealth, and of promoting a general advance in the aggregate material prosperity of its entire population, but more especially of the population of those favoured regions in which the change is making the most progress.

The tendency therefore is, at one and the same time, to increase the resources and prosperity of the people of the world as a whole, and to level the social status of the mass of the people in its various communities.

This levelling process, however, does not promise in our day to be of advantage to the population, especially the labouring population of these islands—of these 34,000,000 out of the 1,440,000,000 of people who are to share with them in its operation. The prospect of this fortieth part of the population of the globe, who are now enjoying all the advantages of the first start in a great race of progress, is, in all probability, to lose something in the equalizing influence of the general adoption of labour-saving machinery.

It can hardly, in any case, be to the interest of this people to help its competitors by accepting the fallacious trades-union gospel of the creation of artificial prices by constant limitation of production, by obstruction to the free acquisition of the knowledge of trades, by shortening the hours and the effectiveness of labour, and by acting in all respects as if all labour outside our own limited area were to be left out of the reckoning. What is the main evil of protection? Simply that it artificially increases the cost to the consumer of the articles subject to protective duties. English statesmen and economists, and the mass of the people, all condemn it; then why not equally condemn the



the same result when brought about by the smaller combinations of trades rather than by those larger combinations called nations?

India certainly has a greater material future than her present position indicates. There are many who think that her rapid progress as a maker of cotton goods by steam power is due to protection. It seems pretty clear, however, that it rests upon a more secure basis, and that it requires no pampering. The Indian import duty on cotton goods raises their cost to the people of India, as much as an addition of twenty per cent. to the British cotton operatives' wages would. Consequently, so far as it affects the competition between the British and Hindoo workman, its tendency is to lessen materially the value of British labour expended upon the manufacture of cotton goods for India. The present Government has promised that the first Indian surplus should be devoted to its repeal, but there are indications that this promise is construed so as to be of but little value. Salt and other revenues to the amount of nearly half the duty have been given up this year, and the people of India have been relieved from imposts which were certainly objectionable in many of their features, but neither more injurious to them, nor so grossly unjust to England, as the protective import duty on cotton goods.

China, too, with its 400 millions of people, requires but enlightened government, which, probably, it will not enjoy for a few generations, to render its ingenious and most industrious people dangerous rivals to the flesh-eating populations of Europe. Chinamen, however, emigrate in sufficient numbers to be entitled to consideration in calculations as to the future value of labour.

To return, however, after this digression, to our subject, which is how far the adversity of our cotton trade is due to competition, we have seen that the United States and India are already actual rivals in more than one market, and that, possessing all the requisite qualifications, they threaten us with a keen struggle for those portions of our cotton trade which alone show signs of future expansion. We shall now turn our attention to the European communities which have built up their manufactures upon the basis of protection.

We know the cost to the whole community of fiscally fostered trades, and we never cease to wonder at the blindness of our neighbours. In this we are not a little unreasonable. Let any one who doubts it read Mr. Fawcett's recent work on 'Free Trade and Protection.' It is full of instructive, pungent, and lucid reasoning

reasoning and criticism. One hundred and seventy-one pages prove unanswerably that protection is economically wrong, and that the political and social arguments advanced in its favour are so many fallacies, whilst the last two pages afford an ample justification to those who disregard the teaching so elaborately, patiently, and exhaustively evolved, and prefer their own interests or sentiments to the truths of political economy. Read Mr. Fawcett's condemnation of the protective duties levied on various social and political grounds, and then read the following sentences relating to the Indian Import Duty on cotton goods:—

'All the economic objections which can be urged against any protective duty of course apply to this particular tax.

*'The subject, however, cannot be regarded as one involving simply economic considerations. It would scarcely be appropriate here to discuss the question in its political bearings, but it is perfectly obvious that the control, which it is just and wise for the English Parliament to exercise over the taxation of any of its dependencies, involves political considerations of the first importance. A more serious error can scarcely be committed than to impose taxation on a people regardless of their feelings and their sentiments. The most equitable system of taxation which it is possible to devise for one country may be altogether unsuited to other countries.'*

The underlined extracts supply the protectionists of every country with all that is needful to give plausibility to the defence of any protective duty.

The European States which have aided their manufacturers by protective duties are Russia, Germany, Holland, France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, and Austria. They took 240,000,000 yards of our cotton goods in 1860, 200,000,000 yards in 1870, and 342,000,000 yards in 1877. Thus the want of progress in the demand for our cotton manufactures is not, as is so often urged by trades-union writers, caused by the protective tariffs of Europe. So far from this being the case, it is to these countries in a small degree, though to India, China, and the Eastern markets principally, that we are indebted for compensation for the stationary position of the other independent neutral markets.

This will be made clear by the table on the following page, which gives our exports of cotton goods and yarns, 1st, to India, China, and other Eastern markets; 2nd, to the European manufacturing states, all protectionists; 3rd, to the United States, also protectionists; and 4th, to the remaining countries of the world, which have no factory system. This table embraces the years 1840, 1850, 1860, and those from 1870 to 1877.

## EXPORTS OF ENGLISH COTTON GOODS, in THOUSANDS OF YARDS.

	1840.	1850.	1860.	1870.	1871.	1872.	1873.	1874.	1875.	1876.	1877.
British India.. .. .	145,100	314,400	825,029	782,888	919,964	861,184	969,792	1,119,267	1,114,525	1,105,986	1,304,839
China .. .. .	13,500	73,200	222,912	384,850	468,974	402,077	349,744	393,283	396,139	447,799	367,326
Other Eastern Markets, including Japan, Australia, &c. .. .	21,600	46,800	134,367	257,489	142,358	240,909	221,861	274,613	293,574	338,804	352,745
Total of the above .. ..	180,200	434,400	1,172,308	1,435,227	1,531,296	1,504,170	1,561,394	1,787,033	1,804,238	1,952,589	2,054,960
Continental Manufacturing States ..	129,800	148,200	239,580	199,437	283,355	361,331	357,617	372,077	319,988	358,766	342,292
United States .. .. .	32,100	104,200	236,604	106,792	129,702	131,617	109,531	105,340	79,800	54,869	61,174
Other independent neutral markets..	448,500	671,400	1,137,714	1,526,542	1,475,051	1,537,866	1,455,191	1,312,188	1,388,346	1,303,238	1,379,394
Total Exports .. ..	790,600	1,358,200	2,776,206	3,266,998	3,417,404	3,537,984	3,483,733	3,606,638	3,562,462	3,669,402	3,837,820

## EXPORTS OF ENGLISH YARNS, in THOUSANDS OF POUNDS' WEIGHT.

British India.. .. .	16,000	21,000	30,723	27,022	21,892	22,619	25,972	35,340	30,352	31,663	36,030
China .. .. .	1,800	3,100	8,764	10,916	8,362	9,766	10,491	15,188	14,560	11,665	17,962
Other Eastern Markets, including Japan, Australia, &c. .. .	..	..	1,373	12,385	12,667	20,807	19,200	9,545	18,852	21,644	17,306
Total of the above .. ..	17,800	24,100	40,860	50,323	42,721	53,192	55,663	60,673	63,764	64,972	71,398
Continental Manufacturing States ..	91,900	91,200	123,008	89,760	118,771	124,475	126,778	127,178	123,115	137,150	127,054
United States .. .. .	..	..	..	984	978	1,692	1,041	514	..	..	..
Other independent neutral States ..	8,700	16,100	32,636	45,011	34,225	32,968	31,296	32,918	28,730	30,432	29,209
Total Exports .. ..	118,400	131,400	197,344	186,078	195,695	212,327	214,778	220,653	215,609	232,554	227,651

What, however, is the explanation of this remarkable fact—that these manufacturing states have increased their consumption of British goods in a greater ratio than other countries, excluding always the eastern nations, besides increasing their own average consumption of cotton from 1,538,000 bales in the years 1857–61, to 1,939,000 bales in the five years 1868–1872, and to 2,363,000 bales in the quinquennial period 1873–7, or an average increase of 825,000 bales per year over the years 1857–61? Partly that these leading European States are making greater strides in general material progress; partly, in all probability, that they are, either openly or through the instrumentality of the smuggler, contributing to the necessities of their neighbours. It is not probable that the non-manufacturing countries are displacing cotton goods by other textiles to any great extent, and it does not seem irrational to assume that they are receiving supplies from new sources.

There can be little doubt that the United States, France, Italy, and India are exporting cotton goods in increasing quantities. It does not follow that they should be taking less of our goods to make this fact important. They import from us special classes of goods, and export other classes, but they make for themselves the latter also, and to the extent of both their consumption and their export of these we suffer from their competition. We have already shown the progress in this direction of the United States, and the following extract from a letter received from a New Orleans merchant may not be without interest:—

‘The manufacturers of cotton goods in the United States have established for themselves a monopoly of supplying the Mexican markets with their manufactures, to the exclusion of those made in Great Britain, whence the supply had heretofore been derived. Having for a long series of years been engaged in the exportation of goods thither from Great Britain, under peculiarly favourable circumstances I speak with full information upon the subject.’

As regards France, the circumstances are curious, and the growth of the consumption of cotton goods remarkable. In 1871 her consumption of raw cotton was 131,951,000 lbs., in 1876, 227,640,000 lbs.

In 1871 she imported yarn to the amount of 26,900,000 francs, and in 1876 of 47,600,000 francs. In 1871 her import of cotton manufactures was to the amount of 29,900,000 francs, and in 1876, 77,200,000 francs.

Thus, besides spinning and manufacturing near 100,000,000 lbs. more cotton, she manufactured more yarn, representing 20,000,000 francs. Moreover, her imports of cotton goods were  
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less than her exports in 1864 by 27,211,000 francs, and more than her exports in 1876 by 11,100,000 francs; hence she used of imported goods to the amount of 38,311,000 francs more in the latter than in the former year.

Switzerland is not an importer but an exporter of cotton goods and yarns, but her export has remained stationary during the last six years, her total export of yarn and goods not exceeding about 36,000,000 lbs. annually, representing 90,000 bales of cotton.

Germany, in 1876, imported 5,137,650 lbs., and exported 25,026,750 lbs. of cotton manufactures, whilst she exported 18,742,500 lbs. of cotton yarn, importing 118,188,000 lbs. She thus exports the completed goods, importing the raw material and yarn, upon which considerable labour and outlay has still to be expended.

The position in Holland is similar. She imports considerably more cotton-yarn than she exports, but she exported in 1876 manufactures to the amount of 1,361,750*l.*, and imported them to the amount of 939,583*l.*

Belgium spins her own yarn, and exported in 1876 manufactures to the value of 3½ millions of francs above her imports; the latter being 12½ millions of francs.

Italy's export of cotton manufactures, including hosiery, has steadily increased. It has grown continuously since 1870, when she exported 5520*l.* in yarn, and 40,520*l.* in cloth, until, in 1877, the amounts were 21,520*l.* and 125,760*l.* respectively.

It is therefore to France, Germany, Belgium, and Italy, that we have to look as our earliest continental competitors.

We see, then, that our export of cotton manufactures no longer grows at its former rate; that this want of progress is not confined to those markets in which native manufacturers are aided by protected duties, but is even more marked in the neutral markets of Europe and America; that our rivals are making more rapid strides than ourselves in their consumption of cotton; that the United States are already engaged in active rivalry with us for the supply of neutral markets, after having virtually driven us out of their own; that India is not only competing with us for the national trade, but is invading markets hitherto entirely ours; and that, therefore, it would be unwise to regard the present depression as one based upon purely temporary causes, to be met by the expedient of lessening the output, and increasing the cost of production.

We have, however, thus far assumed that, in dealing with the alternative proposal of short time instead of a reduction of wages, it is possible to adopt throughout the trade a general  
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resort to short time, and that it is not unsafe to negotiate with union leaders upon such a detail of business management.

But experience has proved that no such scheme can be carried out. It never happens that every manufacturer is in the same position. Short time may be advantageous to one, injurious to another, ruinous to a third. If the losses are heavier than the expenses incurred whether the establishment works or stops, then short time may diminish loss. If the losses are much less than this, short time is injurious. If there is no loss, or a small profit, then the disadvantage of working short time is apparent even to the uninitiated. But beyond these simple issues, there is the grave consideration for many men whose capital is small compared with their engagements, that, even for a prospective advantage, they cannot afford to bring upon themselves present loss. Hence it arises that organized short time is rarely, if ever, even briefly practicable.

It may then be said, Why should not those manufacturers whose trade is the worst lessen production by short-time working? The main reason is, first, that the best of their workpeople would leave them, and find employment in mills working full time. This is a most serious consideration. It takes years to gather together a thorough set of superior workmen, and, to take the lowest ground, the pecuniary loss consequent upon their dispersion is one not to be faced excepting under the pressure of superior necessity. So strongly is this felt, that some of our largest millowners, who are no longer willing to bear the serious losses at present incurred, are closing parts of their mills, and running the remainder full time, with the object of avoiding the dispersion of their best workpeople.

There is, moreover, the further reason, that the lessened consumption of cotton and production of goods caused by short time, or by partial stoppage, benefits those continuing at work, at the sole cost of those curtailing production, and thus does between manufacturer and manufacturer what short time throughout a national trade would do between nation and nation. This consideration is not without weight in the deliberations of those who would otherwise be ready to work short time.

If organized short time by voluntary arrangement among the employers is impracticable, is it likely that it will be adopted at the dictation of the unions? Can it be supposed that our capitalists will accept a policy, which they decline as ruinous when urged upon them by fellow-employers, at the demand of men who cannot have anything like the same accurate knowledge of their position, or of the necessities of trade, and who are known to be influenced by considerations, and to be the disciples of  
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of systems, antagonistic to the interests of employers? We do not dwell upon the fact that the delegates are known to have urged short time for strategic purposes.

The difficulty of arranging with the unions comparatively simple questions relating to the rate of wages has been sufficiently set forth in this article, to give an idea of the complication that would follow from allowing them to engross a still larger field of interference, and to meddle in the questions of executive management and industrial policy. Mr. Macdonald's scheme of limiting the output of the collieries would be the type of their remedy for all trade difficulties. Indeed, the weavers' delegates, in their manifesto of the 25th of April, especially refer to that scheme in the following terms:—

'If the coal-masters of this country had not only wisely restricted their output when they found it impossible to find a market for all their supplies, what would have been the position of those gentlemen at the present time? They occupy a very unpleasant position, and we dare say they could give a little advice to our employers.'

The editor of the 'Fortnightly Review' describes the contest as one not waged in defence of any principle,—'there was no principle really at stake.'

Are such contests generally undertaken to elucidate some precept of political economy or to solve social or industrial problems? We are disposed to think that their origin is always less heroic, that the reductions of wages which lead to strikes spring from the commonplace but very general desire to avoid loss and ruin, and that the demands for advanced wages which cause them have their origin in the idea, prevalent at the time, that it is possible to obtain higher wages.

The supposition of the editor of the 'Fortnightly' that the employers would have hesitated to reduce wages 10 per cent., if the weavers had possessed a large accumulated fund, presumes, either that the trade was not so unprofitable as was stated by the masters and admitted by the men's leaders, or that, whatever the loss, the masters would have submitted to being driven headlong to certain ruin by a wealthy trades-union. But if the supposition were correct, what would be gained by the strength of the union and the weakness of the employers? Nothing but injury and loss to both, and detriment to the larger interests of the country. We can understand an uneducated operative or an interested delegate being guided by the idea, that employers indulge in an arbitrary whim when they reduce or advance wages, but we expect more enlightenment from the cultured writers who are looked upon as leaders of thought.

Manufacturers



Manufacturers are in the aggregate but the agents of the consumer in the purchase of labour. Their profit is their commission, and they can give no more for labour than they obtain from their principal. If they do so they trench upon their capital, and if the process is continued their merited ruin follows.

If they can obtain from the consumer the margin for cost of production which enables them to pay a given rate of wages, they must necessarily pay that rate; if a greater margin, they must soon pay a higher rate; if a less margin, a lower. They have no choice. Laws over which they have no control settle all this for them in the long run. They cannot reduce wages when trade is profitable. They are compelled to advance them when the profits are large. Let us suppose that there is a legitimate profit—the average trade-profit in a given trade—and that the employers combine to reduce wages in order to make it more; let us even go further, and assume that they succeed, what follows? A great introduction of fresh capital, attracted by the great profits, over-production, reaction, and loss. But the probability is, that an attempt made under such circumstances would fail; some employers would certainly not run the risk of a strike when they were making profits; this hesitation would be visible to the workpeople; and, instead of increased profits, their cessation and heavy loss would certainly result from the inconsiderate and unwise proceeding.

On the other hand, the strike which has given occasion to this article proves, how powerless organization and determination are to prevent a reduction of wages, when trade has continued unprofitable sufficiently long to demonstrate the impossibility of carrying it on with safety without altering the basis of cost.

The sooner these truths are recognised, the better for all parties. All would lament such a reduction of wages as should affect the social status of the people, but a population engaged in catering for the wants of the foreign consumer must be prepared to compete in cheapness and quality with all comers. If others choose to work longer hours at lower wages, and have other advantages which enable them to produce at less cost, we may, if we like, give up our trade to them, and take the consequences; or we may, on the other hand, accept the inevitable with the best possible grace, and seek by superior industry, self-denial, and skill to make as much out of adverse circumstances as those circumstances permit. But it would be the extremity of folly to seek to conquer rivalry by artificial agencies, to compete with cheapness and industry by costly production, whether

by reducing production or by the payment of wages which trade does not yield. If the 'cheap races,' or the races cheaper than our own race, enter into successful competition with us, lamentation may be permissible, but it will not alter the course of events.

Since the foregoing article was written, Mr. John Morley has thrown aside the air of veiled partiality which characterized his article in the 'Fortnightly' on the Lancashire Strike; he has changed his opinion that the short-time proposal of the operative delegates, coupled with the stipulated conditions, 'was a proposal which it was impossible for the masters to entertain;' has defended their stipulations as containing 'genuine economic statesmanship;' and has stood forth in the columns of the 'Times,' and at the Trades Union Congress, as their literary champion. He has made the most of the materials at his disposal, the object of all his efforts being to prove that the existing depression of trade is the result of 'over-production,' and that 'organized short time' is the true remedy.

We presume that in a sense all bad trade is due to 'over-production.' There could scarcely be a losing trade in any industry unless its produce exceeded, for the time being, the demand at paying prices. It would consequently always be correct, when trade is unprofitable, to say there is 'over-production.' But Mr. Morley maintains that there is 'over-production' in a broader sense than this. He asserts that it is due to 'reckless extension and gross over-production' on the part of the British cotton trade—to an abnormal increase of investment in cotton mills. He looks to 'organized short time' as the true remedy. But his entire train of thought and argument is based upon a fallacy. It implies that each important industry is a corporation responsible in the aggregate for all the acts, not only of individual employers, but of outside aspirants to a place in its ranks.

The following paragraphs on the undue extension to which he attributes 'over-production,' and on organized short time in obedience to trades-union dictation as the remedy, are evidences of this tendency.

'If the employers retort that they know best how to manage their own business, I intend nothing offensive by reminding them that they hardly knew how to manage their own business when they plunged or allowed themselves to be driven into what, not a humble *doctrine*, but their own leaders describe as reckless extension and gross over-production.' . . . 'Is it surprising, is it unjust, that the great population which this avowedly improvident action has drawn together

ther in Lancashire should feel that they have a claim, at least, to be fairly listened to in a matter which involves the destinies of themselves and their families ?'

These two extracts embody the whole of Mr. Morley's case which requires an answer.

1st. They attribute blame where there is no ground for it.

2nd. They assert as a fact that there has been 'reckless extension and gross over-production' in the British cotton trade.

3rd. They claim for trades-union leaders a right of interference upon these false premisses, which would not be justifiable even if they were indisputable.

Before Mr. Morley accuses the capitalists in a great industry of not knowing 'how to manage their own business,' because there has been a 'reckless extension' of it, he should first ascertain whether that extension has been made by those already in the trade, or by outsiders whose proceedings have been regarded with anxiety, as detrimental to their interests, by those already in the trade. We do not hesitate to state that the great bulk of the employers have not enlarged their establishments of late years.

The introduction of new capital has been principally the work of outsiders, and more especially of promoters of limited liability companies, whose object has been quite as much speculation as trade. In many cases operative capital has been the backbone of the enterprise, the result being the unhappy dispersion of hard-earned savings. Even assuming that these investments are the cause of the present stagnation, it is difficult to understand why those amongst the employers—and they are the great majority—who have simply suffered from the consequent increased competition, should be accused of 'not knowing how to manage their own business.'

But has there been 'reckless extension and gross over-production' in the British cotton trade? What is 'reckless extension?' Is it such a rate of extension as all previous experience has proved to be justifiable, or is it an unprecedented abnormal rate of extension, based upon a mistaken, frivolous, and highly speculative estimate of presumed new conditions of demand? Surely not the former. For if so, the enterprise to which we owe our huge industrial and commercial resources, and to which we must look for the employment of our growing population, is a proof of foolhardiness rather than of that intelligent daring which is the foundation of commercial greatness. If the latter, then we shall endeavour to show that no such 'extension' as to deserve the characteristic of 'reckless' has

taken place, notwithstanding the large introduction of new men and capital into the business of cotton spinning.

We propose to prove that the extension has not been reckless,

1st. By showing that during the last seven years there has been a diminution instead of an increase in the British consumption of cotton.

2nd. By showing that there is nothing in the exports of cotton goods to invalidate the conclusions drawn from statistics relating to the consumption of cotton.

3rd. That the increase in the number of spindles and looms erected during the last eight years has been below, and not above, the rates of former years.

1. In 1871 the consumption of cotton in Great Britain was 3222 thousands of bales.

In 1872 it was 3132 thousands of bales.

" 1873	"	3335	"
" 1874	"	3149	"
" 1875	"	3077	"
" 1876	"	3017	"
" 1877	"	3149	"

In the first 48 weeks of the current cotton season ..	}	" 2585	}	" against 2845 thousand bales in the same period of last cotton season.

It is, then, clear that since 1871 there has been no increase in our consumption of cotton to support Mr. Morley's hypothesis. So far from this being the case, the new feature of an absolutely stationary position is made manifest as regards the British cotton-trade. When this fact is put in juxtaposition with the concurrent development of the Continental and United States competition, we think that material for instructive consideration will be supplied to Mr. Morley and his trades-union friends, whose sole remedy for stagnant trade is increased cost of production.

2. Mr. Morley states that the export of cotton goods was greater in 1877 than in 1872 by 300,000,000 yards, and of yarns by 15,000,000 lbs. ; and he assumes that the existing depression is consequently less intense than is apparent or generally supposed. We have before us figures which prove that the consumption of cotton has diminished. If therefore during the last year a greater number of yards of calico have been exported, it is clear that there has either been an accumulation of stock which has been forced off at all hazards during the pressure for money, which the depression of last year has caused, or that the 'yards' are

are no true criterion of *cotton value*, a greater number of yards having been made out of the same weight of cotton.

3. It is difficult to deal with the allegation that there has been an undue increase in the quantity of machinery put down of late years, because we have no official returns of the spindles and looms since 1874. Up to that year, however, official figures refute Mr. Morley's assumption. In 1850 the number of spinning and doubling spindles was 20,977,017; in 1861, 30,387,267; the increase being 45 per cent. in 9 years; in 1870 it was 37,718,758, or an increase of 24 per cent. in 9 years, notwithstanding the great check given to manufacturing enterprise in the cotton-trade by the cotton famine. The last official return was made in 1874, when the number of spindles was 41,881,789, the increase in the 4 years being 11 per cent. Since then it is estimated that 4,000,000 additional spindles have been erected, which would make the increase in spindles, for the 7 years since 1870, 22 per cent., or little more than the rate of increase in the 9 years impeded by the American civil war.

It is, however, the number of looms which manufacture the cloth we produce, and the progress made in this branch of the trade, that affect, in a higher degree than the progress made in the spinning branch, the questions most prominently debated during the late strike. The number of looms in 1850 was 249,627; in 1861, 399,992; in 1870, 440,676; in 1874, 463,118; and the highest estimate for the present time is 500,000. In the first 9 years the rate of increase was 60 per cent.; in the next, 10 per cent.; in the following 4 years,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; and in the last 8 years, no more than 8 per cent.

There has certainly been no reckless investment in weaving machinery, even if the conditions of production had not been materially altered through the action of Mr. Morley's friends. But the reduction in the legal time of factory work, from 60 to 56 hours weekly, which came into operation in 1874, would have had the effect of diminishing our exports and lessening the volume of the national industry, had not additional machinery been put into operation to make up for the deficiency thus created.

Deducting the percentage of efficiency taken from the machinery at work in 1874 from that of the increase since 1870, it will be seen that, since 1870, the rate of increase even in the spinning machinery is abnormally small, whilst in weaving machinery it is most inconsiderable.

What, then, is the cause of the bad trade? Is there not over-production? Perhaps so, but where? We have already given figures which prove the stationary position of the British cotton-trade

trade in the last 7 years. We are told by Mr. Morley and others, that our rivals are suffering more than ourselves. Is it so? In 1871 the continent of Europe used 2,327,000 bales. In 1876 its consumption reached 2,605,000 bales; last year it was only 2,283,000 bales; but during the current season its consumption has increased from 2,084,290 bales in the first 48 weeks of the cotton season of 1877 to 2,294,829 bales in the same period of this, showing an increase of over 200,000 bales, which indicates that the continental consumption this year will be nearly 2,500,000 bales.

The United States used 1,140,000 bales in 1871; 1,439,000 bales in 1877; 1,546,000 bales in the twelve months ending with the 1st of September this year.

Hence the Continent and the United States have increased their actual consumption of cotton by half a million bales, whilst that of Great Britain has been standing still.

Where, then, is the over-production? Where the evidence that the capitalists in the British cotton-trade have so recklessly extended their investments in machinery as to indicate that they require the assistance of trades-union leaders in the management of their business? If there is over-production, they are not the over-producers. If they curtail their production, they will assist production elsewhere by lowering the price of cotton and leaving larger fields of demand to their rivals.

'Organized short time' would stop mills which are working profitably as well as those which are working at a loss. Is it to be supposed that any man would convert a profit into a loss out of deference to a theory? All producers see the advantage of cheaper production, and may combine, even at a present sacrifice, to bring it about. They cannot comprehend why they should incur loss to maintain the cost of production.

Those who are losing most will diminish production first, others later. This is rational, and the national interest. When inferior lands are unable to grow wheat at the price the importer can take, they fall out of cultivation, and he would be regarded as insane who should propose that all lands should be placed under limitation as to the proportion to be cultivated in order to keep up the price of wheat and make farming profitable all round. Many collieries which had been left unworked, owing to the high cost at which coal was got in them, were started during the coal famine, and many new ones were opened, which, owing to a variety of causes, could only get coal at undue cost. Most of these are now closed, and those which produce the most cheaply continue working. This is as wrong, according to trades-union teaching, as the refusal of mill-owners to work short

short time, who regard it as their interest not to do ; so but the artificial attempt to bolster up non-paying concerns at the cost of paying ones, and those producing at a high price at the expense of those producing at a low cost, would end in bringing all together down to one common level of ruin.

As for the mass of the working men, we do not wonder that they should misunderstand the surroundings which affect their interests, and at times grow violent. They might suspect the wisdom of their own delegates, of whose shortcomings they see frequent instances, but, in the language of the 'Times,' 'we must be patient with the working man when we find his cultured guides' misleading him. 'He is not always his own best friend, but he needs, it seems, Mr. John Morley to show him how he may cut his own throat most effectually.'

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- ART. VIII.—1. *The Church Quarterly Review*. For July, 1877, January, 1878, and July, 1878.
2. *Is the Church of England Protestant?* A Historical Essay. By Homersham Cox, M.A., a Judge of County Courts. Second edition. 1875.
3. *Household Theology*. By J. H. Blunt, M.A. New edition. 1877.
4. *Principles at Stake*. Essays, &c. Edited by G. H. Sumner, M.A. Second edition. 1868.
5. *A History of the Christian Church during the Reformation*. By C. Hardwick, M.A. Fourth edition, revised by Professor Stubbs. 1874.
6. *A History of the Articles of Religion*. By Charles Hardwick, B.D. New edition. 1859.
7. *Apostolical Succession not a Doctrine of the Church of England*. A Historical Essay, &c. By Cantab. 1870.
8. *The present Movement a true Phase of Anglo-Catholic Church Principles*. A Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. By the Rev. T. T. Carter, &c. 1878.
9. *The True Position of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, being a Charge, &c.* By the Right Rev. Henry Cotterill, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh. 1877.

THERE seems reason to hope that the present may be a favourable time for a more deliberate consideration than has yet been practicable of the principles involved in the Ritualistic movement. Various circumstances have combined to check for a while the vehement passions which had been aroused



aroused by the controversy. The recent decision in the Court of Queen's Bench, nullifying the sentence pronounced by Lord Penzance against Mr. Mackonochie, and declaring even the Privy Council to have exceeded its powers, has for the time allayed the irritation of personal prosecutions, and has raised large legal questions of the highest interest. But perhaps a still more beneficial influence has been exerted by the simple fact that the public mind has been recently absorbed in matters of far more urgent importance. In the present day, if great political questions are in abeyance, an excessive attention is often concentrated upon topics of social interest like Ritualism; and an excitement is aroused which renders it very difficult to maintain a calm estimate of the real bearings and comparative importance of the points at issue. Of course this danger is the greatest with the weakest portion of the public, and any unsound movement of thought is consequently in constant peril of being aggravated among its victims into a dangerous inflammation. They persuade themselves that everything must be staked on some instant victory or some passionate self-assertion; and if in this state of mind they come into collision with existing forces, they may provoke a disastrous conflict. The only remedy is sometimes found in a counter-irritation, which may afford time for the public feeling to recover its balance.

There has of late years been a conspicuous instance of this danger in the case of Ritualism. It is essentially an excitable movement, and its followers are peculiarly liable to the kind of mental inflammation just described. By the very nature of their practices they force themselves on public attention, and provoke and almost compel public criticism. At length the Legislature felt it necessary to pass a measure for facilitating the application of the existing Ecclesiastical Law, and this acted as a direct challenge, of which they gladly availed themselves. The consequence was that they were gradually working themselves up into a state of uncontrollable excitement, and the slightest incidents were magnified into the elements of a momentous crisis. But the Eastern Question arose, and although at first it seemed to add fuel to the flames, by arraying the Ritualistic party, in strange conjunction with the Dissenters and the Radicals, against the common sense and the great majority of Englishmen, it could not but have the effect, sooner or later, of allaying the immediate excitement, and reducing the minor accidents of our domestic contest to their proper proportions. There are, as we shall in this article endeavour to show, very grave issues at stake in the Ritualistic controversy; but there was no little danger of attention being diverted from them by the passion which

which had been aroused on some points of purely temporary interest. In the presence of the momentous events which have of late occurred in the East, these passions have been in some measure silenced. The struggle, indeed, on the essential points at issue is very far from being at an end, and will doubtless be resumed with at least as much energy as before when the occasion returns. But meanwhile we are passing through a period of comparative calm, and an opportunity is thus afforded for endeavouring to estimate deliberately the nature of the issues in dispute. It is an opportunity which it would be rash to neglect. In spite of the comparative lull which prevails in ecclesiastical controversy, the present moment is probably one of critical importance in the history of our Church. Its political enemies are silently biding their time, and are patiently preparing for an assault upon her as soon as a favourable opportunity is offered, and meanwhile they are vigilantly watching the changes in thought and feeling within her pale. Those changes, probably, have seldom been more active. At least two energetic schools or parties, the High Churchmen and the Broad Churchmen, are contending for influence over the younger clergy. Perhaps the best augury for the future is that a new and independent school of theology is arising under the influence of the more historic method of theological study, of which Cambridge perhaps set the example, but which attracts an increasing number of able men at the other University. It is a time for going back, if possible, to first principles, for considering the real drift and meaning of current movements and controversies, and attempting to weigh their permanent importance.

We propose in the present article to offer a contribution to this object in some observations on one issue which is ostentatiously raised by the Ritualists. It is almost a commonplace with them to repudiate Protestantism, and they use the very term Protestant as a kind of opprobrious epithet. The Bishop of Rochester, having spoken of the Protestant character of the Church of England on the occasion of the recent disturbances in connection with St. James's, Hatcham, was at once challenged by one of the congregation to justify the expression. The Ritualist usurps as peculiarly his own the title of Catholic, and classes all his opponents, whether members of the Church of England or not, as "Protestants," evidently regarding them as little better than heretics. Nor is it only the more ignorant class of Ritualists who adopt this language and avow this sentiment. The pamphlet named at the head of this article, bearing the title '*Is the Church of England Protestant?*' is by a Judge of County Courts, and its object is to show that 'not only has the  
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Church never assumed the name "Protestant" but—what is more important—that she has never in fact been Protestant either in her doctrines or in her ecclesiastical relations.' It is a hasty performance, as is confessed by its author. It betrays a most inadequate acquaintance with the real nature of the controversy, and is unworthy the reputation of any person holding a judicial position. But it passed quickly through a first edition, and thus, both from the position of its author, and from the manner in which it was received, it may be regarded as a fair example of Ritualistic opinion on the point in question. It contains such statements as the following:—'That the Reformed Church in the reign of Edward VI. maintained doctrines fundamentally opposed to those of the Protestants, and never held ecclesiastical communion with them,' and again that 'there was no union of the Church of England with Protestantism in the reign of Elizabeth;' that 'in this country Protestantism breathes an uncongenial atmosphere,' that 'it may gratify the mental cravings of Scotch Calvinists and Irish Orangemen, but by the grace of God it is not the religion of the Church of England.' The word 'Protestant' is denounced as 'a petulant aggressive word,' and it is alleged that 'Protestantism avows itself opposed to Catholicity.' Canon Carter is a writer of graver authority, and is careful to protect himself against such extravagances as those of Mr. Cox, by stating that he does not question the need of preserving the Protestant attitude; but even he uses expressions in the letter named above, just addressed by him to the Archbishop of Canterbury, which tend in the same direction. He speaks of 'the disastrous notion that we live in negations, as Protestants, but are unable or afraid to put forth positive truth as Catholics;' and he describes the last century as 'the lowest point ever touched in the downward Protestant tendency of thought.'† When expressions of this kind can be used by a thoughtful writer like Canon Carter, it is not surprising that, as we have said, the ordinary Ritualist should regard the word 'Protestant' as a simple term of reproach.

These, however, it might be thought, are but cursory extravagances, were there not more systematic evidence of the prevalence of the same spirit. This evidence, we regret to say, is furnished in abundance in the pages of the quarterly journal which we have named at the head of this article. The 'Church Quarterly Review' was established three years ago for the express purpose of representing the views of the High Church

\* Pp. 2, 17, 18, 60.

† Pp. 23, 60.

party in the quarterly press. It professes to speak, not for the Ritualists as a separate school, but for the party as a whole, and must be regarded as, in great measure, their representative organ. It is evidently intended to take the place of the journals which rendered such service to the Tractarian party in its palmier days; and although it has as yet displayed no such power as was enlisted in their service, it has been conducted, at least in its early numbers, with some ability. It must therefore be taken as exhibiting the general spirit and tendency of the High Church school at the present time, and its statements cannot be explained away, like Ritualistic excesses, as representing mere private vagaries. Now, in its recent numbers this Review has contained a succession of articles on the position of the English Church, of which the chief object appears to be to disengage the Church of England from any intimate relation with Protestantism, and to vindicate for it solely what is called a 'Catholic' basis. No opportunity is lost of disparaging Luther and Calvin. 'Protestantism' is as much an opprobrious epithet as in Mr. Cox's pamphlet. One writer talks contemptuously of 'the Christianity (such as it is) taught by Luther and Calvin.'\* Elsewhere the same writer, as it seems, speaks of 'the cleverer Protestants'† as a common name for the more ingenious heretics whom he is contrasting with the Church of England. But a writer with a more judicial air, in the number for July 1877, in an article on 'The present relations between Church and State,'‡ formally repudiates what he calls 'the Protestant hypothesis' of the Establishment of the Church of England. He alleges that the general English mind knows only two divisions of the 'Christian world':—

'1. The Roman Catholic.

'2. The Protestant. Till quite lately it listened with impatience, if it listened at all, to the third division of Catholic. It cared nothing for the declaration in the Creed or the Prayer-Book as to the Catholic Church, or for the absence of the term Protestant therein, or for the description of the Church in the great statutes of the realm. It did not understand, and did not wish to understand, the position of the Greek Church, or the incontrovertible argument against the Papal claim for supremacy which the mere existence of that Church affords. It knew only that the English Church was Protestant, and that, therefore, our forefathers were burnt by Catholics. It believed more in this creed than in that of Athanasius.'

He proceeds to quote Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell, as great exponents of general feeling and opinion, in illustration of

\* 'Church Quarterly,' July, 1878, p. 293.

† Ibid., January, 1878, p. 300.

‡ Pp. 480-483.

the popular belief that 'Protestantism is the foundation of the Established Church.' In opposition to this Protestant view of the case, he opposes that of the 'Catholic' party, who recognise an 'insurmountable difference' between an 'Episcopal Church like that of England and a Presbyterian Establishment like that of Scotland;' he urges that our position is false, and 'undefensible on religious and moral grounds,' if we accept the Protestant hypothesis. We think it probable that even this writer would be a little startled by a statement in the number of the same periodical for last January \* to the effect that the religion embodied in the Roman 'Breviary' and 'Missal,' as distinct from popular Roman Catholicism, does not 'vary very essentially from that set forth by the English "Book of Common Prayer,"' or by the recognition, a little further on,† of the 'comparatively pure religion of the "Breviary" and "Missal"'; but the drift of these articles must be judged from their combined tenour. The High Church party, as represented by its principal organ, evidently aims at cutting itself loose from any vital connection with what is commonly understood as Protestant Theology or with the Protestant Churches, whether at home or abroad. It avows its far closer sympathy, both in respect to doctrine and to communion, not merely with the Greek Church, but with the Roman Catholic Church itself. It divides, in fact, the professing world into three bodies—the Roman Catholic, the Catholic, and the Protestant. It claims to belong to the second of these bodies, and it professes close affinities with the first of the three; but it repudiates alliance with the principles and the communion of the third.

Now before inquiring into the historical or theological justice of this position, it must in the first place be observed that the language we have quoted from the 'Church Quarterly' completely justifies the charge of Romanising tendencies brought against the extreme High Churchmen of the present generation. In answer to this charge, the usual plea has been that, although restoring certain ancient usages, which, according to Canon Carter,‡ are claimed by him and his friends 'only as being English,' the characteristic corruptions of the Roman Catholic Church are utterly repudiated by them. But if there be one corruption of that Church more characteristic than any other, it is that of the Sacrifice of the Mass. Around the Mass the final struggle of the Reformation centred, and the acceptance or rejection of the Roman doctrine on this point, with all it involves, was the ultimate test by which submission to the Roman

\* P. 317.

† P. 319.

‡ 'The Present Movement,' &amp;c., p. 40.

claims was determined. There is no point on which the Church of England has denounced in stronger terms the teaching of Roman Catholicism. The Thirty-first Article declares that 'the Sacrifices of Masses, in the which it was commonly said that the Priests did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.' Such is the manner in which the English Church speaks of the services authorised by the Missal. But we are now told, by a conspicuous organ of the High Church party, that 'the formal, fixed, and authoritative religion embodied in the Roman Catholic Missal' does not vary very essentially from that set forth by the English Book of Common Prayer. The writer from whom we quote these words proceeds\* to argue that the popular abuses allowed in the Roman Catholic Church create great difficulties in the way of submitting to her claims; but he does not mention 'Sacrifices of Masses' as among them. Dr. Newman, in 'Tract XC.,' endeavoured to distinguish between the 'Sacrifice of the Mass' and 'Sacrifices of Masses,' arguing that the Article was only directed against certain abuses of the day. But the plural forms, 'Sacrifices of Masses' or 'Masses,' are in conformity with Roman Catholic usage, and the Council of Trent expressly approves '*Missas illas, in quibus solus sacerdos sacramentaliter communicat.*'† Dr. Newman points this out in his republication of 'Tract XC.,' in his recent collection of his former writings on the 'Via Media' of the English Church; and the interpretation of our Article which he now adds in a note is that which it must naturally bear to those against whom it was directed:—‡

'I do not see, then, how it can be denied that this article calls the Sacrifice of the Mass itself, in all its private and solitary celebrations (to speak of no other) that is in all its daily celebrations from year's end to year's end, *toto orbe terrarum*, a "blasphemous fable."

But we are now told that in the opinion of the extreme High Church party the service-book which embodies this 'blasphemous fable' contains 'a comparatively pure religion.' It is formally claimed for our English Communion Service that it may be interpreted in such a sense as 'not to vary essentially' from the form of worship which the Article thus denounces; and we are thus assured that the Ritualists, and their supporters or protectors, are deliberately reintroducing among us 'the dangerous deceit' of the Mass. It is as well to know thus distinctly what is being aimed at; but for the future it will be idle to pretend

\* 'Church Quarterly Review,' January, 1878, p. 317.

† Conc. Trid. Sess. 22.

‡ 'The *Via Media*,' &c., vol. ii. p. 316.

that

that anything short of downright Roman Catholicism, in one of its most pernicious corruptions, is the result, and in many cases the conscious object, of the practices and the teaching in Ritualistic Churches.

This broad fact being evident, it may seem a superfluity, so far as the mass of the public are concerned, to argue the question at the head of this article. If the Ritualists cannot question the Protestantism of the Church of England without being led on to recognise the Missal as not inconsistent with her teaching, they have reduced their position to an absurdity. But we have in this article a larger object than a merely controversial one. The appearance of these articles in the 'Church Quarterly' is but one of many proofs that either from ignorance or wilful perversity—and we fear from both causes—the true relations of the Church of England with Protestantism and the Protestant Churches are completely obscured to the mind of a large number of the clergy; and there is consequently great danger lest the laity should be persuaded that their Church does not really possess those Protestant characteristics, which are necessary if they are to retain their confidence in her. For the first time in our history, numbers of our younger clergy are being trained to think lightly of the errors of the Church of Rome, and to regard with hostility the teaching of the great leaders of Protestantism. In respect, at all events, to their relation to the Roman Catholic Church, there is a striking difference between the spokesmen of modern High Churchmen and the Tractarians of the last generation. The latter sincerely believed that a decided and even vehement protest against the Roman Catholic system, and not merely against the abuses of that system, was an essential part of the principles of the Church of England; and, in Dr. Newman's words, that it was 'necessary to our position.' This contrast between the Tractarians and the Ritualists has been excellently shown by Professor Salmon in a paper on 'The Schismatical Tendency of Ritualism,' published in the series of 'Essays' named at the head of this paper, entitled 'Principles at Stake.' That volume is one to which no adequate justice has yet been done. We shall often have occasion to refer to it in the course of this article; and we cannot too strongly recommend it to the public as an able, temperate, and convincing assertion of some of the chief of those principles of the Church of England, which not merely the Ritualists, but the High Church party of the hour, are undermining or surrendering. Dr. Salmon quotes several passages from the 'Tracts,' in which the writers subscribe unreservedly to statements of divines in the Caroline period, protesting in the strongest and most absolute terms against Roman Catholicism; and



and he shows that such a protest was indispensable to a vindication of their own position and that of their Church. He points out that the whole attitude of the Church of England to the Church of Rome is unjustifiable unless the latter has fallen, not merely in the popular abuses she allows, but in what the 'Church Quarterly' calls her 'formal, fixed, and authoritative' statements, into grave error.

'It is,' he observes, 'historically certain that about three hundred years ago a separation and breach of communion took place between the English Church and those who acknowledged obedience to the Bishop of Rome. Since that time the teaching of the Church of Rome has been condemned in the strongest language, not only in the writings of all the leading English Divines, but also in the authorized formularies of the Church itself. Thus some of the Roman doctrines and practices are spoken of in the English formularies as "fond things vainly invented," as "what cannot be taught without arrogance and impiety," as "idolatry to be abhorred of all faithful Christians," as "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." If our Reformers used such language as this, it was because *they* did not think lightly of the evils of schism; they knew and deeply regretted the evil which must ensue from the breach of unity between Christian nations, and they chose to incur this evil because the only alternative was submission to what, in their judgment, could not be acquiesced in without sin. It would be no justification to our Reformers if it could be shown that they were right in the matters in dispute between them and the Roman Catholic Divines, unless it could be shown that the questions in debate were of vital importance. If, on the occasion of the rejection of some Bill by Parliament, the defeated party were to proceed to civil war, their conduct would not be justified, even if they could show that the measure which they had advocated was expedient, and that it was, on the whole, desirable that the Bill should have passed. To justify their conduct it would plainly be necessary to show that the question in dispute was one of great importance, and that the evils of peaceably acquiescing in the decision of previously established power were so intolerable that the evils of civil war were less.'\*

In a word, an assertion of the Protestant character of the Church of England appears indispensable, if her truly Catholic position is to be maintained. If she was right in her uncompromising protest against the errors which prevailed, not merely in the vulgar practices of the day, but in the formal determinations of the Council of Trent, she is then not responsible for the separation which was occasioned by that protest. 'But,' as Dr. Salmon adds, 'if she is ashamed of her protest now, and is forced to withdraw it, and to own that it was made without

\* 'Principles at Stake,' &c., p. 238.

sufficient cause, then, in ceasing to be Protestant, it is to be feared she ceases to be Catholic too. She remains, then, responsible, and without excuse for the great schism of the last three hundred years.' So far, in short, as the Ritualists minimise our differences with Rome, so far as they argue, like the writer in the 'Church Quarterly,' that the Prayer-Book does not vary essentially from the Missal, they charge the guilt of schism, not merely upon those Reformers of the sixteenth century whom they treat with a contempt which can only be excused by an inexcusable ignorance, but upon those Caroline divines whom they formally venerate, but of whom they are most partial followers.

But the importance of the question may be rendered apparent without appealing to any theological principle, even where it is of so grave a character as that of schism. We are for many reasons in danger of forgetting in the present day the momentous nature of that great crisis in human history which is described by the general name of the Reformation. Secular historians like Hume have too generally failed to appreciate the profound religious and moral issues which were at stake, and Mr. Green, in his brilliant work, has done worse than ignore the religious issues; he has depreciated them. It might have been expected that theologians and writers of ecclesiastical history would have remedied this error; but they, unfortunately, have of late, from controversial motives, been chiefly concerned to diminish the importance of the points of difference, and to treat the Reformation, at least in England, as the mere pruning away of certain excrescences in the system or the practices of the Church of the day. But the great crises of history are sufficiently characterised by their consequences, and by the broad facts which accompany them and follow them; and, judged by this test, there can be no mistaking the nature of the prolonged crisis in European affairs which is designated as the Reformation. In no country whatever, and still less in Europe at large, was it a mere question of the removal of abuses or the correction of theological inaccuracies. The reformers, indeed, from the first, in Germany no less than in England, as for instance in the Confession of Augsburg,\* maintained that the cardinal principles upon which they insisted were those of the Catholic Church, and even of the Roman Church, for they were willing to place the best interpretation upon their adversaries' views. But the Roman Catholic authorities discerned with a sure instinct that the whole fabric of their doctrinal and disciplinary policy would

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\* Conf. Aug., Art. XXI.

be overthrown by the reassertion of the principles to which the reformers appealed. Consequently, against the advice of the best and most moderate members of their church, they formally pledged themselves to the perversions which Luther summoned them to reject; and he and his followers were left with no choice but to establish for themselves, with such help as they could obtain from the spiritual and temporal authorities of the day, a purer system of doctrine and discipline. The result—little as it was anticipated and much as it was feared by those who occasioned it—was a grand division of principle, which rent Europe into two camps and which occasioned nearly two centuries of internecine war. From the outbreak of the religious troubles in Germany at the commencement of the sixteenth century to the wars which opened the eighteenth, the religious division between the Protestant and the Catholic world lay at the root of all political struggles. That division, indeed, still subsists, and the struggle has still to be fought out to a final issue. Special circumstances may colour or disguise particular contests, and as in domestic debates, parties may become confused, and nations and individuals apparently change sides. But there can be no question that even the recent struggles on the continent of Europe have in great measure turned on the issue whether the predominant influence in European affairs should rest with Protestant or with Catholic nations. For the greater part, however, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries this was the primary issue at stake; and on both sides the most generous blood of Europe was lavishly shed to bring the great question to a decision.

Such being the grand international issue raised by the Reformation, with which side did the English people throw in their lot? To that question the answer is given, not by ambiguous documents, but by the most conspicuous and the proudest facts in the English history of the last three centuries. After a period of hesitation, not unworthy of a nation which was capable of realising the gravity of the issue, and which could appreciate the truths to which both parties were attached, the whole force of England was thrown upon the Protestant side. It was Elizabeth's supreme merit, amidst whatever doubts or weaknesses, to choose, and to choose decisively, one side in the contest, and that the Protestant side; and the story of the Spanish Armada marks the crisis at which England was finally recognised as the head of the Protestant nations of Europe. Another long period of wavering succeeded; but even through the Stuart times, the Protestant connection which had been established by Elizabeth was too strong to be broken; and

Charles II., in order to regain his crown, found it necessary to pledge himself, in the most unreserved language, to the support of the Protestant religion. His successor forfeited his throne in consequence of his abjuration of Protestantism; and the revolution of 1688 supplanted the direct heirs to the crown in favour of Protestant Princes, springing from the dynasties of Protestant Holland and Protestant Hanover successively. At the present moment, her Majesty holds her crown by a statutory title, which prescribes that the sovereigns of England must be descended from the Protestant branch of the royal family; and every monarch, in the Coronation Service, is pledged to maintain 'the *Protestant Reformed Religion* established by Law.' In a word, the history of England, from the time when the division between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism was finally established, has been united with that of Protestantism and of the Protestant nations; and so far as the nation at large is concerned, that union is irreversible.

Now such being the position of the English nation, it is obvious what is the difficulty which has to be met by persons who, like the High Churchmen we have in view, disparage the Protestant character of the English Church, and who would reject the communion of the Protestant churches. Are they prepared to maintain that the English Church has, ever since the Reformation, been in antagonism to the English people, that it has repudiated the religious principles to which the nation has proved itself enthusiastically attached, and that it reprobates the cause which England has done more than any country in the world to uphold? Such an admission would be the most complete justification of those who deny the national character of the Church of England; and could such a charge against the Church be substantiated, it would not deserve to stand, and we believe it could not stand, as an establishment for the space of a single Parliament. Nothing less, however, is involved in the reckless anti-Protestant language on which we have been commenting; and if, as Dr. Salmon has shown, such writers as those in the '*Church Quarterly*' exhibit their indifference to ecclesiastical schism, they display a still more glaring indifference to national schism. So far as in them lies, they would divert the sympathies of the clergy from the most characteristic and most glorious part of the history of England, and would set the English Church in opposition to the main current of English life. Happily, this perverse misrepresentation of the position of the Church of England is of no older date than the present generation. We have already seen that it was utterly unknown to the older Tractarians, and an overwhelming mass of testimony

timony can be adduced in vindication of the Protestant sympathies of the Church of England, and of all her leading divines, from the time of the Reformation downwards, and even through the Stuart period. An outline of the evidence on this point is forcibly stated in the opening essay of the volume entitled 'Principles at Stake.' It was written by the late Mr. Benjamin Shaw, whose lamented death a few months ago has deprived the Church of England of one of the ablest, most learned, and most devoted of her members. He shows that while the breach between the Churches of England and Rome has, on the whole, been treated as practically irreparable, no such impassable gulf has been recognised as separating the Church of England from the other leading Protestant bodies, whether in this country or abroad. With respect to those in this country, it is, as he observes, a sufficient evidence of the attitude of the Church,

'that two Conferences have been held by public authority for the amicable consideration of Nonconformist objections, and for the removal of them, if possible; while, whatever individual divines may have written on the subject, no step has ever been taken by such authority to indicate that reconciliation with Rome was within the compass of possibility.'

With respect to our relation to foreign churches, there could hardly be a more significant circumstance than the fact that delegates were publicly accredited from the Church of England to the Synod of Dort. Bishop Hall, then Dean of Worcester, Bishop Carleton, Dr. Davenant, and Dr. Ward attended the Synod; and their instructions expressly recognised the Protestant bodies as churches. But perhaps the most convenient summary of the conduct of the Church of England towards foreign reformed communities is contained in a petition presented to Parliament in the reign of Anne on behalf of the Dutch and French churches settled in England, when they were apprehensive that the Occasional Conformity Act might prove prejudicial to them. It is to be found in Stowe's 'London,' book v., p. 304, and it states:—

'That they were first established in the reign of King Edward VI., and afterwards in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and have now continued in this nation upwards of 150 years.

'That those churches were, and are, composed of such persons, who themselves and their ancestors fled out of the Netherlands, France, and other parts beyond the seas, from Popish persecution.

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'That in the Act of Uniformity, made in the 13th and 14th years of  
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King Charles II., there is provision made and a clause inserted in favour of the said churches.

'That King James I., of glorious memory, in 1614, sent his Royal Letters to the National Synod of the French Churches, expressing his great care and concern for their peace and preservation.

'That in 1618, his said Majesty sent one of his bishops and four of the most famous doctors of the Church of England to the Synod of Dort, who acted with the whole body, and signed all their acts.

'That the Convocation of the Clergy in England were pleased to take notice of the Protestant Churches abroad in several addresses made to the Crown, and to declare how much they were concerned for the preservation of their religion.

'That in the prayers appointed for the public fasts and upon solemn occasions, the Reformed Churches abroad are therein recommended to God.

'That the Crown of England hath, on the behalf of the Protestants, been guarantee in several Treaties of peace between the Protestants and Papists.

'That many of the English nobility and gentry, when abroad, do repair to the Protestant churches and assemblies, and there receive the Sacrament,' &c.

This continuous evidence of the prevalence of sympathy and communion between the reformed Church of England and the principal other Protestant communities would seem sufficiently decisive, but it derives a singular support from a consideration to which appeal is frequently made by such writers as we are combating as conclusive in support of their view. This consideration furnishes a most extraordinary example of that inexcusable ignorance which we have already had occasion to notice in the Ritualistic school. We find it again and again alleged, as a vital difference and an insuperable bar between the English Church and other Protestant bodies, that the ministers of the latter are destitute of episcopal ordination, and consequently of the Apostolical succession. The case is stated in the following passage from the 'Church Quarterly Review' for July, 1877, at p. 481:—

'But the English Church is, as a matter of fact and of law, Episcopal; it is an essential, indefeasible condition of her existence that she is under the government of Bishops. Does this make any difference? "Not a bit," say the Protestants, "it is a mere question of discipline and form." An insurmountable difference, says the Catholic party; it is a question of Divine ordinance, of Apostolical succession, of power to ordain, to confer the Holy Spirit by imposition of hands, which is, in her opinion, so vital that *while she receives all convert Priests of Catholic orders without reordination, she ordains all ministers who come to her from Presbyterian and Protestant Churches.* Which of the two contending parties is right?'

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We beg particular attention to the statement we have placed in italics. A similar statement is reiterated in the number of the same periodical for January in the present year:—

‘A mere subscription,’ we read, ‘to the 39 Articles is sufficient to give any Roman bishop, priest, or deacon full ecclesiastical status among the Anglican clergy; *whereas no minister of a Protestant sect can obtain that character by any means short of submitting to episcopal ordination.*’

We find the same assertion confidently made in a book to which we shall have other occasion to refer, as affording a specimen of the kind of theological information with which the younger High Church clergy and their followers are now furnished. At p. 110 of Mr. Blunt’s ‘Household Theology,’ we read:—

‘It may be remarked in passing that the ordinations (so called) of Lutherans, Calvinists, the Scotch Presbyterians, or the English Dissenters do not qualify the persons so ordained for even the lowest order in the Church of England ministry, because they have not been performed by a Bishop; while, on the other hand, any Deacon, Priest, or Bishop ordained or consecrated in any foreign Church of Roman or Greek Communion is capable of being admitted to a benefice at once, without reordination, on subscribing to the formularies of our Church, and swearing obedience to those in authority therein.’

Now we leave out of question for the present, as not concerning our argument, the statements in these passages respecting the Clergy of the Church of Rome and of the Greek Church; but as to those which concern the ministers of other Protestant Churches there is no room for doubt. They are absolutely contrary to fact. To those who are not familiar with the subject such an absolute contradiction of statements made by authorities who are apparently so learned may seem startling; and it must be owned there could hardly be a more extraordinary instance of the manner in which dogmatic prejudice can blind men’s eyes to patent facts. The truth is that the orders of ministers ordained in other Protestant Churches were, from the time of the Reformation up to the year 1662, continuously and systematically recognised in the Church of England; and, stranger still, that since the year 1662 they have been formally recognised by law, and conspicuously recognised in practice by English Bishops. As to the period up to 1662, the facts are so unquestionable that the evidence of two unimpeachable witnesses will settle the point. The late Mr. Keble, the editor of Hooker’s works, was certainly an unbiassed witness to a  
practice



practice which was adverse to his most cherished principles; and he states in the preface to his edition of Hooker's works, vol. i. p. lxxvi., that—

'nearly up to the time when Hooker wrote, numbers had been admitted to the ministry of the Church of England with no better than Presbyterian ordination; and it appears by Travers's supplication to the Council that such was the construction not uncommonly put upon the Statute of the 13th of Elizabeth, permitting those who had received orders in any other form than that of the English Service Book, on giving certain securities, to exercise their functions in England.'

This admission leaves no doubt that during Elizabeth's reign persons with Presbyterian ordination were admitted to the ministry of the Church of England without reordination. An equally unimpeachable witness enables us to carry the evidence to the same practice through the reigns of the first two Stuarts, during the times of Andrewes and Laud, down to the overthrow of the Church of England under the Commonwealth. There is no person whose opinions have been more fondly appealed to by the Ritualistic writers than Bishop Cosin, who took a leading part in the last revision of the Prayer Book under Charles II. He has been quoted as the great champion of so-called 'Catholic' ritual at that crisis, and he is therefore as little likely as the late Mr. Keble to have overstated facts which are adverse to so-called 'Catholic' principles. Now Bishop Cosin, in a letter dated Paris, Feb. 7, 1650,\* makes the following statement:—

'If at any time a minister so ordained' (*i. e.* not episcopally ordained) 'in these French churches came to incorporate himself in ours, and to receive a public charge or cure of souls among us in the Church of England, (as I have known some of them to have so done of late, and can instance in many other before my time), our Bishops did not reordain him before they admitted to his charge, as they would have done, if his former ordination here in France had been void. Nor did our laws require more of him than to declare his public consent to the religion received amongst us, and to subscribe the articles established.'

He adds an argument still more remarkable, as showing how completely at that time, in the view of even the highest Churchmen, the Church of England was regarded as united with the other Protestant communities:—

'If,' he says, 'upon this ground we renounce the French, we must for the same reason renounce all the ministers of Germany besides

\* Ang. Cath. Lib., Cosin's Works, vol. iv. p. 403.

(for the superintendents that make and ordain ministers there have no new ordination beyond their own presbytery at all); and then *what will become of the Protestant party?*'

In other words, Cosin regarded the interests of the Church of England as bound up with those of the Protestant party; and the fear of fatally injuring the interests of that party was admitted by him as a powerful motive for not refusing to recognise the validity of Presbyterian ordination. One other passage from this remarkable letter must be quoted, since it establishes the fact that in the opinion of a High Churchman of that day—an opinion expressed in a private letter, and at a time when the overthrow of his own Church might have prejudiced his judgment against other Protestant communities—there existed no bar against the reception of the Holy Communion by English Churchmen at the hands of foreign Protestant Ministers:—

'If,' he continues, 'the Church and kingdom of England have acknowledged them (as they did in admitting of them, when they fled thither for refuge, and placing them by public authority in divers of the most eminent cities among us, without prohibiting to any of our people to go and communicate with them), why should we, that are but private persons, utterly disclaim their communion in their own country? And therefore under that protestation which Dr. Testard offers you permission to make, and considering there is no prohibition of our Church against it (as there is against our communicating with the Papists, and that well grounded upon the scripture and will of God), I do not see but that both you and others that are with you may (either in case of necessity, when you cannot have the sacrament among yourselves, or in regard of declaring your unity in professing the same religion, which you and they do) go otherwhiles to communicate reverently with them of the French Church.'

In one word, Cosin recognised that in the French Protestant Church the Sacraments were 'duly ministered according to Christ's ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite unto the same;' and this, he implies, had been the deliberate and continuous judgment of the Church of England up to the time he wrote. As he also states in this letter, he did not regard the French ministers as 'so duly and rightly ordained, as they should be by those Prelates and Bishops of the Church who, since the Apostles' time, have only had the ordinary power and authority to make and constitute a priest.' But the assumption, that a less perfect ordination was equivalent to no ordination at all, he denied. The French ministers possessed the qualifications that 'of necessity are requisite' to the

the office of a priest or presbyter, and, as he implied by his advice to his correspondent, were capable of 'duly ministering the Sacraments.' It is precisely this capacity which is denied to Ministers in the same position by the authorities of the 'Church Quarterly.'

We have now established the fact of complete communion and sympathy between the Church of England and other Protestant Churches up to the eve of the Restoration. Her position towards those Churches since that time is at least equally clear, and is equally inconsistent with the rash statements of the writers in the 'Church Quarterly.' No doubt the Act of Uniformity of 1662 prescribed, in general terms, that, for the future, no one should hold any benefice in the Church of England who had not received Episcopal ordination. The alterations then introduced into the Preface to the Ordination Service, which are sometimes insisted upon, are of no appreciable significance. The old preface, during the existence of which, as we have seen, non-episcopal orders were frankly recognised, stated that—

'it is requisite that no man (not being at this present Bishop, Priest, nor Deacon) shall execute any of [those offices], except he be called, tried, examined and admitted according to the form hereafter following.'

In 1662 this expression was changed as follows:—

'No man shall be accounted or taken to be a lawful Bishop, Priest, or Deacon in the Church of England, or suffered to execute any of the said functions, except he be called, tried, examined, and admitted thereunto, according to the form hereafter following, or hath had formerly episcopal consecration or ordination.'

If the practice to which Cosin bears testimony was consistent with the former preface, it is hard to see why it should be inconsistent with the latter. It is to the Act of Uniformity itself—that is, to one of those acts of the civil Legislature which the Ritualists repudiate—that recourse must be had if the rule and practice of the Church of England are to be shown to have been rendered more stringent in 1662. It is unquestionable, as we have said, that by this authority episcopal ordination was for the future rendered *primâ facie* indispensable in the case of all persons who were to be admitted to the cure of souls in the English Church. But at the very moment of insisting on this qualification as a general rule, the Act makes an exception in favour of the members of foreign Protestant bodies. Immediately after the clauses which, in England, Wales and Berwick-upon-Tweed, require episcopal ordination as a preliminary condition

dition to the tenure of a benefice, and to the administration of Lord's Supper, the Act proceeds:—

'Provided that the Penalties in this Act shall not extend to the Foreigners or Aliens of the Foreign Reformed Churches, allowed, or to be allowed, by the King's Majesty, his Heirs and Successors in England.'

The Act, in fact, appears to draw a distinction, which had been previously drawn during the reign of Elizabeth, in the case of Travers, between irregularity and invalidity. Travers was silenced, not because his orders were Presbyterian—for that, as we have seen, was not in itself regarded as a sufficient objection—but because, being an Englishman, he had refused English ordination, and had gone abroad to be made minister according to the Genevan system. Similarly, it was thought proper, in 1662, that for the future, Episcopal ordination should be established as the rule of the English Church for Englishmen; but care was expressly taken to guard against its being supposed that, by making this regulation for ourselves, we denied the validity of other forms of ordination in Protestant Churches. Thus the very Act which is sometimes assumed to have finally cut us off from communion with other Protestant Churches, contains a clause which expressly reasserts that communion. The following passage from Bishop Vesey's *Life of Primate Bramhall*, which we quote from Professor Stubbs's edition of Mosheim's 'Institutes'—a work alike accessible and authoritative—will at once show that the view just explained was that adopted by the highest ecclesiastical authority of the day, and will prove how little excuse the modern High Churchmen have for remaining ignorant of these facts, or disregarding them: Bramhall, whose name carries a weight on which we need not insist, was nominated to the Archbishopric of Armagh, in the August immediately following Charles's return, and the passage in question is quoted in a note (vol. iii. p. 407), as describing 'a judicious expedient by which he evaded the inconvenience of insisting upon reordination.' We read:—

'When the benefices were called at the visitation, several appeared, and exhibited only such titles as they had received from the late powers. He told them they were no legal titles; but in regard he heard well of them, he was willing to make such to them by institution and induction; which they humbly acknowledged, and entreated his lordship to do. But desiring to see their letters of orders, some had no other but their certificates of ordination by some Presbyterian classes, which, he told them, did not qualify them for any preferment in the Church. Whereupon the question immediately arose, *Are we not ministers of the Gospel?* To which his Grace answered, that that

was

was not the question: at least, he desired, for peace sake, of which he hoped they were ministers too, that *that* might not be the question for that time. "*I dispute not,*" said he, "*the value of your ordination; nor those acts you have exercised by virtue of it: what you are, or might do, here when there was no law, or in other Churches abroad. But we are now to consider ourselves as a national Church, limited by law, which, among other things, takes chief care to prescribe about ordination; and I do not know how you could recover the means of the church, if any should refuse to pay you your tythes, if you are not ordained as the law of this Church requireth. And I am desirous that she may have your labours, and you such portions of her revenue as shall be allotted you in a legal way.*" By this means he gained such as were learned and sober, and for the rest it was not much matter.

'Just as I was about to close up this particular, I received full assurance of all that I offered in it, which, for the reader's sake, I thought fit to add, being the very words which his Grace caused to be inserted into the letters of one Mr. Edward Parkinson, whom he ordained at that time, and from whom I had them by my reverend brother and neighbour, the Lord Bishop of Killaloe. *Non annihilantes priores ordines (si quos habuit) nec validitatem aut invaliditatem eorum determinantes, multo minus omnes ordines sacros ecclesiarum forensicarum condemnantes, quos proprio judici relinquimus: sed solummodo supplentes, quicquid prius defuit per canones Ecclesiae Anglicanae requisitum; et providentes paci ecclesiae, ut schismatis tollatur occasio, et conscientiis fidelium satisfiat, nec ullo modo dubitent de ejus ordinatione, aut actus suos Presbyterales tanquam invalidos aversentur: in cujus rei testimonium,* &c.

It will thus be seen that Bramhall, even when requiring reordination, based his demand expressly upon law, and emphatically repudiated any assumption that Presbyterian orders, especially in foreign Churches, were, as such, invalid. It is, in short, the authority of the State, and not that of the Church, of England which requires Episcopal orders as a condition for the tenure of a benefice in the English Church; and even this, as we have seen, is accompanied by an express recognition of the right of the Sovereign to dispense with this requirement in the case of the Ministers of Foreign Reformed Churches.

Such considerations leave no doubt that the stringency with which episcopal ordination has since 1662 been required as the ordinary rule in the English Church involves no denial of the validity of the orders of other Protestant Communions. There is, accordingly, no sign whatever that Bishop Cosin, and High Churchmen like him, took any narrower or less friendly view of our relation to other Protestant communities after 1662 than we have seen he took immediately before that date. A remarkable testimony to this effect is furnished by a passage in his will, which bears date 1672:—

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‘In what part of the world soever,’ he says, ‘any churches are extant, bearing the name of Christ, and professing the true Catholic faith and religion, worshipping and calling upon God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, with one heart and voice, if I be now hindered actually to join with them, either by distance of countries, or variance amongst men, or by any hindrance whatsoever, yet always in my mind and affection I join and unite with them; which I desire to be chiefly understood of Protestants, and the best reformed Churches.’—*Works*, vol. i. p. xxxii.

Had a Church Quarterly Reviewer penned the last sentence, it would probably have run, ‘Which I desire to be chiefly understood of the Roman Catholic and the Greek Churches, whose religion does “not vary essentially” from our own.’ The High Churchmen of the Caroline period claimed to be staunch Protestants. The new High Church School of the present day are equally staunch Romanisers.

But there remains one other striking piece of evidence as to the view taken in our Church, both before and after the Restoration, of the validity of non-episcopal orders, and, by consequence, of our substantial union and communion with other Protestant churches. Much is sometimes made of the fact that the bishops who were consecrated for Scotland in 1661, and who had not received episcopal ordination, were first ordained deacons and priests. It is doubtful whether this preliminary ceremony was necessary, even according to the strictest traditions of ecclesiastical discipline. But this is of very slight importance, compared with the far more conclusive fact which followed upon the consecration. These bishops went to Scotland to preside over Scotch Presbyterian clergy. Is there any evidence to show that they required those clergy to submit to episcopal re-ordination? If not, then the whole body of Presbyterian clergy in the neighbouring kingdom were at one stroke recognised as in valid orders, and the strongest and most Calvinistic Protestantism in the world was, at the very moment when episcopacy was triumphant in England, recognised as compatible with the episcopal principles of the English Church. Very similar measures had been taken in 1610. Scotch Presbyterian Priests were then consecrated without re-ordination; they went to their dioceses to preside over a Presbyterian clergy, and when an attempt was made to introduce the English liturgy into Scotland, it was upon a Presbyterian clergy that it was enforced.

Our readers will find many forcible illustrations of these points in the remarkable pamphlet, entitled ‘Apostolical Succession not a Doctrine of the Church of England,’ quoted at the head of this article. The doctrine of Apostolical Succession of which the

the writer speaks is that of the Church of Rome and of the new school of English High Churchmen; and he has no difficulty in showing to demonstration that such a doctrine is inconsistent with the whole tenour of teaching and practice in the Church of England from the Reformation to the present century. He is a pervert to Roman Catholicism from the Church of England, and the extreme horror he displays at the portentous Protestantism he exposes in the English Church would be sometimes amusing, if we were not restrained by a sentiment of respect for its sincerity and seriousness. He illustrates the facts we have stated above, respecting the communion between our Church and Foreign Reformed Churches, by several instances in which ministers of those Churches, both before and after the passing of the Act of Uniformity, were admitted to benefices and preferments in England; and he mentions many other circumstances which are equally instructive and conclusive. Among other things he states that after the period of the Reformation the Bishops of Winchester, whose diocese includes the Channel Islands, continuously recognised, as under their jurisdiction, and as competent to exercise the functions of parish priests, ministers of the French Protestant churches; and he mentions that the first episcopally ordained minister of the island of Sark was appointed in 1820. For generations, it would seem, those islands were in the position of Scotland in the seventeenth century; except that in this case Presbyterian congregations formed actually a part of the diocese of an English bishop, and were thus practically embodied in the English Church itself.

In a word, the Church of England has strenuously contended for the maintenance of episcopacy as the Primitive, and therefore the best form of church government; but by numerous authoritative acts, and by the voices of her greatest divines, she has no less steadily recognised the validity of orders otherwise conferred, and has constantly maintained communion with other Protestant churches. Alike by act and word she has declared that she casts in her lot with those churches in opposition to the Roman Catholic Church, and that her interest is one with that of the Protestant cause. One final illustration it may be worth while to quote, from a source of which the impartiality is not less unquestionable than that of others to which we have appealed; and we shall here quote Mr. Shaw's statement of the case, in the Essay to which we have already referred. He says ('Principles at Stake,' p. 38):—

'A good deal is sometimes made of Archbishop Wake's correspondence with M. Beauvois at the beginning of the last century as  
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to a reunion of the Church of England and the Church of Rome, as if the Archbishop thought that it was in that direction that union was to be looked for rather than with Protestant communities.

'The truth is that Wake was of a Catholic spirit desirous for peace and unity generally, and it was under the influence of such desires that he sought it even where least practicable. But to suppose that he preferred the Church of Rome to the foreign Protestants would be a mistake into which no one could fall, who did not take his information at second hand. One passage will suffice to show his sentiments towards the latter.' He writes to M. Le Clerc as follows :—  
'*Ecclesias Reformatas, etsi in aliquibus a nostrâ Anglicanâ dissentientes, libenter amplector. Optarem equidem regimen episcopale bene temperatum, et ab omni injustâ dominatione sejunctum, quale apud nos obtinet, et, si quid ego in his rebus sapiam, ab ipso apostolorum ævo in ecclesiâ receptum fuerit, et ab iis omnibus fuisset retentum; nec despero quin aliquando restitutum, si non ipse videam, at posterii videbunt. Interim absit ut ego tam ferrei pectoris sim, ut ob ejusmodi defectum (sic mihi absque omni invidiâ appellare liceat) aliquas earum a communione nostrâ abscindendas credam; aut, cum quibusdam furiosis inter nos scriptoribus, eas nulla vera ac valida sacramenta habere, adeoque vix Christianos esse pronuntiem. Unionem arctiorem inter omnes reformatos procurare quovis pretio vellem.*'—*Stubbs's Mosheim*, vol. iii. p. 653.

'It would seem,' adds Mr. Shaw, 'that he considered the Reformed Churches to be already in those friendly relations into which he would, if possible, have endeavoured to bring even the Church of Rome.'

We have dwelt at some length on this recognition by our Church of non-episcopal orders, not only because it is of great importance in itself, but because a denial of it is constantly put forward by the new High Church school as conclusive in favour of their Romanising predilections. In the little book by Mr. J. H. Blunt, already referred to, entitled '*Household Theology*,' a case is quoted (p. 85) of a Venetian bishop, the archbishop of Spalatro, being admitted to a benefice in James I.'s reign, and made dean of Windsor; but the continuous instances in which Presbyterian ministers were admitted to benefices and received into communion are passed over with a convenient silence. For a reason we shall presently state, we believe the question does really involve one of the cardinal principles at issue between Protestantism and those corrupted forms of Christianity, of which Roman Catholicism is the most conspicuous embodiment. But for the present it is sufficient to have shown that the Church of England is fully committed, unless a novel school of writers can reverse the significance of all her previous history, to sympathy with Protestantism and to union with the great foreign Protestant Churches.

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It would, indeed, be strange if it were otherwise, when we consider historically the origin and the general character of her great symbolical formularies. A broad consideration of the bearing of those formularies will suffice to complete the evidence hitherto adduced of the essentially Protestant character of our Church. We have been careful in this Article to avoid those minute points of controversy upon which theological or legal subtlety can always divert the argument from the main issue to a technical quarrel of words. We have appealed to unquestionable historical facts, and to plain statements of divines which are independent of minor variations of opinion. What are the differences which specifically distinguish Protestantism from Roman Catholicism we are not now discussing. Such a discussion would require at least an article to itself, and it is unnecessary for our immediate purpose. What we are concerned to show is that any school or party which, like the new High Churchmen, disavows Protestant principles and repudiates Protestant Churches, is false to the Church of England; and for this purpose it is sufficient to establish the fact of the Protestantism of our Church without inquiring into the consequences it involves. With this view it only remains for us to remind the reader of some of the leading facts connected with the formularies of the Church of England. An apology is almost due to well-instructed readers for recalling their attention to the elementary considerations we shall have to mention; but when such considerations are systematically ignored by an aggressive faction in the Church, and when the whole position and history of the Church of England is in consequence misrepresented, it becomes necessary to revert to them. For the details we are about to quote, we may refer any readers who desire to verify them for themselves to the standard works of the late lamented Archdeacon Hardwick, on the 'History of the Articles,' and on the 'History of the Reformation.' He is a recognised authority on this subject; and though we doubt whether even he, with his great learning and his singular ability, appreciated the full extent to which our Reformers were penetrated by the great principles enunciated by Luther, he is a trustworthy guide to the facts, and his works offer a conspicuous contrast to the ignorant or prejudiced handbooks now in favour with the Ritualistic school.

Now, as he states at the commencement of his work on the 'History of the Articles,' the starting-point of all the Reformed Confessions, and in a most conspicuous manner of our own Articles, was the Augsburg Confession of 1530. Only four years previously, in 1526, those princes and cities of Germany who sympathised with Luther had, at the Diet of Spires, presented that

that Protest against the forcible suppression of their convictions from which they and their supporters derived the title of Protestants. At the Diet of Augsburg in 1530, these Protesting Princes presented a Confession embodying the principal articles of their faith, and recounting the abuses which they desired to see remedied. It was the first great Protestant document, and in many respects the most important of all. It was drawn up by Melancthon and received the approbation of Luther; and together with the 'Apology for the Confession,' subsequently composed by Melancthon, it still holds the foremost place among the symbolical books of the Lutheran Church. Now the relation of this cardinal and symbolical document of Lutheran Protestantism to our own Articles is succinctly stated by Archdeacon Hardwick in the following words:—

'That confession,' he says, 'is most intimately connected with the progress of the English Reformation; and besides the influence which it cannot fail to have exerted by its rapid circulation in our country, it contributed directly, in a large degree, to the construction of the public Formularies of Faith put forward by the Church of England. The thirteen Articles, drawn up, as we shall see, in 1538, were based almost entirely on the language of the great Germanic Confession; while a similar expression of respect is no less manifest in the Articles of Edward VI., and consequently in that series which is binding now upon the consciences of the English Clergy.\*'

One other German document of a similar character must be mentioned as having been used by our reformers. The Articles received their last important revision in 1563, under Archbishop Parker; and on that occasion 'no small part of the fresh matter was borrowed from a Lutheran document, itself in turn an echo of the Augsburg Confession. It bears the title of "Confession of Württemberg," and was presented to the Council of Trent in 1552 by the ambassadors of that State.' 'This document,' Archdeacon Hardwick adds in a note, 'professes to be in exact accordance with the Augsburg Articles; and though designed for the single state of Württemberg it will be found to be a mere compendium of the "*Repetitio Confessionis Augustanæ*," drawn up at the same period by the Saxon Churches for presentation at the Council of Trent.†' It may be regarded, therefore, as a formal manifesto of the Lutherans of that day, in opposition to the Roman Catholic Church.

Now, without troubling the reader with references to further incidents in the history of the Thirty-nine Articles, we will pro-

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\* 'History of the Articles,' p. 13.

† Ibid., pp. 126-127.

ceed to give some instances of the extent to which the text of the Articles, as it at present stands, is indebted to these two typical Protestant confessions, quoting, in some measure, from Archdeacon Hardwick. The first Article is borrowed from the Augsburg Confession. The first draft of the second Article was mainly borrowed from the Augsburg Confession, while one clause was introduced in 1563 from the Württemberg Confession. The source of the fifth Article is the Württemberg Confession. In the sixth Article there is a clause from the Württemberg Confession. The ninth Article, on original sin, is concerned with what was, in many respects, a cardinal point of divergence between Luther and the Roman Catholic divines; and it is based on the second Article of the Augsburg Confession, from which it was drawn through the medium of the Thirteen Articles. In the tenth Article, on the cognate subject of Free Will, the first clause is from the Württemberg Confession; the latter is from St. Augustine. The eleventh Article concerns the doctrine which was the centre of the Reformation controversy; and since it is persistently asserted by the new High Churchmen that our Church rejects the Lutheran doctrine of Justification, we shall place side by side the articles on this subject in the Augsburg Confession of 1530, in the Württemberg Confession of 1552, and in the present text of our own Articles:—

AUGSBURG.	WÜRTEMBERG.	ENGLISH ARTICLE.
Item docent quod homines non possint justificari coram Deo propriis viribus, meritis aut operibus, sed gratis justificentur propter Christum per fidem, quum credunt se in gratiam recipi, et peccata remitti propter Christum, qui sua morte pro nostris peccatis satisfecit. Hanc fidem imputat Deus pro justitia coram ipso, Rom. 3 et 4.	Homo enim fit Deo acceptus, et reputatur coram eo justus, propter solum filium Dei, Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum per fidem.	Tantum propter meritum Domini ac Servatoris nostri Jesu Christi, per fidem, non propter opera et merita nostra, justi coram Deo reputamur. Quare sola fide nos justificari doctrina est saluberrima, ac consolationis plenissima, ut in homilia de justificatione hominis fusius explicatur.

Any impartial reader will probably be of opinion that, if our Church did not intend to accept substantially the doctrine embodied in the two Lutheran formularies, she took the most extraordinary pains to make herself misunderstood. The twelfth Article, on Good Works, also a grand subject of controversy at that day, is borrowed in part from the Württemberg Confession. Articles XIII., XIV. and XV. are directed against scholastic fictions. Article XVII., on Predestination, is clearly Lutheran, as distinct from being Calvinistic; the concluding paragraph, in particular,

particular, being traceable to language of Melancthon. These Articles, it will be seen, touch the main points at issue in the controversy of the Reformation, and we will content ourselves with drawing one more parallel, which also concerns a vital point. We again place side by side that portion of the twenty-fifth Article which describes the general character of the Sacraments, and the article in the Augsburg Confession on the same subject:—

## AUGSBURG.

De usu Sacramentorum docent, quod sacramenta instituta sint, non modo ut sint notæ professionis inter homines, sed magis ut sint signa et testimonia voluntatis Dei erga nos, ad excitandam et confirmandam fidem in his, qui utuntur, proposita, &c.

## ENGLISH ARTICLE.

Sacramenta a Christo instituta non tantum sunt notæ professionis Christianorum, sed certa quædam potius testimonia et efficacia signa gratiæ atque bonæ in nos voluntatis Dei, per quæ invisibiliter in nobis (v. l. nos) operatur, nostramque fidem in se non solum excitat, sed etiam confirmat.

Again, it would seem the least that can be said is that if the Church of England did not mean to adopt in very large measure the Lutheran view of the general nature of the Sacraments, she took singular pains to misrepresent her real intention.

For our present purpose we do not think it can be necessary to pursue this enquiry further. We have said enough to show that those who deny the Protestantism of the Church of England have to account for the fact that, when the Church had to frame a solemn declaration of her position with respect to the points in controversy between the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestants, she took as her model the chief Protestant formulary, and she closely followed, in respect to the main subjects in dispute, the language of the chief Lutheran divines and of the Lutheran Confessions. Archbishop Laurence, at the commencement of this century, delivered a series of Bampton Lectures, in which he showed that those articles of the Church of England, which the Calvinists improperly consider as Calvinistical, were really drawn from Lutheran sources and embody Lutheran principles. He may in some respects have carried his argument too far, though that is not our own opinion. But it is difficult to give his Lectures and the Notes to them a candid reading without feeling that our Articles are impregnated with Lutheran ideas. At all events, in the face of such facts, we had rather not attempt to account for the manner in which the influence of Luther and of the German Reformation upon the reform of the Church of England is treated by writers of the Ritualistic School. Mr. John Henry Blunt, the editor of the 'Annotated Book of Common Prayer,' and of one or two useful theological

dictionaries, has the reputation of a man of learning. But he has published a 'History of the Reformation of the Church of England,' from which no one would imagine that the German Reformers had exercised any considerable influence in England; and he is also responsible for the 'Manual of Household Theology,' to which we have already called attention. In that work, at page 95, there is the following extraordinary observation. Mr. Blunt says:

'The influence of the German Reformation under Luther on the Church of England is to be traced in the translation of the Bible, the "Dutch" or Lutheran version being used by Bishop Coverdale as a guide to his use of the Latin Vulgate.'

That is all! It is to be supposed Mr. Blunt knows something of the history and substance of the Articles, and that he has heard of the Augsburg Confession, even if he knows nothing of the intimate relations which in other respects were maintained between the English and foreign reformers. But he thinks it consistent with truth and fairness, in a popular compendium, to inform his readers that the German Reformation had no other influence on the English than the indirect modification of our version of the Bible through Luther's translation! Since he states in the sentence immediately preceding that, except in the disregard of 'that essential apostolic principle' of the episcopal succession, 'Luther did not otherwise diverge very far in doctrine from the Church of Rome,' it seems only charitable to impute his other statement to blank ignorance. But such an explanation makes a large demand on charity. Even a writer in many respects so estimable as the late Bishop Forbes has exhibited a similar prejudice or perversity. He wrote an 'Explanation of the XXXIX Articles,' now, we regret to see, in its third edition, which is a deliberate attempt to give the Articles as, it is termed, a 'Catholic interpretation'—in other words, to force upon them the interpretation which this school of writers choose to consider Catholic, and to ignore or override the contemporary interpretation afforded by documents like the Confession of Augsburg. In the Dedicatory Epistle to Dr. Pusey, at p. xxxi, he says:

'An interesting parallelism might be drawn between the Articles and many of the Lutheran and Calvinistic formulas, especially the Confession of Augsburg; and the result would be that while the likeness is in many respects confessed, the Protestant Shibboleths are in the main left out, and a form of words of exceeding moderation, and to which succeeding ages have rightly or wrongly assigned an ambidextrous character, is left to us.'

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The quotations we have made will enable our readers to form their own judgment on this statement. Bishop Forbes's work, as is usually the case in the productions of extreme High Church writers, contains statements which exhibit the strangest misapprehension of the teaching of the great German Reformers; but there is something quite inexcusable in the prejudice which, by means of works of this class, is now blinding the eyes of the younger High Church clergy to the most important facts in the history of the Reformed Church of England. To dismiss the Augsburg Confession, in a work on the Articles, by saying that 'an interesting parallelism might be drawn' between the two formularies, is like saying that an interesting parallel might be drawn between a parent and his child.

It would carry us too far, and would involve another line of argument if we were to enter on a similar enquiry with respect to the Common Prayer Book. That book constitutes, probably, the most essentially English contribution to the great work of the Reformation. By the mere fact that it is a book of Common, as distinguished from Priestly, prayer, it is marked as essentially Protestant, no less than Catholic, in spirit. The manner in which the Eucharistic offices of the Church have been remodelled in it is acknowledged, even by the advocates of Ritualism, to have 'obscured' the doctrines of the Eucharistic sacrifice and oblation ('Church Quarterly Review,' July 1878, p. 298)—that is to say, of course, the Roman or new High Church doctrines on those subjects; and with that admission we may, for our present purposes, rest content. The Roman Catholic Service Book is a Missal. The Mass in it is everything. In the English Common Prayer Book, the service for the administration of the Holy Communion occupies no such prominence. The Prayer Book recurs to primitive principles and models; and just as primitive examples were gradually corrupted into Roman abuses, so an attempt is now being made by the Ritualists to twist the Prayer Book into conformity with the same abuses. But its general tenour and its total effect will, in the long run, defeat all such attempts. Its adherence to ancient forms, which is sometimes contrasted with the Protestant tone of the Articles, is, in reality, a part of its Protestantism. As we have seen, the divines of the Confession of Augsburg declared that they did but maintain and reassert the ancient doctrines of the Catholic Church, and their Articles explained the sense in which they understood those doctrines. Our own reformers, while still more conspicuously adhering to ancient authority and ancient forms, have similarly explained in their Articles the interpretation they placed on those forms. That interpretation is a



Protestant one; and until the recent decay of English theology, our great divines always claimed to be Catholic, not in spite of their Protestantism, but by virtue of it.

But above all, the Prayer Book is in a peculiar degree the inheritance of the laity, and whenever the need and the occasion shall arise, they will not fail to assert their rights in it. In one of those articles in the 'Church Quarterly' to which we have referred, there is a most amusing expression of a belief, obviously common to all such writers, that the clergy alone need to be considered in these questions of doctrine and discipline. The writer is endeavouring to measure the relative forces in the Church, and he says:—

'It is clear that in any calculation of the probabilities in a matter of this sort' (disruption or disestablishment), 'only the relative strength of the clerical sections need be taken into account; for not only will the great mass of the laity in all likelihood remain passive, but under a hierarchical system, such as that of the Church of England, the lay power of determining the direction of change is necessarily less than in more democratic organisms.'\*

It is only necessary to commend this cool forecast to the laity of our Church. They are treated, it will be seen, by the leaders of this young High Church School, as a flock of sheep who will go wherever they are driven. This, in truth, is the practical meaning of that rigid tenet of Apostolical Succession which is now the cardinal doctrine of High Churchmen, but which we have shown to have been repudiated by the most authoritative divines of the Church of England. There is, indeed, a moderate and reasonable doctrine of Apostolical Succession involved in the principles and practice of the Church of England; and for an excellent sketch of this doctrine, and of the chief consequences it involves, our readers may be referred to a Charge delivered last year by the Bishop of Edinburgh, and since published. But the effect of the new High Church and Roman doctrine is to make a particular succession and order of men indispensable to the administration of the Sacraments, and therefore to the reception of the special graces of the Gospel. It is evident that if there be such a class of men, if this be the character of the priesthood and of the episcopacy, Christians in general are at the mercy of priests and bishops. An indispensable caste can make its own terms. Its members are in the position of a king reigning by Divine right; and, in short, the only difference between such a system and Roman Catholicism is that it possesses a corporate Papacy, composed

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\* 'Church Quarterly Review,' July, 1878, p. 304.

of several thousand clergy, instead of a single Pope. This is the sacerdotalism which the English laity repudiate; and its practical meaning is admitted with an opportune candour in the statement just quoted.

A startling disillusion would await these priests, if ever the experiment of disestablishment were to be tried. They would find that the laity, once driven to protect themselves from clerical usurpations, would take good care that the Protestantism which they cherish in the Prayer Book, as in the other formularies of the Church, was enforced upon her ministers with a stringency never yet approached. The High Churchmen of the day are endeavouring to read into the Prayer Book the corruptions which it was its very object to shake off, and they attempt to explain away the Articles in accordance with this perversion of historical truth. Should the laity have the opportunity of making their voice heard, they would finally prevent, at whatever cost, any such juggle with facts. It is impossible, however, within our space, to enter into the collateral controversies thus suggested. We trust we have sufficiently shown that the Church of England bears upon its face the most unmistakable marks of being a Protestant, no less than a Catholic, Church, and that, until the rise of the un-English school of theology now so prominent, it was united, alike by its history and by the principles of its greatest divines, with Protestant interests and Protestant principles. It is conceivable that the Ritualists and their High Church allies may seduce a considerable body of the English clergy from loyalty to those principles and interests. But in proportion as they succeed, they will produce an impassable gulf between the Church of England of the Reformation and that of the present day, and a similar and a more disastrous division between the English clergy and the English people. When the clergy abjure Protestantism, they will abjure all sympathy with one of the primary movements of English life; their Church will cease to be the Church of England, and they will sink into the condition of an ultramontane priesthood amidst a contemptuous laity.

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ART. IX.—1. *On Horseback through Asia Minor.* By Captain Fred Burnaby. In 2 vols. London, 1877.

2. *Transcaucasia and Ararat: being Notes of a Vacation Tour in the Autumn of 1876.* By James Bryce. London, 1877.

OF the three great sections into which Asiatic Turkey seems naturally to divide itself, none is so full of varied interest, past

past and present, none so thickly studded with the remnants of dynasties, races, religions, arts, usages, and whatever else diversifies and has diversified human life from the days, say of Ararat and the Flood, down to our own, as Asia Minor. Syria, that 'land of the prophets,' as the Arabs call it, has indeed a certain priority of rank from a literary and psychological point of view ; but its extent is narrow, and its dynastic importance has always been, the brief period of the Ommiade Chalifate excepted, proportionately small ; while Mesopotamia, the third and widest region of Ottoman rule, exhibits in its annals somewhat of the monotony of its geographical character, —a few vast features, with little speciality of detail. Not so Anatolia. There the land, a capricious chequer-work of fertility and barrenness, of dense population and lonely solitude, of rich meadow, salt marsh, plain, mountain, dense forest, shrubless plateau, valleys of almost tropical heat, peaks flecked with never-melting snow, mazy rivers, wild and dinted coast,—Nature's own fantastic kaleidoscope,—offers a fit back-scene for the motley actors who have played their part on its stage. Monarchs of every sceptre, from the almost pre-historic Assyrian to the Byzantine-Ottoman of our day ; conquerors of every sword, from Egyptian Sesostrius to Russian Paskievitch, and so round to Egyptian Ibrahim again ; races of every strain, from the rock-dwelling Troglodyte to the shop-keeping Levantine ; patriarchs of every degree, from Noah to Monseigneur Hassoun ; creeds of every range, from the devil-worshipping Yezedee to the Soofee pantheist ; architecture and arts, science or adornment, traced in sculpture, in memorial, in palace, in fortress, in pier, in bridge, in trenched canal or rock-hewn stair, Egyptian, Chaldean, Pontic, Greek, Roman, Armenian, Byzantine, Carduchian, Persian, Arabian, Seljook, Ottoman, neo-Greek, Italian, French, Anglo-American—the list is far from complete—each and all have left their mark, inscribed their record on the home of their sojourn.

And if, quitting the past, its monuments and its annals, we turn to the Anatolia of the present, what a medley of races, what a confusion of creeds, what an intricacy of unsolved problems, does it not offer to mind and eye ! Here are Turks, Ottoman, Seljookian, Ghuz, and Yakooti ; Turkomans, some settled, some nomade, of every tribe and immigration ; Tartars, from the banished remnant of Crimean independence to the quasi-Chinese Nogai of the Eastern steppe ; Koords, Zeybecs, Kizil-Bashis, Persians, Armenians, Circassians, Lesghians, Daghestanlees, Abkhasians ; Greeks, some of the mongrel Byzantine stock, some of unmixed Hellene origin ; Arabs, Negroes,

Negroes, Levantines, Poles, Hungarians, Europeans of every nationality, Americans also; and all these loosely bracketed together rather than bound, much less united, by that anomaly of anomalies, that compound of *laissez-faire* and over-government, that ill-sorted graft of Imperial bureaucratic centralization on Mongolian clanship and Asiatic individualism, the Ottoman administration of our day. Surely he must be a very bold, not to say presumptuous ethnographer who would profess in one, two, even a dozen volumes, to place in sight an adequate picture of so composite a landscape; to propound a satisfactory solution of so tangled an enigma; to reduce to unity of formula a sum made up of factors so many and so anomalous. But bolder yet must be he who, from the heights of Anatolia, would extend his speculative view over the entire Ottoman Empire, announce its present condition, predict its future, prescribe its reforms, proclaim its restoration or its ruin.

To a very different class of writers belongs the gallant but unassuming Captain the title of whose latest work heads this article. Proposing in his preface to supply no more than 'a sort of verbal photograph of what he saw and heard' during a five months' journey on horseback through the entire length, and well-nigh the breadth too, of Asia Minor, from Scutari to Van, and from Van northward to Batoum, Captain Burnaby systematically abstains not merely from wide-ranging and empirical speculation, but even from the most obvious comment, except such as the scenes around him inevitably dictate. Many indeed—a third, perhaps—of the life-pictures in his truly photographic gallery merely represent the Captain himself, his servants English or Turkish, his retinue, and his horses, in various groups and positions, semi-ludicrous the most: the precise Osman using Radford's best overcoat for a prayer-carpet; Obadiah—a black horse, of blacker character—lashing out at the cartridge-boxes; Mohammed's alarm in the clumsy Laz boat among the rocks and surf at the Chorook river-mouth; the Captain himself turned doctor, administering quinine by way of a remedy to a Persian lady in a 'delicate condition,' and so forth. Another third of the series is composed of landscape scenery, mountain ranges, hot plains and snowy heights, old fortress walls and modern earthworks, all correctly though sketchily indicated as they succeed each other on the wild inland track. With these, and constituting the remainder and, to us, the most interesting part of the work, are intermixed scenes taken from town and peasant life, Mahometan or Christian, conversations with Turkish officials, Armenian dignitaries, townsmen, villagers, Mollahs, Priests, Koords, Yezedees, and Levantines, all

all of them illustrative, not merely of Anatolian feelings, hopes, and fears at the outbreak of the great war, but also of the conditions of the neo-Ottoman administration, of public works, of conscription, taxation, law, and police; till the reader acquires, incidentally as it were, yet effectually, a very tolerable appreciation of the strength and the weakness, national, administrative, legal, and military, of Government and land.

'Superficial,' some will say of the Captain's narrative; and so in a manner it is. But the representation of an object, because superficial, is not always therefore inexact, or even inadequate. Where the substance is homogeneous throughout—as, for example, in a block of marble—or even where its composition, though of many constituents, is, like that of a granite mass, the same at the centre as on the outside, a survey of the uppermost layer may convey as correct an idea of the whole and its nature, as a section through the very centre. And this is eminently the case with Asiatic Turkey. Constantinople, Greece, Roumania, Servia—much that yet is, or till yesterday was, European Turkey—have mostly something, more or less, of a Western varnish, an outside coating, French or Austro-German, deceptive to a superficial view, puzzling to even the practised observer. But in the scarcely-modified Asiatic provinces, and particularly in untrodden Anatolia, human life is to the very core much the same as what it seems to the eye; and the first estimate, formed by one who has opportunities and knows how to use them, of men and things, will be found on lengthened experience to require little revision. Administrative problems there undoubtedly are, hard even to apprehend rightly, harder to solve; but these our equestrian author, with equal modesty and discretion, declines to attempt.

Captain Burnaby, the explorer of Turkestan and Khiva, is a man unquestionably endowed with more than ordinary quickness of observation, and has besides, while in Asia Minor, enjoyed every facility of acquiring information that a knowledge of the spoken Turkish, and five months' intimate converse with natives of every kind, class, and degree, can give. Such a witness deserves hearing. What, then, is his estimate of the inhabitants—that is, of the true and living resources of Ottoman dominion—in its chiefest stronghold, in Asia Minor? And first, how does he judge of the Turks themselves?

The Captain's verdict, though only incidentally given, is decisive enough. Amiable, considerate, brave, hospitable, patient, clear-sighted too within a rather near range, and prudent up to a certain point, the Turks appear yet in his pages—and we have every

every ground for affirming their truthfulness—what our Northern neighbours would call a ‘feckless’ lot, slow to act and slovenly in action, clumsy in execution, ineffectual in result. A very slipshod, out-at-elbows nation, with a yet more slipshod, out-at-elbows government to preside over them. Administrative talent that government undoubtedly possesses, but more than half of it is lost in the passage from theory to practice; much energy, too, latent though real, exists among the governed; while among the lower classes—more so, we fear, than among the upper and official—loyalty, good faith, devotedness, honour, courage exist and abound. But though the metal, iron or gold, be ever so genuine, all is alike dust-covered, rusted, corroded, of little present use; the materials lie confusedly piled-up, the unprofitable heap of a neglected lumber-yard, not the ready well-assorted arsenal of a State.

‘Though it appear a little out of fashion,  
There is much care and valour in this Welshman,’

says Shakespeare’s Henry. For ‘a little’ substitute ‘very much,’ and few Turkish pashas, or at least beys, but might take the place of Fluellen. Then as to the mass of the nation, peasants or townsmen, the material, so to call it, is of good stuff; there is no mere surface plating, no veneering, little even of alloy; but the tools want a whole process of sorting, furbishing, sharpening, remodelling, to be of practical use.

Is such a process possible yet? Captain Burnaby, in more than one passage of his book, rather hints at than suggests the answer; it is a favourable one on the whole. We will consider it further on. In the meantime—and we write in accordance with personal knowledge as intimate in character as that of our author himself, but of much longer duration—we have pleasure in contributing our own testimony to the correctness of outline with which he has sketched the Turks, governing and governed, of Anatolia and Koordistan.

Nor is the Captain less happy in his portraiture of the Koords, those Highlanders of Eastern Turkey, like enough for good and bad to our own Caledonian Highlandmen as they were, not now sixty, as when ‘Waverley’ first portrayed them, but nigh a hundred and sixty years since,—men abounding in rough energy, good fighters, hardy, high-minded, faithful to their chief and clan, but outside these limits fickle, predatory, lawless; ill neighbours to the lowland peasant border; ill subjects, and not seldom avowed rebels to the government they live under; a cheap purchase for Russian gold, a ready tool for Russian intrigue. And yet, if reduced, as according to Captain Burnaby’s.

naby's statement they easily might be, by a more efficacious rule to proper subjection, and disciplined into orderly habits of life, these very Koords would afford an invaluable supply of recruits to the exhausted Ottoman ranks; soldiers of less patient endurance, indeed, but of more dash and fire than the average Turk, and would besides form the best imaginable guard to the very frontier they now too often betray.

Less bellicose in disposition, but more labour-loving than the Koords, the Yezedeeds—who, by the way, seem hardly to stand as high in Captain Burnaby's favour as in Sir Austen Layard's—offer another instance of a race not devoid of intrinsic worth, but rendered almost valueless to the land they live in by the narrow-minded folly of the Ottoman bureaucracy, that will not, though well able in fact to do so, protect these unfortunate votaries of a heterodox creed from the molestations of orthodox bigots and from the exactions of the tax-gatherer, nowhere more ruinously oppressive than in these outlying districts. Much the same might be said of other similarly situated races or sects within Asiatic Turkey,—the Kizil-Bashis, for instance, the Ismaileeyah of Syria, and the Sabeans of Southern Chaldea; but these lie without our present scope.

Of the Anatolian Greeks, more numerous on the coast than in the interior, and consequently situated for the greater part outside the central route pursued by Captain Burnaby, little is noted. It may not, however, be amiss to remark that none other of the Christian races in Asia Minor possesses equal qualifications for supplying useful citizens, and even, though the assertion may appear almost paradoxical, loyal subjects of the State. We regret that want of space prevents us from entering further on a most interesting topic. But, in compensation, our Captain's journey led him through the very heart of the district that antiquarians and agitators love to designate 'Armenia'—a name, be it observed, as well suited to actual circumstances as Gallia Cisalpina would be to Piedmont—and of the Armenians accordingly he has much to tell. Here, again, his verdict, however jocosely put, agrees in substance with the more serious one again and again pronounced by those best acquainted with the children of Haik. In the shrewdness that is of the counter, and the industry that is of the desk, in the eagerness after gain too, though not in the love of gorgeous expenditure when gain has been made, they bear a certain resemblance to the Jewish race. Here, however, the likeness ceases. Servile by nature even more than by training, effeminately timid, unvaracious, and narrow in heart and mind, Armenians might indeed become, under a well-regulated government, a useful business element in  
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the 'community, thriving shopkeepers, successful merchants, shrewd money-changers and lenders—but that they are already—bankers even; but scarcely more. For soldiering they have little aptitude, physical or moral; for administration none. In personal cleanliness and self-respect, as in morality, taking the word in its broadest as in its narrowest sense, they are below every race around them, the Georgians and the Yezedees perhaps excepted. At present, halting between two opinions, or rather two masters,—the Russian, whom they distrust, and the Ottoman, whom they dislike,—they add one difficulty more to the many in the way of imperial re-organization, and by so doing render their own future, otherwise though not exactly brilliant, yet far from unhopeful, a matter of doubt and gloom. It is among the orthodox Armenians of Anatolia, as among the Nestorian Chaldeans of Koordistan, that Protestantism, here taught by American missionaries, has made the widest progress; but the impulse, though real, does not, on close examination, appear likely to result in any very marked or permanent improvement.

Confirmed in the main, though not always so, by subsequent events, the opinions formed by Captain Burnaby himself, or heard and recorded by him, regarding the Russian aggression then imminent, and Turkey's preparation, or rather want of preparation, for resistance, will be read with interest; and will further serve, if rightly understood, as landmarks or points of departure from which to make something of a prospective survey for the all too probable future. From a military point of view, it is, we admit, a disheartening look-out. No Saxon Ethelbert ever more truly deserved the epithet of 'Unready,' than do, by our author's showing, the Stamboul bureaucracy and its agents at this day.

One topic only remains to claim our brief yet serious notice, before we conclude our summary of the 'Ride through Asia Minor.' By his incidental but frequently recurring notices of Russian intrigue and Cossack barbarity—a barbarity outdoing, unless the best-supported evidence is to go for nothing, the very worst excesses of the worst Bashi-Bozooks that ever disgraced the Ottoman cause—Captain Burnaby lays himself as a writer open to criticism, though not, we fear, to actual refutation. Few will hesitate to admit that among the many occasions on which Mr. Gladstone has unhappily shown himself careless or forgetful of the obligations alike of statesmanship and of common justice, none has been more glaring than when he eagerly availed himself of the foul misdeeds of a few undisciplined irregulars to besmirch therewith the face of an entire nation, or rather,

rather,—for his hasty generalizations reached thus far,—of well nigh a third part of the human race. May not Captain Burnaby, while dilating in his turn on the abominations of Cossack troopers, and using them for applications scarce less wide than those indulged in by Mr. Gladstone when gloating over the crimes of Bashi-Bozooks and Circassians, have fallen into somewhat of a similar error? True, we admit, that the Cossack ‘atrocities’ thus recorded were in many instances, as documentary evidence but too clearly shows, not merely connived at,—as may perhaps have been occasionally the case with those of the Ottoman auxiliaries,—but actually encouraged, nay enjoined, by Russian Generals themselves. True also, that the profession,—we dare hardly under the circumstances call it more,—of the Christian religion, adds by contrast a deeper shade to Muscovite crime. True that the Ottoman Government has, during the late war, as systematically abstained from, nay discountenanced, the questionable aid of fanaticism, that mother of bad-faith and cruelty, as the hostile Autocracy has encouraged, invoked, flaunted it in the face of the world. Yet we would gladly think, at least, in the interest of the human species, that Russia is not altogether the pandemonium that Captain Burnaby paints her; unscrupulous, we allow, in intrigue, cruel in conquest, unsparing in repression, she yet confers on the races she incorporates into her vast Empire something of her own energy, bears them along with her on her own line, such as she has traced it for herself, of progress. Nor can we deny that there may exist in Central Asia races so stagnant, tribes so barbarous, that even Russian annexation may be to them a real boon in the exchange. But these are topics for separate consideration.

Very unlike in every respect to Captain Burnaby’s amusing work is the second on our list. With a creditable knowledge of ancient history, and a marked turn—frequent enough to the bookish and professional mind—for speculative generalization, but ignorant, it would seem, not merely of Turkish but of every other vernacular language of the Eastern lands through which he travelled, Mr. Bryce, in a hasty autumn tour of a few weeks, traversed Russia from St. Petersburg to Tiflis, visited the neighbourhood and ascended the summit of Mount Ararat, and returning by Poti, embarked on the Black Sea for Constantinople. His observations on Russia and Transcaucasia, made from the windows of a railway carriage, and supplemented by the remarks of fellow-tourists, Russian officials, German settlers, and French-speaking Armenian priests, have much the same value as they might have had if made by him before his trip instead of after, with the help of a good atlas, a few books of reference, and

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some illustrated local papers, in his rooms at Lincoln's Inn. Want of space, however, compels us reluctantly to hurry over his well-written but scarcely original pages till, in company with the author, we reach, what is to us at present, as indeed it appears to have been to him also, the object of special interest, namely, Anatolia, and with it the Ottoman Empire in general, about all which a valuable source of personal information was opened to him by the distant view of the Southern Black Sea coast, as he skirted it on his voyage from the Rion to the Bosphorus.

It is something, no doubt, to have journeyed by rail from St. Petersburg to the Caucasus, and again from Tiflis in a Russian carriage or 'tarantass,'—we are happy to learn from Mr. Bryce that this latter conveyance was, in spite of its ominous-sounding name, a 'comfortable' one; more yet to have ascended Mount Ararat itself, a feat apparently less difficult in performance than in anticipation; six days on board a Russian steamer in the Black Sea are something also. Nor can we doubt that much clever and interesting talk about the East, and what therein is, must have passed between Mr. Bryce and such of his travelling companions or entertainers as a common acquaintance with French or German, or, in their defect, the convenient intervention of an interpreter, enabled him to converse with. Yet we can hardly hold that a tour of this nature, conducted after this fashion, is enough to warrant the very decided judgments passed by the author of 'The Holy Roman Empire' on the governments and races through whose territory he travelled, still less on those through whose land he did not. Mr. Bryce, however, who appears to have climbed to the top of Ararat chiefly as to a convenient place from whence to fling stones at Turkey, is evidently of a different opinion; and, accordingly, supplies us with views of admirable distinctness illustrative of the past, present, and future of trans-Caucasia, Anatolia, and the Ottoman Empire at large. And, truly, the view of Asiatic Turkey, as surveyed through his spy-glass from the heights of Sardarbulakh, or from the deck of the Black Sea steamer, is a sad one, and we cannot wonder that, to use our author's own words, it produced on him an 'impression of melancholy.' Far away in the interior of 'Armenia,'—by which denomination, as well as we can gather from some rather vague topographical allusions, is intended Koordistan,—Mr. Bryce sees 'a timid and inoffensive people,' Armenians, of course, 'slaughtered by thousands in their blazing villages;' 'massacres and torturings' the order of the day; everywhere woman treated by man as 'an inferior creature altogether,' and 'reckoned a link between him and the brutes,'  
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to be 'treated with little more regard than the latter,' or rather less, as they are 'lourly exposed to the lust of tyrannical officials,' a statement almost as correct as if it were made about English ladies and English policemen. After this, it is something of a comfort, because an implied alleviation of female suffering, to learn from Mr. Bryce, (though on what experience he founds the assertion he does not say,) that 'Muslim women are almost mindless.' Under the circumstances, it would be better still, we think, if they were altogether so. Meanwhile, so wide extends the prospect through Mr. Bryce's telescope, 'from the Euphrates to the Bosphorus all is silence, poverty, despair,' and no wonder, since throughout Turkey 'nobody has any motive to save money, for it would be taken from him as soon as he was known to have it,' though whether by the 'tyrannical officials,' who 'carry off men's daughters,' or the 'armed neighbour who seizes the fields,' or the Koords who wander everywhere, 'plundering and murdering to their hearts' content,' is not exactly clear. In fact,—and this is about the only truth in Mr. Bryce's elaborate invective against a government and a people of whom he knows absolutely nothing,—'what cruelties and oppression go on in these almost unexplored regions, nobody knows;' a very natural consequence of there being nothing of the kind he describes or hints at to know. That our learned author should conclude his amazing diatribe by announcing as 'a fact which comes home with unexpected force to the traveller who sees even a little of Asiatic Turkey, that the Turkish Government is dying' does not surprise us; it is but the self-evident deduction from the premisses of which we have now given a scanty sample. But of what value are the premisses themselves?

Happily for the future, the imagination of Mr. Bryce, or rather that of his informants and prompters, is not less fertile to invent remedies than evils. Annexation to Russia, where possible; where, however, this unfortunately cannot be effected, the formation of independent Christian Principalities, Armenia first and foremost; and beyond its limits, which Mr. Bryce with unwonted modesty abstains from tracing, the introduction, among the Mahometan population of course, of 'large bodies of industrious European settlers,' to whom lands are to be assigned for a 'merely nominal payment,' the whole, as our author naïvely admits, to precipitate 'the fall of the Turkish dominion;' so runs the programme. Best of all, any uneasiness on our part about the possible consequences of these rather sweeping measures to our own Mediterranean supremacy or Indian Empire, is obviated by Mr. Bryce's ready assurance that the annexation by Russia of  
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Turkish Armenia, whatever its extent, would no way imperil England's hold upon her Indian possessions; that even a Russian control of the Bosphorus would not make any serious difference to us; that the power and ambition of Russia have been grossly exaggerated in England; that Russia—we have her own word for it, and what better can we want?—has no desire for the acquisition of more territory, Batoum excepted, &c.

Serious comment on opinions and statements of the kind would be mere waste of time and labour. Unsupported as they are alike by personal information and by trustworthy hearsay, at variance equally with existent facts and future probabilities, they can only be regarded as the day-dreams of a historical professor, who has on this occasion assumed somewhat of the character of a newspaper reporter, dashed with that of a political partisan. Nor need we insist at length upon the absolute contrast between reveries of this sort, and the plain unvarnished tale of Captain Burnaby, the eye-witness of whatever he describes, the intimate companion and guest of the natives among whom he travels; the practical and experienced officer, the fearless explorer of Khiva and Turkestan.

There was a time when European, and particularly English visitants of Turkey, fresh on their return home from the courtesy and hospitality of the East, and with minds not merely interested but gratified by the picturesque quaintness of what might, by comparison with Western Europe, be called almost a primitive condition of life, were apt to bring up, if anything, a too favourable report of the Morning Land, and not least of its noblest Empire, the Ottoman. This was remarkably the case immediately after the close of the Crimean war, when the natural sympathy felt by ourselves for those in whose cause, and by whose side, we had fought and conquered, was additionally warmed and intensified by fair hopes of Turkish reform and progress; nor least by the then ready and punctual discharge of pecuniary obligations. To promote this friendly feeling was part, nor the least essential one, of Lord Palmerston's far-sighted Eastern policy. But with that statesman's death Turkish popularity died also; impatience that reforms which would have required half a century to perfect were not carried out in a day, succeeded to hopeful confidence; the Cretan insurrection and Mr. Gladstone's five-years ministry each contributed in its way to a growing dissatisfaction with our late ally; and the avowed insolvency of 1875, while it annihilated every lingering remnant of England's good-will towards her luckless debtor, left the public mind only too fully predisposed to the unparalleled outburst of hysterical

hysterical hatred that signalled the autumn of 1876. Thus it came about that a free field was left open to the utmost virulence of party animosity and priestly fanaticism combined: and not only every depreciatory truth, of which, alas! the Ottoman Empire affords an ample crop, but every calumny, however baseless, every slander, however foul, every lie, however barefaced, found welcome and credence, so it were uttered against the Turkish Government and race. Of this mode of procedure we have just seen in Mr. Bryce's book a very moderate, a very temperate sample. Nothing was too evil to be believed, nothing too monstrous to be asserted of 'the Turk;' not his reform; but his extermination, and that literal and speedy, was the general cry.

Followed in rapid succession the events of the war-havoc let loose by that very cry; then tales, first whispered, gradually outspoken, of Russian insolence and cruelty; then the heroic defence of Plevna; and before these counterblasts the shrieking storm, however urged on in speech and pamphlet by the mighty *Æolus* of Blackheath and St. James's Hall, gradually died away, to be succeeded by a lull, not without indications of a steadier wind setting in from an opposite quarter. Next came the Berlin Congress, and the definite cessation of actual strife; and now, with the war itself, the sympathetic animosities of British partisanship have also, we trust, in great measure subsided, and a dispassionate survey of the Ottoman East has become, what for a couple of twelvemonths past it has scarcely ever been, a possible thing. That it should be so concerns us nearly; us, the allies of Turkey, and the guarantees of her reform. Now then, if ever, let us attempt, calmly and dispassionately, to understand the true character alike of the Ottoman Government and of the races over which it yet rules, and thence to forecast, so far as may be, the existing chances of its survival and renovation, or its accelerated decay and final fall.

Twice already in the course of its history has the Turkish Empire passed through a gloomy period of depression and even disintegration, threatening imminent ruin: twice has its own inherent vigour restored it, uplifted and reconsolidated, to scarce diminished greatness, and falsified the over-confident predictions of those who had unhesitatingly proclaimed it at the point of extinction. The first recorded crisis commenced in the latter part of the sixteenth century, about two hundred and fifty years after the foundation of the mighty dynasty by the first Othman, and scarce twenty from the death of Suleyman the Magnificent, the most splendid, if not the truly ablest, of Turkish Sultans. It was inaugurated by the death of the Grand-Vizier Sokoli, long the

the good genius of Ottoman rule, and went on with ever-increasing rapidity of decline and ruin till the reign of Murad IV., some fifty years later. It is worth while comparing the circumstances of the Empire at that time with those at the present, that we may better be able to compare the possibilities of its recovery also. Miserable indeed was then its condition: how miserable we may know from the unimpeached testimony of King James the First's talented ambassador to the Sublime Porte, Sir Thomas Roe; beside whose dreary picture even Mr. Bryce's fancy sketch appears a cheerful landscape.

'The Empire,' writes Sir Thomas to the English monarch, 'has become like an old body, crazed through many vices which remain when the youth and strength is decayed. All the territory of the Grand Seignior is dispeopled for want of justice, or rather by reason of violent oppression; so much so that in the best parts of Greece and Anatolia a man may ride three, four, and sometimes six days, and not find a village able to feed him and his horse: whereby the revenue is so lessened that there is not wherewithal to pay the soldiers and to maintain the court. . . . This is the true estate of this so much feared greatness; and the wisest men in the country foresee it, and retyre their estates as fast as they can, fearing that no haste can prevent their danger.'

Such was the internal condition of Turkey, European and Asiatic, in 1622! Not her bitterest enemy, not Mr. Bryce, not Mr. E. Freeman himself, would venture to assert that it is worse than it is at present, in 1878. But perhaps her political and external aspects were brighter than now? Let us see. On the south, Egypt was practically independent, Tripoli and Tunis wholly so; to the east, the Persians, victorious in every encounter, had rent away from Ottoman rule the whole of Koor-distan, Mesopotamia, and the Pashalik and town of Bagdad, the second in the Empire; Syria was in open revolt: Anatolia, wholly severed from the Porte, obeyed the self-appointed chief and rebel Abasa: to the north, the Cossack fleets rode unopposed in the Black Sea, and, not content with ravaging its coasts, menaced the Bosphorus and Constantinople itself: on the west, the long series of Turkish reverses that culminated in the loss of Belgrade, had already begun. Such was, if we may be allowed to borrow from the French a convenient word, the 'situation' in the third decade of the seventeenth century. Is it worse in the nineteenth?

The second great crisis, terminated by the life and death struggle between Mahmood II. and his rebellious Janissaries, commenced shortly after the ruinous wars that imposed on the Porte the dishonourable treaty of Kainarji in 1774. From that



date up to 1826—that is for upwards of fifty years—scarce a European observer, writer, or statesman, but pronounced the death-verdict of the Ottoman Empire. And they seemed well justified in doing so. No clearer-sighted politician was then on the Western stage than the Austrian Thugut; and what his opinion was regarding the Kainarji treaty, and its inevitable results, we are not left to conjecture:—

‘The Ottoman Empire,’ he writes, ‘is now become a Russian province, whence the Czar may draw money and troops at will. Russia, already able to dictate her orders to the Sultan and to compel his obedience, may perhaps for a few years yet content herself with reigning in his name, till she judges that the moment has arrived for taking definite possession of his territories. The Turkish Government, rotten down to its very roots, has been for some time past preparing, as though on purpose, and better than the arms of Russia could do, the destruction of its Eastern Empire. . . . A nation on the point of disappearing for ever from the political scene.’

And more to the like effect. Nor was Thugut singular in his vaticinations. The Russian Empress Catherine, the Austrian Joseph, the Prussian Frederick, English statesmen and politicians like Fox and Whitbread, French writers with Voltaire and Volney to head them, all thought and expressed themselves alike. And certainly when not a single province worth speaking of remained under the obedience of the Porte, when the efficiency of the Ottoman fleet had perished with Ghazi Hasan, and that of the army in universal revolt; while Constantinople itself was for weeks together the battle-field of armed factions bent only on mutual destruction; when one Sultan crouched, hid and trembling, in an inner chamber, while another expired under the assassins’ bowstring, then indeed the flames that rose high over the burning ruins of the Imperial Palace might have seemed the funeral pyre of the House and throne of Osman.

Thus a second time the Empire lay on what seemed its death-bed, a second time, as the first, to arise to a new life, revived and rejuvenescent, as in 1640 so again in 1820, by the untiring energy of the great men, sovereigns, ministers, and statesmen, who knew by their own personal influence and action, not less than by reforms—some, indeed, inadequate to the full and permanent requirements of the State, others, like those of Mahmood II., excessive in their very completeness, yet adapted in their kind to the spirit and exigencies of the times—how to evoke and give expression and effect to the latent but undying vigour of the Turkish race. Thus it was that Murad IV. by the stern justice of his iron rule, and the Kûprelis by the wonderful administrative talent hereditary for three generations in their race,

race, arrested the sinking Empire on the very brink of its first ruin; while the noble but ill-fated Seleem, and his more vigorous though scarce better-starred successor, the second Mahmood, with that great trio of modern statesmen, Rasheed, Aali, and Fuad, combined to avert the second doom.

We pass lightly over the historical details of either crisis, in the supposition that our readers are, the most at any rate, sufficiently versed in Ottoman history to require no minute recapitulations of its events. But one thing there is worthy of special remark, namely, that in 1640 as in 1820, Turkey was, though more completely so in the former instance, free for the time from the complications of unfriendly interference and intrigue within her own borders. Left to herself with breathing-time sufficient, though short, her efforts at the beginning of the seventeenth century were wholly directed towards reconstructing, but only on the original foundations and after the original plan, the edifice reared by the nine first Sultans of the Ottoman line, and completed by the legislative skill even more than by the victorious arms of the tenth, Suleyman the Magnificent; while in the nineteenth she attempted to re-arrange not merely the superstructure, but the foundations themselves, after a new fashion, copied from European and chiefly,—as Turkey's evil destinies willed it,—from French models. Thus the second reform had in itself a root of instability absent from the former, and its fruit, fairer indeed in its first seeming, was quicker to decay. For reform, like government, is an organic process, and discontinuity in organisms is not far from death. Yet the over-speedy blight of the fair promise given at Gul-Khaneh must be in great measure ascribed, not to intrinsic defect, but to the ill-fortune of the times, and the fatal necessity of encountering the persistent, implacable, never-resting hostility of Turkey's hereditary Northern enemy, and with it simultaneously, or in quick succession, the Greek, Egyptian, Montenegrin, Bosnian, and Candian revolts; but more than all by the cunningly-contrived system of meddlesome intrigue and traitorous friendship, alternating with open threats and violence, which has for the last fifty years summed up Russia's dealings at the Porte, till it bore its ripened fruits of bankruptcy, desolation, and death, under the latter reign of Ignatieff's hapless tool, the insane Abd-el-Azeez. But for these it is well possible that the new order of things, initiated by the wholesale massacre of the Janissaries, and the more gradual but equally total destruction of the hereditary Pashas and Derch-Begs, and continued by the edict of Gul-Khaneh, the Tanzeemat of Abd-el-Mejeed, and the Teshkeel of Fuad might, in spite of

inherent defects, have truly and ultimately proved for Turkey the realization of Lord Palmerston's hopes. At any rate, the third terrible collapse into which the Ottoman Empire has even now fallen might have been, if not prevented, at least deferred.

From that collapse, military, political, financial, administrative, universal in a word, which found its full expression in the ignominious articles of San Stephano, and the all-but-occupation of the capital itself by Cossack troops, Turkey now revives, or seems to revive. At worst a respite. But under what conditions is that respite? Propped up by the stipulations of the Berlin Treaty, the Ottoman flag yet casts a flickering and uncertain shadow over a third—hardly a third—of what once was the European dominion of Othman's sons; while, even within the narrowed limits left, the complex elements of national or tribal life, more than half released from the common pressure that had for so many centuries kept them in a state of suspended animation, are hourly 'quickenings into forms,' lower or higher as may be, but all anti-Ottoman. In truth, Constantinople and its immediate—we had almost said suburban—neighbourhood excepted, Turkey's European rule, even over what war and Congress have left her, is practically over; and the sooner she recognises the fact, and accommodates herself to it, the better. She has had her trial as a European Power, and while such has rendered to Europe the not inconsiderable service,—now more readily perceived by the actual contrast of things,—of binding together under one masterful rule, and restraining under one acknowledged discipline, the jealous turbulence and restless barbarism of the small mongrel races that dwell from the Ægean to the Adriatic. Thus much she has done, and no more. It is now time for her to restore in her turn to Europe what she took, scarcely changed, not much deteriorated, perhaps, from its original condition, but not at all improved either. Bulgarians, Servians, Montenegrins, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, Albanians, in what are they the better for the three or four centuries they have vegetated under Ottoman rule? What has that rule contributed to their advancement, body or mind? or have they not rather gone back, lands and peoples together? Let the 'Consul's Daughter' reply.

But if of little worth themselves, of what value have they been to their Ottoman ruler? Unequal to the task of development, unknowing how to assimilate, he has at the best of times derived no appreciable advantage from his European possessions; while for a full century and more, that is, from the days of the Russian Catherine to our own, they have been to him a  
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dead weight, a constant source of weakness, a drain on his armies and finances, a pretext for outside interference and intrigue, a paralysis to the entire body of the State. The revenues drawn from European Turkey collectively, from 1760 to 1876, would not counterbalance the wasteful expenditure of means and men in one single campaign of the many waged by the Porte against the rebel rulers of Servia, Widdin, or Janina, and the insurgent bands of Bosnia, Albania, and Montenegro during that period. But greater far than any loss of treasure or territory in Europe, has been the evil done by the persistent and forced withdrawal of the attention of the Ottoman Government from the loyal Asiatic provinces, fertile alike in land and men, the true strength of the Empire; and, by natural sequence, the neglect, mismanagement, and decay of the Eastern Empire. Had the treasures cast away and the forces squandered on struggles betwixt the Danube and the Adriatic been concentrated on the defence and organization of the East, not only would Russia have been for ever kept back from the Black Sea shores, and Crimea and Caucasus, Tiflis and Kars, been Turkish possessions at this day, but Anatolia would never have been desolated by famine, Koordistan by robber bands, nor Syria become a mere skirmishing-field of unruly clans, nor Egypt sundered, as she now is, absolutely and for ever, from Ottoman rule.

Fate and worse ambition willed it otherwise. When Mahomet II. planted his standard on the walls of Constantinople, he did but fulfil the necessity of things that assigns Byzantium for the capital of the Eastern Mediterranean littoral and the adjacent lands. This the statesmanship, disguised under a well-known dream-myth, of the first Othman had foreseen and forecast under the thatched roof of Edeballi a century and a half before the Crescent banner floated in triumph from the towers of Stamboul; and had his conqueror-descendant stayed his advance there, the empire his great achievement had consolidated and crowned might have been now the first, the mightiest, the wealthiest, the noblest of Mahometan Asia. But Europe lured him on with her Pandora beauty, and the added inheritance that his later victories bequeathed to the Empire, was an inheritance of evil and decay. The two ablest of his successors, Seleem I. and Murad IV., well understood this, and devoted their amazing energy to the recovery, consolidation, and extension of their Eastern empire; while the Asiatic triumphs of Suleyman I., the most brilliant but not the most judicious of the royal house of Othman, during a series of campaigns extending over twenty years, contrast ominously with his disgraceful repulse before Vienna,

Vienna, and the ephemeral character of his Hungarian, Transylvanian, and Istrian annexations.

If, then, the statesmen of Constantinople be worthy of their name, they will accept with the readiness of genuine satisfaction, not with the unavailing dilatoriness of regret, the decree, based on deeper and more lasting foundations than those of congresses and treaties, which deprives them of what they should in their own interest never have coveted or possessed—the rule over unhomogeneous races, the maintenance of a system unsuited to Europe, and that Europe will not tolerate within herself; and which bestows on them in exchange, so they know how to use their heritage aright, the supremacy of Western Asia. There they are truly at home, and can, if they choose, prove a principle of order, of cohesion, of vigour, and even of progress, to the nations. Koords and Arabs, Turkomans and Zeybecs, Syrians and Nabatheans, Ansaireeyah and Yezeedees, all these demand no new institutions, no special privileges; they ask only equal justice, the maintenance of order, wise government, helpful impulse. And all these the Ottoman can grant, and be benefited by the granting.

It is on her Asiatic possessions accordingly, within which, however, be it understood once for all, are included Constantinople and the adjoining seaboard, from the Gulf of Enos on the Ægean to that of Bourghaz on the Black Sea, and inland to the river Maritza and the Kuchuk Balkan, that Turkey should henceforth concentrate her attention, here inaugurate and carry out those reforms without which her existence even as an Asiatic Power cannot outlast many years. In Europe she has henceforth but a diplomatic interest; in Asia are all her hopes, all her future. No mean hopes, no inglorious future so she know, even she, at least in this her day.

We need not dwell on the natural resources of Asia Minor, more copious and more varied than those of any other known region of equal dimensions, nor expatiate on the capabilities of lovely Syria, nor of the rich plains watered by the Tigris and the Euphrates, nor on the commercial uses that might so easily be made of the southern coast of the Persian Gulf and the eastern shores of the Red Sea. All this has been described over and over again in a hundred books, the narratives of travellers and the records of officials, ready at hand for consultation and use. Nor shall we detain our readers by going over the oft-trodden ground of the various nationalities that inhabit these fair or profitable regions; nor bring witnesses from Van Hammer Purgstall down to the late 'Traveller' of the 'Times' to show that none of those races offer in themselves any difficulties in the way

way of Ottoman government which the ordinary application of law, police, and administrative energy cannot remove. We do not indeed here speak of the effects of foreign intrigue: who would know how far such influence has already worked on the easily-bribed Koord and the timid Armenian of the eastern frontier, what gold has been distributed, what decorations bestowed, above all what promises,—to be observed in due time as Russian promises invariably are,—have been lavished broadcast among the easily deluded semi-barbarians of those lands, may find in Captain Burnaby's writings a few notable samples; the unrecorded ones are more. *Ex pede Herculem*, the system is vast, and has been long at work. In Syria too, and particularly among the tribes over which the shadow of Lebanon casts a tinge of Tancredian romance, foreign influences have made no inconsiderable way; to what purport the unhappy annals of 1860 can tell; while the American and Catholic Missions of upper Chaldea have each in turn too often evoked the demons of dissatisfaction and insubordination in aid of their own internecine rivalries. But these are exceptions and exotics, which could be to a great extent kept under, and even wholly removed, by a good administration leaving no just causes of complaint, and the vigilant superintendence befitting the circumstances.

To sum up, the Turkish Sultan, exclusive of what he retains on the western side of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, rules yet with absolute sway over about nineteen millions of subjects, thus approximately divided:—of Turkish descent, all included, eleven millions; of Koords, rather over than under a million; Druses, Ansaiireeyah, Ismaileeyah, Yezeedees, Kizil-Bashis, and other minor sects, the offspring of Mahometan, palæo-Persian, Indian, and Gnostic parentage intermixed, a million more; Armenians, Orthodox, Catholic, and Protestant taken together, say, two millions and a half; Greeks of motley origin and creed, a full million; Syrians, Chaldeans, Jews and Maronites, half a million; Arabs, mostly Bedouin or pastoral, some few agricultural, Tartar and Circassian immigrants, nomade Turkomans, and the like, not much short of a million; Nabatheans and mixed tribes on the upper Persian Gulf, half a million.

These, then, are the living materials with which the Ottoman Administration has henceforth to work, from these it has to draw its strength, its wealth, its existence. Long neglected, governed on a vicious and decrepit system, drained by unequal conscription and ill-distributed taxation, their energies thwarted or misapplied, their mutual animosities not rarely fostered and encouraged, they have still in them the making of a mighty empire,

empire, capable not merely of self-maintenance, but of extension and growth. How this may be is what we have now, however briefly, to consider.

'Reform.' Once more this is the watchword of respite Turkey; uttered this time with the added emphasis of England's special and stipulated guarantee. Rashly, as party-critics murmur, wisely, as we deliberately hold, anyhow the guarantee has been given; the spoken promise cannot be recalled. 'Reform:' word listened to with scarce-disguised repugnance in the East, with open ridicule in the West. Can it be otherwise? Reckless borrowing, wasteful expenditure, Bourse swindles, embezzling adventurers, the worst type of European bureaucracy engrafted on Asiatic supineness, pseudo-centralization powerful to exhaust, powerless to sustain or repair, respected and national usages trampled on to make way for bad imitations of third-class foreign customs; a sham educational system, a sham parliamentary representation, a sham literature, a sham budget, a sham civilization: these are what, in the latter years especially, Reform has practically meant for Turkey. In Europe it has come to mean disappointed expectations, frustrated hopes, lost capital, mere delusion. Is it strange if the very sound be hated in the former land, heard only with derision, such as we have lately witnessed at its mention in our own House of Commons, in the latter? And how in the North? The memoir, real or pretended, said to have been drawn up by Turkey's deadliest foe, the late Nicholas, for the guidance of his successor on the throne and in the policy of St. Petersburg, may supply the answer. And that answer, whatever may be the value of the document itself into which it has been incorporated, is genuine enough. 'It is most important,'—for the utter and speedy ruin of the Ottoman Empire, that is,—'to confirm the Sultan in his pseudo-reforms, and to push him on in the same way.' Let Turkey's friends and advisers well consider this; lest while they eagerly urge what they believe to be remedies, they in truth administer poisons. Scarce less worthy of note, though little likely to avail against the cupidity of loan-mongers and the selfishness of the money-market, are the words that follow. 'Of equal importance is it that the Porte should never get clear of financial embarrassment.' Words of deepest significance.

Once for all, then, let Turkey understand that it is not by exotic implantings, not by empirical imitations, that the word 'Reform' is to be construed either by her or by her true-hearted counsellor and ally, precedent-loving England; but by a healthful recurrence to her own national and vital institutions, and the  
modification



modification of them where needed, adapting them to the newer world and age we live in. We will now, without further preface, suggest the points, few in number, of paramount importance, leaving aside those of lesser consequence, nor entering into details which the common sense of administrators can or ought to supply.

First then, a word regarding the Imperial Palace itself. Let its indwellers call to mind that all the great monarchs, who during three centuries and a half of vigour unparalleled in any other recorded dynasty, built up and consolidated the mighty Empire which two centuries following of the unremitting hostility of Russia and her allies have not yet prevailed to destroy, were without exception, not immured in dark Seraglio recesses, thence to be dragged forth to face all at once with dazed eyes the broad light of day and the splendours of a throne, but were brought up from their earliest years in the busiest turmoil of active life, Commanders of armies, Governors of provinces, Vicegerents of Empire. With Ahmed I., the first called, in 1603, from the imprisonment of the 'Kawah,' that fatal palace-cage, to gird on the typical sword of Empire, commenced the progressive enfeeblement, spite of a few noble exceptions, of the old Sultan type in the family of Othman. If, then, that family would not utterly perish, it must return to the habits of better days. Nor is it for them a necessity merely of actual self-preservation: the entire Empire is at stake. *Balook bash-den kohar*, 'the fish rots from the head downwards,' says the homely Turkish proverb; in Turkish rule the Sultan will always be, not nominally only but in very fact, the Head; and on his personal qualifications for the post he occupies much will depend, if not all.

Regarding Constantinople itself, its ministries, its bureaux, its institutions, its police, its functionaries, its taxation, all crying out for Reform though they are, we will not speak separately. In a healthy State the capital is nothing else than the concentration, the summary, the gathered reflex of the empire; and to the empire at large and as a whole we accordingly pass on, secure that if the reflected object be as it should be, the mirrored image will be thereby remedied quietly and of itself.

And this consideration brings us to the first measure, one of absolute, indispensable necessity throughout the length and breadth of the Asiatic provinces, which are in fact the Ottoman Empire of the future. It is the entire, uncompromising equalization of all subjects, whatever their race, speech, or creed, before the State and the Law. Or, to put it yet more clearly, the absolute ignoring, by Law and State alike, of any religious or  
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ethnical distinction whatever within the Empire. The work foreshadowed or inaugurated by the Edict of Gul-Khaneh and the Tanzeemat must be completed in its full extent. Except for the varied invocation in the preliminary oath, the tribunal must not know whether the witness before it be Mahometan, Christian, Yezedee or Jew: whatever be the formula of sworn duty and allegiance, the same military uniform must clothe the limbs of Jew and Yezedee, Christian and Mahometan alike. No exception, no exemption. More yet, every post of office, every dignity, every rank civil or military throughout the State, (Royalty alone, as with us, excepted,) must be equally and indifferently open to each and every one, according to his individual worth and qualifications, and from the list of those qualifications race and creed must be rigorously and finally excluded. Lastly, every burden imposed by the necessities and for the benefit of the State, taxation, conscription, military or naval, reserve-service, and whatever else, must be borne alike, though proportionately, by all. No exemption, again, no exception. From the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf the title of 'Ottoman' must do duty for and supersede all others. Every man,—to expect it of every woman would be too much, perhaps, nor is it needed for the moment,—should recognise and feel himself a subject of the Ottoman sceptre, a member of the Ottoman Empire first of all: and a Christian, a Mahometan, a Jew, a Druse, a Yezedee, a what you will, in the second place only. And this they soon will, if recognised and treated in no other way by the State. Thus, and thus only, will the deadly cancer of internal disaffection—originated by caste and sect, and studiously kept ever open and gnawing by foreign intrigue, till it has even now rendered necessary the amputation of whole limbs from the Empire, and has tainted what diminished remnant of sound substance yet remains—be healed and disappear, once and for ever.

Is this possible in Asiatic Turkey? It is possible. And the Koran? How can Mahometans agree to live on terms of equality with non-Mahometans, the faithful with unbelievers? Just as Christians of various sects do more or less, and the more the better, in European lands, and in accordance with the same process. Time was, nor so far back, when not Christianity merely, but some particular form of Christianity, was indispensable to the enjoyment of civic privileges and honours in one land, to that of the most ordinary civic rights in another, to actual existence in a third. The scale had, indeed, its range, from the Blood Tribunal of Alva and the Dragonnades of Louis XIV. at one end, to Test Acts and Catholic or Jewish disabilities at the other: but it was only a question of degree,  
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the principle of social and civil imparity based on dogmatic diversity was admitted and acted on by every nation under 'what Europe takes the sun to be.' Now, the extremities of that very Europe alone, and those only in a measure, excepted, every, or almost every, distinction of the sort has been effaced from the State tablets; in England, France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Austria even, no assent to any special dogmatic formula, no sacramental test, no profession of creed, qualifies for or excludes from education or office; the army, the navy, the cabinet, the law, the university itself, all of them neither know of nor inquire into these matters. Has Europe therefore, has England, have Italy, France, Germany, and the rest, ceased to be Christian? On the contrary, never was the influence of Christianity more deeply felt, never were its maxims more intimately interwoven into national life, never were its very outer symbols and structures more frequent and more august than now. How, then, has this come to pass? how, while form has undergone such change, has identity remained? Surely by ignoring in a manner, or judiciously explaining away as unadapted to present times, the exclusive tenets and polemical texts,—and they are neither ambiguous nor few,—of the Sacred Writings, and concentrating attention and reverence on the wider wisdom, the comprehensive charity of the nobler teaching. A part, which to have clung to would have ruined the whole, has been deliberately, though half unconsciously, abandoned to save what is really the whole; the loss has been but in appearance, the gain abiding and immense.

Let Mahometanism learn the lesson, follow the example. There want not in the Koran texts expressive of esteem for the Christian religion, of good feeling towards those who profess it, of fellowship even and unison. Texts there are also, as has been well remarked by one thoroughly versed in the 'Book' and its interpretation,\* of a yet wider range, texts that result in nothing short of an all-comprehensive deism, amounting to the actual negation of all exclusive dogmas. And these, such of our readers as may hesitate to accept Ubicini's statement, may readily find, as also the deductions made from them by the most learned and most zealous in the ranks of Islam, not only written in the Koran, but embodied in the writings of teachers like El-Ghazali and Ebn-el-Faridh, or in the lives of Zeyn-el-Abedeem, El-Shadelee, and a hundred others of their strain; men whose words are daily repeated in Mahometan schools of learning, whose acts are held up to admiration, to imitation even, among the most orthodox disciples of the Meccan Prophet. For these the Unity

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\* See 'Ubicini's Letters on Turkey,' vol. i. Letters iii. and v.

of God is itself the Unity of Man, and in Him who is One, all men, all opinions, all creeds are one also.

Here then we have in the Koran itself, and in its most revered interpretation, a basis broad and firm enough for the super-construction of a system of civil and social equality, though never so absolute, without fear of exceeding by a single hair-breadth the approved orthodoxy of Islam. On the other hand, the more restrictive and polemical expressions of the Prophet may reasonably be construed as of transitory value only, or, if understood as requiring rigorous acceptance, as having been promulgated only in view of the particular circumstances that attended the foundation of the system, and now practically placed in abeyance by the actual condition of the times. Nor is this, as some unversed in the annals of the East may hastily object, a mere Utopian speculation; it has ample precedent in history and fact. Again and again in different Mahometan lands, and under Mahometan governments, has equality, in spite of all dogmatic divergencies, though not formally proclaimed, been grasped and acted on by the rulers of men. More than once this better spirit prevailed in the Eastern Chaliphate under the too short-lived dynasty of the noble Ommeyyades, and later at Bagdad during the reign of the great Mamoon, the impartial protector and patron of science and worth, whatever the sect; thus it was awhile in Egypt when the Memlook sovereign Nasir confided the most important charges of the State to Jews and to Christians; or again when Ali Beg, the historical precursor of Mehemet-Ali, first gave local independence to the valley of the Nile; thus also in Persia and Anatolia during the glorious reign of Malik Shah, worthiest of the Seljook Sultans; thus it has been again and again in many a district and province of Western Asia, where some large-minded chief or governor has in his wisdom neutralized for a while the mutual animosity of bigots, and, like Ibrahim Pasha during his brief tenure of Syria, preferred statesmanship to fanaticism, the claims of human right to the imaginary titles of sectarian opinion. More than once the descendants of Othman and their ministers have attempted to enter on the same path, till forced back into the narrower way, alike by the selfish bigotry of those they strove to protect and of those against whom it was their desire to protect them. The equal justice of the first Ottoman rulers, so markedly contrasted by Finlay with the miserable intolerance of the Byzantine Palæologi, the courageous magnanimity of him, the greatest of Ottoman viziers, Kûpreli-Zadeh, styled by the Greeks themselves the Rebuilder of Churches, and the second Justinian; the vehement though unavailing attempts of Seleem III. to establish  
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throughout the Empire the civic equality afterwards inaugurated in a measure by Mahmood II. and Abd-el-Mejeed : these are examples known to all, Christians and Mahometans alike, in the lands of the Crescent, and suffice to establish the possibility of a government impartial though Mahometan ; of religion acknowledged by, not ruling, the State. It might not, perhaps, be equally easy to glean precedents of honest toleration from the past annals of the Christian West ; and yet Christianity has at last, almost in our own lifetime, mitigated and in some instances wholly cast away, the intolerance that she long maintained for her badge and palladium ; nor by so doing has she weakened, rather she has confirmed, her moral supremacy over the nations. Her younger sister Islam may well, at the bidding of her own rulers, do the same ; the more so that her very existence depends upon her doing it.

We do not flatter ourselves with the hope that this great measure, the indispensable preliminary and concomitant of true reform, can or will be carried out free from opposition, perhaps even local resistance and revolt. The Christians themselves, they whose clamour for equality has been first and loudest, will not improbably be also the first and the loudest in the outcry against it when granted. Supremacy is their real desire, not toleration ; and they are quite aware that in the fulness of the latter expires their last hope for the attainment of the former. Russia, apprehensive of losing the chief leverage by which she has so long kept disjointed and crumbling the innermost foundations of the Ottoman edifice, will again incite, as she has incited before, the bribed Patriarchates and clergy, Greek and Armenian, to reject the State-offered equality and to stir up their ignorant and credulous flocks to mutiny against the very justice they have so often mutinied to obtain. The line taken by the Greek and Maronite Patriarchs of Damascus in 1861, and subsequently by their Armenian colleagues during the last years of Abd-el-Azeez, sufficiently warrants the anticipation of similar obstacles to the first introduction of the proposed reform. To deal with them aright will require all the statesmanship of the Porte, all the discretion of her friendly counsellors and allies.

But the bulk of the population throughout Asiatic Turkey is, happily for the State, not Christian but Mahometan ; and Mahometans, as is well known, acknowledge the leadership of no priesthood, own no sacerdotal caste among themselves ready to raise the standard of fanaticism and revolt in favour of clerical interests. Yet here, too, is a danger to be apprehended, not from the people at large, ready enough to follow in matters of this kind the guidance of their rulers, but from the narrow-minded obstinacy

obstinacy and grasping ambition of the 'learned men,' or 'Ulema, the 'Scribes' of Islam. To what circumstances this well-known body of, so to speak, Canonical Legists owed its rise, its importance and ultimately its usurped supremacy in Islam, has been concisely, yet sufficiently, stated by the learned Ubicini in the fourth of his able 'Letters on Turkey,' pp. 65-86, and to these we confidently refer our readers. It is not till the latter part of the second century of Islam that the 'Ulema begin to appear as a distinct class, expounders of the Koran and the law, but without any right of intervention in civil affairs, or authoritative position in the State; till, in an evil hour for Asia, the Chaliphs made over to them, not absolutely, nor all at once, but conditionally and piece by piece, the religious and judicial functions originally vested in themselves as the true and legitimate leaders of Islam. Thus the 'Ulema wielded first as delegates, then claimed for their own, the authority which they have since invariably exercised in favour, as might have been expected, of exclusive bigotry and sectarian injustice. Repressed awhile by the vigour of the earlier Ottoman Sultans, they reappear, the evil star of Turkey, in the dim twilight of her decline, and arrogate, through their head, the Sheykh-ul-Islam and his absolute 'Fetwah,' supreme power in the Empire, and over the Sultan himself. Again humbled by the firm will of Mahmood II., they have managed yet to recover or retain much of their old influence over Government and people, and impart to both, wherever they can, the sinister bias that turns away from the high road of improvement and reform.

Here then the axe must be laid to the root; and that root is not, as our readers will have already perceived, in any inherent quality of the body itself, still less in the Koran, letter or spirit, but in the law of which the 'Ulema are the self-constituted expounders and administrators. With its change they must change also: if the basis is shifted, the entire superstructure will shift also, or fall. And this brings us to the measure which is not only the immediate consequence of the first great step in the right direction, the absolute separation of government, as such, from dogma and creed, but is also that alone which can efficaciously prevent a return, sooner or later, to the old exclusiveness with all its evil results, the similar separation of the law.

Fortunately for Turkey, the path of amelioration is plain; its direction has been laid down long since. The law-abiding instinct, stronger perhaps in the Mongolian than in any other race, was manifested almost synchronously with the very first foundation of the Ottoman Empire, when we find Orchan, son and successor of Othman I., labouring to consolidate his rapidly  
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extending dominion not less by civil than by military institutions. A century later, Mahomet II., pausing, as under somewhat similar circumstances Orchan had done before him, after the gigantic effort that had won for himself and for his heirs Byzantium, applied himself in the interval of conquest to compiling and promulgating the carefully-framed scheme of administration and law which defined the total outline, though without perfecting the details, of Ottoman legislation. But the complete codification of the entire law, henceforth the law of the Empire, was reserved for his illustrious descendant Suleyman I., by whose order, and under whose direction, the whole vast body of pre-existent Mahometan legislation, or Sheree'yat, derived from the Koran, tradition, commentaries, and the recognised precedents established by the early Chaliphs and the four great doctors of Islam, was collected and classified in one huge work, by the labour of the learned sheykh, Ibraheem-el Halebi. This work, the completest of its kind since the days of the Prophet, is the well-known 'Multeka,' the 'Blackstone' and more, of the Ottoman East. To this the Sultan added his own particular code, drawn up in accordance with that gradually framed and promulgated by his predecessors on the throne, and notably by Mahomet II.; a masterpiece of Mongolian legislation, intended to supplement and, in some particulars, to supersede the Sheree'yat itself, with which, in the eyes of the State, it is of equal authority. This is the 'Kanoon,' or civil and political code, to which succeeding Sultans have from time to time added their own decrees. The celebrated Khatt-i-Shereef, or imperial edict, of Gul-Khaneh, promulgated by the Sultan Mahmood II. in 1839, the Khatt-i-Humaiyoun of his successor Abd-el-Mejeed in 1856, with the Tanzeemat, Teshkeelat, Taleemat-i-Moomieh, and other ordinances and enactments, as the Penal Code of 1840, the Commercial Code of 1850, and the rest published in almost continuous succession up to this day, all belong, not to the Sheree'yat, but the Kanoon. The collection already fills several volumes, the latest completed of which dates scarce five years ago, and it yet remains open for further additions.

What remains now to be done, (and it is no more than a single imperial decree or 'Khatt,' backed by a firm Imperial will to carry it into effect, can do) is simply to separate wholly and absolutely the Sheree'yat, or quasi-religious law, with all its belongings, from the Kanoon or imperial law—two distinct codes, applicable to two totally distinct orders of things, studied in distinct schools, administered by distinct bodies. The Sheree'yat, based as it is on the Koran, and supplemented partly by authorized tradition, partly by the opinions and decisions of bygone



bygone Mahometan legists, trained up all of them in the narrow school of strictest orthodoxy, must be henceforth in its application restricted to cases that occur between Mahometans alone ; nor to all cases, but to such only as have reference to those incidents of life which are, by common consent, regarded as connected more or less intimately with religion. Such are, as will be readily perceived, marriage, divorce, testamentary distribution, besides whatever appertains to the maintenance and management of public places of worship, hospitals, almshouses, and the like, endowed or supported by Mahometan charity. All these, and whatever else partakes of a religious and denominational character, will remain under the provisions of the Sheree'yat. In the same manner the remaining sects, Christian or other, inhabiting Ottoman territory, may retain their own peculiar ecclesiastical legislation, or what among Druses, Yezedees, and the rest, takes the place of it, for the purposes and within the limits above described. In every other instance, whatever its nature, civil or criminal, and whatever the sect or denomination of the parties concerned, not the Sheree'yat or its analogous systems, but the Ottoman imperial code, the revised and perfected Kanoon, must decide. In a word, the sole law in all civil, commercial, or military tribunals throughout the Empire, and for all occurrences, will be the Kanoon, which will take the place of and supersede every other ; the small residue of denominational specialities being alone left for reference to the various ecclesiastical or quasi-ecclesiastical authorities and tribunals peculiar to each sect, Mahometan or not, outside of which no appeal can be permitted to any so-called religious jurisdiction of any kind.

By this simple but comprehensive measure the one great obstacle that in reality as in imagination, but more in the latter than the former, has stood or has been supposed to stand, in the way of reform and progress among Mahometan nations, and the Ottoman Empire in particular, namely, the conjunction, or rather identification, of religious and civil institutions, will be effectually and absolutely removed. Each class remains, but apart ; each is supreme, but within its own limits only. This will be the easier because, as we have already seen, the distinctness, the mutual independence indeed, of the two systems has been acknowledged in principle by the Ottoman Turks from the first foundation of their Empire, and has been acted on with ever-increasing range by Mahomet II., Suleyman I., Mahmood II., Abd-el-Mejeed, and Abd-el-Azeez himself ; so that nothing new is required in this direction of the present Government : only to complete the work, begun before.

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From this work, thoroughly and honestly done, will result three consequences, all of the highest importance, and all three bearing in the same direction. The first will be in the effect produced, gradually but surely, among the people at large; who, seeing sectarian divergencies thus ignored, alike by Administration and Law, will themselves learn to regard them as matters of secondary moment, slight lines of social demarcation, not, as now, impassable walls of rivalry and hatred. This effect will first appear among the Mahometans, the least bigoted and least fanatical class in the Empire, as those truly acquainted with them, past and present, in history or in actual life, well know; next among their Christian fellow-subjects of Asiatic origin; lastly among those of European strain. Asiatics, as a rule, are far more tolerant in religious matters than Europeans; Africans most so. And it is by appealing, in fact rather than discourse, to the two better spirits of the East,—the spirit of Toleration, embodied in the better teaching of the Koran and its ablest expounders; and the spirit of Law, inherent in the Mongolian or Turanian races,—that the proposed reform (if, indeed, reform it is to be called, and not rather the continuation, the perfecting of a good already commenced) will be facilitated and rendered permanent throughout Asiatic Turkey.

The second and equally important consequence is, that with the separation of the Shere'e'yat from the Kanoon, the 'Ulema body will be similarly separated into two parts, each of which will undergo transformation, though not to the same extent. Already the 'Ulema are, as all know, distinguished into two classes, one of which is the religious; and to this appertains the service of the mosques and other religious foundations, and with it the duties of preaching, expounding the Koran, and the like. The 'Imams,' often, but erroneously, styled 'priests,' and in reality 'precentors,' the 'Khateeb,' or preachers, the 'Sheykh,' or expositors, with their subordinates, belong to this first category. Invested with no sacerdotal character whatever, a thing utterly excluded from the Islamitic system, differing in no essential point as to mode of life from the faithful around, they yet exert on the multitude a considerable influence, due occasionally to personal character and reputation for learning or piety, but more often to the association of their employments with the ideas of worship and belief. The second, or Judicial and Legist class supplies the 'Muftis,' best rendered 'bar-risters,' or 'counsel;' the 'Kadis,' or judges; the 'Mollahs,' or Chief Justices, of the Empire; and the 'Sheykh-ul-Islam,' the Lord Chancellor, or highest legal authority, himself. All these are the appointed guardians and ministers of the Shere'e'yat, the

great Fetish of later Islam. What between the natural respect of the Asio-Turanian mind for law, and the artificial sanction superadded by religion and the Koran, the power wielded by this numerous and well-organized Legist body is truly enormous; it is a power that from the earliest date of its existence to the present has been steadily exercised in favour of exclusivism and bigotry, against progress and reform. And the Sheree'yat is talisman of its sway.

This talisman must be once for all taken away from them, and given over, but under conditions of restricted use, and thus rendered no longer dangerous, to the guardians of the mosque, and to them only, while the Legist 'Ulema receive in exchange the charge of the Imperial Kanoon, the strictly civil and national Law, and become henceforth identified with its tendencies and interests, to the exclusion of all others. From opponents they will thus be converted into allies, and their influence, heretofore the most serious internal obstacle to Reform, will be rendered its most efficient help. Their education, their studies, their pursuits, will all, in accordance with the changed character and objects of their career, be secular, undenominational, national; and so will also, by a natural sequence, the men themselves; and the 'Ulema body, so long the main-prop of bigotry and corruption, will transform itself into the firmest pillar of the new Ottoman edifice of justice, improvement, and law. Meanwhile a little tact, a little statesmanship on the part of those who hold the helm at Stamboul, will gain over the smaller, or religious 'Ulema class to contentment, or at least acquiescence in the new order of things. The religious institutions of which they are, or should be, the guardians, the denominational establishments specially attached to the mosques, the charitable foundations, the public prayer, the pulpit, the desk—all these will remain to such of the 'Ulema as prefer to limit themselves within the strict Koranic circle; and to these liberal salaries, generous encouragement, and those marks of outward respect which a clergy dearly loves, should be freely given. But from the Sheykh-ul-Islam, its head, down to the lowest ka'im, or mosque-sweeper, the entire body must be restricted solely and simply to its religious and denominational functions, without permission or pretext for interference or part in anything beyond them, whether administration or law. And the same must hold good of the clergy, or quasi-clergy, of whatever other sect (Christian or not) finds shelter under the Asiatic banner of Othman.

Returning to the Judicial 'Ulema. Into the details of the organization of the legal profession, when recognised on its own proper,

proper, distinct, and national basis, we do not here propose to enter. Yet one point, from its extreme urgency, requires special notice. Loud complaints are made, not without reason, of the corruption of the existent Turkish Judicial Functionaries and the Courts where they preside. We would not venture to affirm that the venality of law in the Ottoman Empire exceeds, or even equals, that in some other countries,—Russia, for example; but it is undoubtedly a crying evil, and one that demands prompt remedy. The remedy is twofold, but in either respect simple, and by no means peculiar in its adaptation to Turkey. The first requisite is the regular payment of adequate, even generous, salaries to the Judges and officers of the Law Courts; the second is permanency of appointment, which should, in the higher grades, be for life, subject only to promotion for the deserving; dismissal for those against whom malversation may have been competently proved. So long as Judges and their subordinates are underpaid, and are, moreover, and know themselves to be, holders of office merely at the caprice of a Sultan or a Vizier, so long will they be venal, servile, and unworthy of their post. Let these things be remedied, and a Turkish Judge will not fall far short of an English for incorruptibility and character. A European assessor, learned in the Ottoman law as well as his own, might advantageously be placed, for some years at least to come, in each one of the higher Central Tribunals of trial or appeal, and his consent be made a necessary condition to every judgment, till time and practice have rendered the native Judges and Legists worthily independent of foreign guidance and aid.

Such is, in its complete aspect, the first great and general measure of renovation or reform, binding the whole Empire into one homogeneous mass, irrespective of creed and race, and at the same time removing the oldest and justest causes of disaffection and decay. Law and administration separated in themselves and in their ministers from sectarian and denominational character; government impartial, law justly, equally, and universally applied. And the second, nor less vital measure, is like unto it: no pseudo-European innovation, no borrowed copy, but a return, rightly understood, to the original usages and constitution of the Empire itself by the reorganization, sound and permanent, of provincial government.

Here, however, we must recall to the minds of our readers, that the administrative importance, or rather omnipotence of Constantinople, in regard to the provisional governments, is a thing of comparatively recent date. For whole centuries the Ottoman Empire may be truly said to have hardly had a capital,

in the modern sense, at all. In fact Eski-Shahr and Broussa were mere resting-places whither the Bajazets or Murads of the time retired for brief repose during the intervals of campaigns which they always conducted in person, and the visits of organization or reform they habitually paid to the freshly-annexed districts of the Empire. Constantinople, when once acquired, became, it is true, somewhat more of an administrative centre, and its conqueror, Mahomet II., undoubtedly laboured to render it such: but his three successors, Bajazet II., Seleem I., and Suleyman I., were as often, or oftener, to be found, when not at the head of their armies, within the walls and gardens of Adrianople, long the favourite residence of Ottoman royalty, and consequently of the whole machinery of State. Meanwhile the future heir of the throne, and what other scions of the Imperial stock had escaped the fratricidal jealousy of its chief, remained the most part in their outlying governorships of Asia Minor, Roumelia, or Syria, on which they conferred somewhat of their own importance, and rarely honoured the ex-Byzantine capital with their presence. But as the personal power of the Sultans declined, the Bureaucracy, inaugurated by Mahomet II. at Stamboul, at first a subservient, gradually became a paramount power; and from the epoch of Murad IV.'s death, in the middle of the seventeenth century, down to the slaughter of the Janisaries by Mahmood II. in 1826, really ruled the Empire; and by ruling over, not with, the provinces, became the chiefest cause of Imperial disintegration and ruin. This was the era of anarchy, when the provinces, no longer regarded as component parts of the Empire, but as subject districts existing only for the caprices and exactions of their rulers, learnt to consider themselves, on their side, as enemies of the central power, rebelled against its orders, and, one by one, threw off its hated and insupportable yoke. From the Danube to the Nile, whatever life, Christian or Mahometan, Turk, Greek, or Koord, remained, found its sole, its normal expression in revolt. Then arose Sultan Mahmood, whose well-known reforms, or rather destructions, broke down province after province, Pasha after Pasha, Beg after Beg; and on the ruins of their authority re-established the central supremacy in more than its former absolutism. But the edifice was this time erected not on life, but on death; the capital flourished indeed, but not so as to communicate its own vitality in orderly measure to the Empire around, rather to absorb the last remnants of national existence, and to consume them. The reverse of old Menenius's parable was exemplified in Turkey; the Belly, weakened, paralysed, devoured the Limbs, the Capital the Provinces.

From

From this date downwards the Ottoman Empire passed, not, as was fondly predicted and hoped by its Western friends, into a European, but into a latter-Byzantine phase, best portrayed by that ablest of Eastern historians, Finlay, in his chapters on the Palæologi of Constantinople, in whose steps the Sultans of our century and their counsellors have but too faithfully trod. Turkish administration, like its fated Greek predecessor, had now become a mere system of ill-adjusted fiscal exaction, extending its vast ramification of taxes and conscription, the toll of money and the toll of blood, over an inert, exhausted mass, to which it gave absolutely nothing in return, and out of which all true and individual vitality had been persistently crushed. Wide over Anatolia, Syria, Mesopotamia, Koordistan, the shadow brooded, gradually but surely deepening into night, the night of death. First, wealth and prosperity disappeared; then public works, roads, bridges, caravanserais, hospitals, mosques even, crumbled into decay, irrigation ceased, harbours were choked, embankments broken down; then the population, overtaxed and uncared for, dwindled away; till ruin became almost synonymous with Ottoman rule, and co-extensive with its extent. Actual oppression and violence of the kind imagined by Mr. Bryce and his fellow writers, have indeed been of rare occurrence; but exaction and neglect have been universal, and these alone suffice to work the desolation of a land, whatever its natural fertility and resources. This is the too faithful picture of the Ottoman Empire under Abd-el-Mejed, and even more under Abd-el-Azeez, and here lies the real secret of its rapid decline; this also was the state of things that the Russian Government, as we have already seen, correctly appreciated and did its utmost to perpetuate. Wisely so, according to an enemy's wisdom. For from this very state of things were speedily bred three canker-worms, three death-fates for the dynasty of Ottoman. One, the wasteful expenditure of treasure drawn from the provinces, without any intention on the part of their rulers of returning it to them in sound institutions and useful public works; and, as a necessary consequence, financial deficit and embarrassment of the worst kind. The second, the depression and progressive depopulation of the provinces themselves, and more particularly of the Mahometan districts, where the inhabitants were, as a rule, too loyal to resist, and, had they even meditated resistance, without friends or sympathizers to aid them. For, let writers of the class of Mr. Bryce, and orators like Mr. E. Freeman, declaim as they may, in modern Turkey misgovernment weighed far more heavily on the uncomplaining Mahometan than on the much-complaining Christian population. The third, and in some respects

respects the most deadly of the three, was the chronic discontent, disloyalty, and revolt of the Christian subject-races, starting up now one, now another, into antagonistic life to prey on the Empire of their birth-allegiance, as lower vitalities, bred in corruption and decay, gnaw and destroy the body out of which they had their origin.

That these three evils, or rather the general cause to which they owe their development will, unless checked by thorough-going reform, destroy, and that at no distant date, the Asiatic Empire, not less effectually than they have already destroyed, to all practical purpose, the European, is no doubtful matter. That they are evils of nature to be successfully combated or removed by any imitation-remedies borrowed from countries where the conditions of life and government are wholly unlike those of Western Asia, no one but a sciolist or an empiric would maintain. They must be stayed by retracing, though to a somewhat different measure, the steps that have led to them; the just equilibrium between the capital and the provinces must be restored by the re-establishment of that very condition of things, but modified so as to suit actual emergencies, but ameliorated, but strengthened, but fixed on a broader and firmer basis, which maintained the original balance of administration in the young and yet vigorous Empire.

We need not here furnish a lengthy explanation why over-centralization, injurious everywhere, is absolutely ruinous in Turkey. A little consideration will enable our readers to judge for themselves. Where intercommunication, whether the physical one of roads or the intellectual one of ideas, is scant or wanting, where local interests and needs are and can be rightly understood and appreciated only in the localities themselves, where direct popular representation does not, cannot exist, except as a farce, it is tolerably clear that centralization means nothing short of absorption as far as the provinces are concerned, with the further result of swift-advancing debility and decay to the capital and to the centralized Government itself.

Let us then once more turn back to the earlier pages of Turkish annals. Here we find, firstly, that the higher provincial posts were, as a rule, held either on life-tenures, or at any rate for long, though not rigorously defined periods. Secondly, that the use of arms was freely permitted, and even encouraged in the provinces, an indulgence which, combined with the custom, then general, of retaining under one banner the fighting-men drawn from each particular district, created in practice a kind of local and permanent militia. On these two conditions was based the power of the local governors and chiefs,



chiefs, a power almost absolute, though rarely tyrannical in its exercise within the limits of their immediate rule, and occasionally acknowledged as an impulse or a restraint at Constantinople itself. A rude and imperfect mode of government, and one that ultimately led, in the days of mismanagement and abuse, to the general anarchy that half-justified the severities of Mahmood II., yet containing within itself the genuine elements of national strength and greatness; advantages ill-exchanged for the organized weakness of the centralized and methodical administration of recent date. Let us now see by what means Provincial life and action can be restored, and within what limits they must be restrained, in the interests of the State. Between the mutinous autonomy of the eighteenth century, and the monotonous dead level of the nineteenth, a healthful medium can surely be found. The Ottoman Government has no more important, more vital problem to solve than this.

First of all, then, it is a matter not of option but of absolute necessity for the welfare of subjects and rulers alike, that the Provincial Governors or Pashas should henceforth receive their appointments, not as they now do, merely 'till further orders,' but for a fixed and certain period, which should, in no case, we think, be shorter than five years. At the expiration of this time a Governor, unless incapacitated for further work by age, ill-health, or maladministration duly and openly proved against him, should either be reconfirmed, though only for a stated time, in his office, or should be transferred to an equal or, in case his merits require it, a higher post. It is almost needless to observe that the Governor's salary, as well as the duration of his charge, should be fixed; and should be ample, though not extravagant. Mere temporary and uncertain employment, at the caprice of the employer, offers, especially if conjoined with underpayment, a premium to embezzlement and dishonesty of all kinds; besides depriving the official himself of the most effective incitement to do his work honestly and well. On the contrary, fixity of tenure, within proper limits, by giving the Governor a real interest in his duties, while at the same time it subjects him to the full influence of local opinion, favourable or unfavourable, tends equally to the advantage of the rulers and the ruled. Rarely will an administrator, whatever his personal character or rank may be, misuse, at least grossly, the power entrusted him, where his own interests, actual and prospective, are bound up with using it aright; and few indeed are those who would care to brave the ill-will, with its unpleasant consequences, of those amongst whom he knows that he has many years to pass. To all this we may add the important advantage of a thorough knowledge

knowledge of the Province itself and of its inhabitants; a knowledge that can only be obtained by a prolonged residence among them. If this system be adopted, as the merest common sense dictates it should, no more complaints will be heard, as are now too often and too justly, of Pashas coming to the provinces assigned them merely as hungry spoilers, eager to snatch and hoard away as much as they can, before some Palace intrigue or bureaucratic whim calls them away at a day's notice to leave the wretched remnants to some favoured and equally rapacious successor. Nor is there any danger now, as there really was in old times, lest too long a tenure of office should render the Governor himself over-powerful, and so furnish a temptation to disobedience and revolt. A strong and well-appointed standing army, such as the Empire now possesses, with the present much-improved means of military and naval, postal and telegraphic communication, amply suffice to obviate any insubordinate hankerings of the kind; not to mention that under a good and just Government, and in a regular Service of the kind here sketched out, the interests of the official are one with those of the central Administration itself. In a well-organized Empire, a Provincial Governor forms a link, and the stronger the better, between the Head of the State and his remoter subjects; he is an instrument of union, not of disloyalty and separation.

The next requisite for the reinvigoration of the Provinces and their better government is the formation in each of a sufficiently numerous Local Corps, which may combine in itself the functions of a Militia and a Police Force at once. Not the least injurious among the many deficiencies to which the decline of provincial order and security has been latterly due, is the slovenliness and low character of the existing Police Force, undrilled, undisciplined, unpaid, and occasionally almost unclothed. Of very different efficiency would be a properly trained and organized Militia, placed under the command of an experienced officer of high rank, and subordinate, but only for general orders, to the Governor himself. Nay, English assistance might advantageously be given in the loan of tried and experienced officers of our own Service, to assist in the formation and training of the Provincial Forces, to preside over their discipline and manœuvres, and to share in their command. Above all, care should be taken to maintain the strictly territorial and provincial character of the Corps, free from the admixture of any other specializing element, like creed or race. To this end Mahometans and non-Mahometans, Koords and Turks, Arabs and Syrians, and so forth, according to the materials supplied

supplied by each particular province, should be impartially mixed in the ranks ; dress, drill, punishment, promotion should be the same, according to deserts, for each and all. The maintenance of the Militia should be at the charges of the Province, though a moderate subsidy might be added by the Central Government, in consideration of the services which the men, in the event of some special and national emergency, might be called upon exceptionally to render outside their own proper districts, in defence of the Empire against a common foe.

Great would be the utility of a corps of this nature in wild, mountainous, and insubordinate regions, such as are parts of Eastern Anatolia and Koordistan, where the militia-men—their selves natives of the land, and acquainted, as only natives can be, with every pass, every defile, every hill-post, every ford and track, nor less with every local manœuvre of foray and defence—could do more in a month towards the establishment and maintenance of order and security than the outside troops of the regular army could effect in a whole year. Scarcely less great would be the service it would render, by promoting a feeling of patriotic fellowship and equality of condition and of law, where distinct or hostile races, Maronite, Druse, Ismaileeyah, Ansai-reeyah, Kizil-Bash, Zeybec, and so forth, have for ages lived alongside of each other only to hate and to fight, to plunder and to kill. Few ties of brotherhood bind together so closely as a common uniform, a common flag. Great, too, would be the advantages derived to the entire Province from the formation of such a militia within its borders, by the increase of local vigour and self-respect that would necessarily result from it, along with a certain manly independence of feeling and character, now much too rare even among the subject Mahometan races themselves, and absolutely wanting in the Asiatic Christians, Armenian, Syrian, and their like ; though often found, but misunderstood and misapplied, among the smaller mystic and semi-Gnostic sects, Druses, Ansai-reeyah, and the like. And let the statesmen of Constantinople when dealing with the provincials, in whom, and of whom, is the life-blood of the Empire, bear in mind that a proper independence of spirit is not only consistent with, it is even essential to, true patriotism and serviceable loyalty.

There are other details of provincial reform scarcely, if at all, less necessary for the healthful revival of the Empire, than those already pointed out. Among these are readjustment of taxation, the rural even more than the oppidan, and the application of a stated proportion of the proceeds to works and objects of local utility, such as roads, bridges, irrigation, drainage,

drainage, &c., and, above all, the total and final abolition of the present clumsy and oppressive system of tithe-farming, and the introduction of ten-yearly settlements in its place. These are, perhaps, the most urgent. And here, again, England's assistance is required, not merely under the stereotyped form of counsel or remonstrance, but by the appointment of an Englishman, of approved integrity and experience, to fill the post of collector in each province, for the revenues of which he shall be accountable, and on whom mainly shall rest the duty of carrying out the reforms above indicated. No better guarantee could England supply, or Turkey accept, of improved finances and national solvency in the future. It is well to guard over the cistern, but it is better and more needful still to watch over and maintain the sources whence that cistern is filled; and control over the central and Imperial chest at Constantinople will avail little unless rendered efficient by control over the provincial chests from which the capital draws its supply.

Thus far the conditions of provincial restoration or reform are easy to understand, and scarcely less easy, if taken in hand seriously and in good faith, to effect. The third and last requisite, namely, the influence to be exerted, for restraint or for stimulus, by the provinces, as such, upon the capital and the central Government, is a more difficult one either to define or embody in actual fact. Yet it is indispensable, because this is the connecting link, and the only secure guarantee of performance for all the rest.

No one will deny that provincial, or, in other words, national influence, can hardly be brought to bear upon a Government in a manner consistent with good order and prudence, except through some form or other of regular representation. Now, it so happens that two of these forms have already been tried in Turkey, and each has been found wanting. The first was that provided by the well-known Teshkeelat of Fuad Pasha, according to which two, or more, yearly delegates, chosen by what was described in the programme as popular election, were summoned to Constantinople, there to form an Assembly for purposes of consultation and advice, through the authority and under the shadow of the Supreme Government. But when the scheme, plausible enough in theory, came to be worked out in practice, it speedily appeared that the so-called elections, made without method or supervision, were mere mockeries of the name; while the Assembly itself, their result, without initiative, legislative, or financial power, never arrived at more than a kind of simulated existence, a sham Council of shams. The entire measure fell through, and, before long, disappeared amid the agitations that

that ushered in the death-struggle of 1876. Then, however, a second attempt was made by Turkey's ablest living statesman, Midhat Pasha, who created, or seemed to create, a genuine Ottoman Parliament, or, at least, a House of Commons modelled, as nearly as might be, on the British pattern. It still exists, but only, in spite of good intentions and some real effort, to record its own inefficiency to benefit or to reform. The institution is, and has shown itself, unsuited to the requirements both of rulers and people; it is, in fact, a rootless exotic, not a living and life-giving growth of the native soil.

Where statesmen like Fuad Pasha and Midhat Pasha have failed, small hope of success would seem to remain for others. Yet, though at the risk of appearing presumptuous, we will suggest a method untried hitherto in the precise form we propose, but strictly in accordance with Eastern ideas and usages, and affording a practical completeness of representation that might almost satisfy an advocate of universal suffrage. It is this. From among the officials of high rank who have served not less than ten years in the provinces as governors, commissioners, or the like, let there be selected a number corresponding to that of the 'Weleyats,' or Provinces, into which the Empire is divided; Constantinople excepted, which may form an administration apart. These officials, nominated by the Sultan himself for life, and subject to removal only under exceptional circumstances of a public nature, will form a permanent Council of Administration at Constantinople, under the presidency of an ex-ministerial official, also nominated by the Sultan, and removeable only by the unanimous decision of the Council over which he presides.

To this Council of Administration, which should not supersede, but act in concert with, the Supreme Council of State, to which it is in a manner subordinate and complementary, should be referred all general measures affecting internal administration and reform, taxation, conscription, militia, public works, and the rest; and the opinion of the majority will be referred for acceptance or modification—absolute rejection being in no case allowed—to the Supreme Government, for due execution. Should, however, the Council be unanimous on any particular point, the approval and ratification of the State cannot be withheld, and would merely be required *pro formâ*. The Council will also have in itself the power of initiating and proposing measures of State; questions of peace and war, of treaties political or commercial, of annexations, in a word, all the more important incidents of foreign and imperial policy will be also referred by Government to this Council, but only as topics for  
deliberation

deliberation and advice. But it should have absolute control over supplies; and no national loan, either internal or foreign, ought to be contracted without its previous and unanimous sanction. An official Report of the entire proceedings of the Council should be published each week, and copies distributed to every province.

Such should be the duties of the new Administrative Council considered as a whole. But each member in particular should have charge of the interests of a special province, of which he should be designated as the protector and representative. In this capacity it would be his duty to receive all petitions or complaints addressed to him from his client-district, with power to act on them of his own authority in minor matters; in cases of importance to refer them for deliberation and decision to his colleagues as a body. To this protector the governor of the province will have to render a yearly report of the fullest kind, besides keeping up with him a close correspondence on events as they occur within the district; it would also be his duty to receive and investigate charges brought against the Provincial Governor and to refer them, if they appear worthy of consideration, to the Council, which should hold its general sittings twice in each week, leaving thus five days free to every member for the discharge of the obligations imposed on him by his special protectorate.

Lastly, in extraordinary cases of public emergency, threatening immediate danger to the State from whatever cause, the Council should have power, even without the sanction of the Supreme Government, to summon to its assistance two delegates extraordinary, elected by popular suffrage with the concurrence of the Provincial Governor, in every province; who, with the permanent members, would form an extraordinary National Assembly, with general powers to act as might seem best for the welfare of the Empire. But the legal duration of an Assembly of this kind could not, under any circumstances, exceed three months. The ordinary sittings of the Administrative Council will be continued, so far as possible, throughout the year.

In a body of this kind, composed of men whose past experiences and actual positions have almost exclusive reference to the Provinces and their inhabitants, the Empire will have at once a genuine representation of its subjects, and a check on the centralizing and absorbing tendencies of the capital and the supreme Government itself. Nothing could tend to give the subjects of the Ottoman dominion a truer interest in the prosperity and permanence of the Government they obey, or to develop among them a more active, a more deep-seated feeling of genuine patriotism.

patriotism. For men, Asiatics not less than Europeans, are attached to a cause by the share they themselves have in it; and even Mongolian loyalty, though much-enduring, will flag and fade if not nourished by a sense of benefits derived from the ruler. These benefits will, moreover, in the reformed neo-Asiatic Ottoman Empire, be common to all, Christian or Mahometan alike; and a thus united Turkey, though no longer a European power, may yet show a bold, even a menacing front to her Northern enemies, and be a truly useful ally, not as she has long been an anxious and useless burden, to her friends.

So far we have attempted to sketch out, however roughly, the principal features of the much desired Turko-Asiatic Reform, and to indicate its possibility, its direction, and its immediate results. Much indeed will yet remain to do: the army, the navy, finance, public education, public works, the tenure of land and property, trade and coast-defence, these and other topics of high importance, all stand sorely in need of searching enquiry and thorough revision, before the work of restoration and improvement can be said to be well begun. But the field is too wide for enclosure within the limits of a single article. Enough for the present to have indicated the measures which are, or may be, the foundation stones of a better order of things; if they be securely laid, the superstructure of Imperial Reform will be firm and speedy of construction.

In all this England can and ought to take active share. We have already pointed out some particulars in which her co-operation is urgently required; but the truth is that it is scarcely less necessary throughout. If Turkey is henceforth to exist as an Empire, if Ottoman rule, shaken now and shattered almost to its very base, is not to collapse in utter and irretrievable ruin, England must stand by her in counsel and in deed, must inspire her own wisdom, impart her own strength. More yet, she must not merely protect her scarce-reviving ally from the avowed violence and aggression that ever threatens from without, she must contribute by all available means to the recovery of health and vigour sufficient to nullify the more dangerous workings of ill-wishers from within.

There is no blinking the fact, odious though it be, that the main obstacle in the way of Turkey's reform and renovation has been, for the last fifty years at least, not the much-abused Koran and its teachings, not Mahometan 'fatalism' and its benumbing spell, so potent in imagination, so imperceptible in its effects on real life, not even the corporate bigotry and obstructionist action of the 'Ulema themselves, but Russia, and her fixed resolve that the 'sick man' shall not recover, do what he may. Russia it

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was that by aggressive unprovoked war stunted Turkey's healthy growth and cramped her every forward movement in the days of Mahmood and Abd-el-Mejeed; that allowed the Ottoman Government, sincerely desirous then, whatever it may be now, of better things, no breathing-time for internal organization and repair, and drained the land of the wealth and strength that might have well sufficed in peaceful leisure to repair and rebuild the imperial and national fabric. Worse yet, by the internal disaffection and hatred of Turkey's subject-races, studiously fostered, embittered, aggravated into open revolt by her agents, her promises, her gold, she rendered year after year absolutely impossible the equalizing measures initiated by the wise liberality of the Porte, and which if carried out, as they might otherwise have been, would have done away for ever with what constitutes Russia's favourite pretext for intrigue and interference in Ottoman affairs, namely, distinction based on creed and race. But deadliest of all was the poison which, like Denmark's fabled usurper, she poured into the ears of the Head of the State, when by treacherous counsels of simulated friendship she urged the wretched lunatic Abd-el-Azeez on the path of extravagance, repudiation, bankruptcy, corruption of the worst kind, till every able and honest statesman had been removed, every friend, and ally alienated, and the sinking Empire remained destitute alike of support within and of props without. What followed, from the moment when Turkey's foot slipped in the Bulgarian blood-plash that Russia's deliberate foresight had prepared and placed in her way, till the mask was defiantly cast aside, and the long series of covert stabs ended in open, and, so far, much more honest war, is known to all; known also is the true nature and object of the strife, suspended but not concluded. When the last Ottoman ensign shall have been taken down from over the last gateway in Asia as in Europe, the last Crescent-flag been lowered, Russia's mission in Turkey will be ended; but not till then.

Meanwhile, her first care, her most diligent endeavour, will be to render impossible, or at least to thwart, to stunt, to pervert, every measure of true reform within the Ottoman dominions, and in particular whatever may promote union between the Mahometan and the Christian races, and thus bring her ultimately face to face with a united and powerful Empire, inaccessible to her interference, a match, it might be, for her arms. The favourite field of intrigue for some years to come will probably be the Armenian population of the Eastern frontier, intrigue in which the Koords will very likely be induced to take part; but the Greeks of Syria and the coasts will not be forgotten  
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in the search after useful tools for the work of demolition ; at Constantinople itself other means, which we care not here to specify, but equally powerful for the hindrance of improvement and the maintenance of whatever may bring disgrace and downfall on the dynasty of Othman, will be sedulously employed.

‘Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird’? Unluckily for the bird, not always. The things that we have briefly passed in review have not been done in a corner ; Christian and Mahometan alike throughout the Ottoman Empire know what Russia’s objects are in their regard, what the means she employs to attain them ; Batak is surely clear enough evidence of the latter, Plevna and San Stephano of the former. Yet it will tax all Turkey’s statesmanship, all her honesty, all her firmness, to the uttermost, to keep herself and her readily deceived Asiatic subjects, Koord and Armenian, Greek and Maronite, out of the net in which the prey has so often been taken, the net freshly spread in full sight, freshly baited also.

It will tax England’s wisdom and resolve no less. Much as these things concern Turkey’s Sultan, they concern England’s Queen and India’s Empress as much or even more. It is no light thing that, charged as we are with the trust of half of Asia, with the safeguard and welfare of two hundred millions of its inhabitants, with dominions so wide in their extent, so weak in their frontiers, so open to attack, so feeble in available means of maintenance or defence, we have not through the length and breadth of the entire Asiatic continent a single ally on whom we can reckon, a single auxiliary for the hour of need. China, that Empire the friendship of which might have been invaluable to us in a hundred ways, that storehouse of men and means, of intelligence and power, we have persistently ignored, alienated, irritated into downright hostility ; and all for what? At least the evil is done, and can hardly be repaired. The independent chieftaincies of Central Asia we have, necessarily perhaps, ignored ; they lie too far out of our track : but how is it with Afghanistan? Persia, a mere phantom-memory, nor a pleasing one, may be considered as outside the reckoning ; the rest do not require mention. But, placed on the very midway between Europe and India, commanding directly or by implication the great thoroughfares of the Euphrates and the Nile, posted on the most vulnerable flank of the only aggressive and, we have too good cause to fear, unfriendly Power that might menace our Asiatic possessions : itself a centre of organized military and naval strength, of regulated administration and order, nay even—however much popular European ignorance may be unaware of or deny the fact—of law, learning, and justice, of what value to

us as a co-operator, an ally, might not Asiatic Turkey prove? What better guardian to the gates of our treasure-house, what worthier associate in Asiatic improvement, progress, civilization and prosperity could we desire? With a renovated Turkey at our side, what Power could cope with ours from the Mediterranean to the Pacific? what glory of beneficence to half a world equal ours? May the wisdom and the courageous resolve that have empowered our great Statesmen to open at Berlin this new chapter in the world's Book never fail them; may it never fail the English nation, whatever be the Cabinets and the Leaders of coming years.

But the base, the foundation of this so noble edifice is, and must be, Turkey herself and her Reform. Soundness cannot be erected on rottenness, nor honour on debasement. To guide, to strengthen, to enforce this Reform is now our urgent task; we will venture to say the most urgent of any, at home or abroad, that hopefully await their fulfilment at the hands of a Salisbury and a Beaconsfield. Equally, more even, is it the task of him who sits on the throne of Othman, and the counsellors of his reign. Theirs it is to remember the words, words of encouragement, words of warning too, uttered by their truest friend, the descendant and heir of England's oldest statesmanship and the Cecils, when he stood at Berlin between the living and the dead, and stayed the burning from the remnant of their people. Words of deep import, words of saving if heard and kept in time:—

‘Whether use will be made of a probably last opportunity, which has been thus obtained for Turkey by the interposition of the Powers of Europe, and of England in particular, or whether it will be thrown away, will depend upon the sincerity with which Turkish statesmen now address themselves to the duties of good government, and the task of Reform.’\*

Of their sincerity we, for our part, have no doubt; of their success in effecting the work before them we have hope also. Vast as is that work, it is far from impossible to honest firmness, discreet daring, and wise address. The materials of new and healthful life are, as we have distinctly pointed out, within Turkey herself. The path she has to tread is indicated by her own national institutions and the teaching she reveres; the methods are not alien from her ways, nor untried in her past. Difficulties, some foreseen, some unexpected, will of course arise in her way: dangers too; but they will be rather from without

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\* The Marquis of Salisbury to her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State. Berlin, July 13, 1873.

than from within; their source is at St. Petersburg, rather than at Constantinople or Mecca. The anticipations formed when Turkey was in the mid labour of her earlier reforms, by one who best of all moderns knew the Ottoman Empire and her inmost conditions, are as just and worthy of attention in 1878 as they were in 1840:—

‘Much has been done,’ writes Ubicini,\* ‘much remains to do; but a wise and firm perseverance in the judicious and gradual course which has already accomplished so much, will, with time, vanquish all internal and domestic obstacles. It is not for these we fear, *if Turkey be left to deal with them herself, and in her own time and manner.* Happy would it be for her if these were the only embarrassments she were threatened with. The real and formidable dangers that menace Turkey, arise out of the conflicting jurisdictions and privileges of the various Patriarchates, &c. It is in these that Turkey requires a helping hand from her allies. She may be left to cope with her own home difficulties, and will overcome them by patience and perseverance. All that she requires is a firm and steady support against those external pretensions founded on treaties which Russia alternately cajoled and bullied her into signing.’

The dangers thus signalled by Ubicini exist to-day in substance, though somewhat modified in form, and disguised in tendency; more insidious, but more urgent than ever. Yet they are of a kind that Turkey, aided by England, can readily obviate. But England has a double duty to perform in the matter; it is hers not merely to protect her ally’s endeavours after reform from damaging interference without, but to guide those endeavours right and to strengthen them within. Nor are the counsels of Ubicini less valuable in the latter regard than in the former. ‘Let us bear in mind,’ writes that able and experienced author,† ‘that Turkey is essentially the country of tradition, where nothing can be established or endure unless it offer a point of contact with what has gone before; and that in the Empire it is necessary to build upon the law, in order to modify the law.’ Golden advice, well worthy of Turkey’s attention and England’s alike. And again, in view of the work of reform then inaugurated, now, after too long interruption, resumed under better auspices:‡

‘I do not mean to imply that a constitutional system is on the point of being established in Turkey, nor do I see very clearly what Turkey would gain by it. I am merely desirous of showing that reforms are not so difficult or so remote as commonly supposed; that however liberal the future measures of the Government may be, they

\* Ubicini’s ‘Letters on Turkey,’ vol. i. pp. 186 *seqq.*

† Ibid., p. 131.

‡ Ibid., pp. 132 *seqq.*

will find a ready acceptance with a people long prepared for their introduction, owing as well to the influence of historical tradition, whereof the remembrance has become dim but not effaced, as to the respect with which it invests the person of the sovereign. For it must be remembered, that notwithstanding the legal control which fetters his authority, the Sultan is, after all, paramount in Turkey. The dynasty of Othman being the only family in the Empire that has retained a hereditary name, an unbroken genealogy, and inherited rights, is the centre of union, the political tie, binding together all the parts of the monarchy, whose existence seems identified with its own. If the Government, in attempting to introduce improvements, is cautious to present them, *not as innovations borrowed from Europe, but as a return to the principles of the Koran and the Kanoun, and a truer application of them*, opposition will cease; and nothing will check in Turkey the development of complete regeneration, which has hitherto been impeded by the uncertainty of her position, and by obstacles created by foreign diplomacy.'

Home alarmists have been very eloquent of late about the 'heavy responsibility,' as they love to proclaim it, incurred by England in regard of Turkey's promised reforms; and while some have derided the recent engagements entered into by ourselves and the Porte as merely illusory, others, in greater number perhaps, have denounced them in Cassandra tones as a burden too heavy to be borne, a weight dragging down to discreditable failure, if not actual ruin. Derisory or despondent, either view is false to fact. The proposed Turkish reforms are not of an illusory character, but real, adequate, thorough: this we have seen; nor less have we seen that neither within Turkey nor without is there anything necessarily to impede the fulness of their execution. Undoubtedly the responsibility incurred by ourselves in guaranteeing and seconding them is great; but it is a responsibility worthy of a great nation, the responsibility of conferring the blessings of order, justice, stability, and prosperity, not, on Asiatic Turkey alone, but in immediate result, on Asia and half a world. From a responsibility of this nature it is not England's way to shrink; in a cause like this she lacks—long may she lack!—the instinct of fear.

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